

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1830.

DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[With an engraving by Longacre from a painting by Graham.]

THE Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent came to Fotheringay castle, and being introduced to Mary, informed her of their commission, and desired her to prepare for death next morning at eight o'clock. She seemed nowise terrified, though somewhat surprised with the intelligence. She said, with a cheerful, and even a smiling countenance, that she did not think the queen, her sister, would have consented to her death, or have executed the sentence against a person not subject to the laws and jurisdiction of England. "But as such is her will," said she, "death, which puts an end to all my miseries, shall be to me most welcome; nor can I esteem that soul worthy the felicities of heaven, which cannot support the body under the horrors of the last passage to these blissful mansions." She then requested the two noblemen, that they would permit some of her servants, and particularly her confessor, to attend her; but they told her, that compliance with this last demand was contrary to their conscience, and that Dr. Fletcher, dean of Peterborow, a man of great learning, should be present to instruct her in the principles of true religion. Her refusal to have any conference with this divine inflamed the zeal of the Earl of Kent; and he bluntly told her that her death would be the life of their religion; as, on the contrary, her life would have been the death of it. Mention being made of Babington, she constantly denied his conspiracy to have been at all known to her; and the revenge of her wrongs she resigned into the hands of the Almighty.

When the earls had left her, she ordered supper to be hastened, that she might have the more leisure after it, to finish the few affairs which remained to her in this world, and to prepare for her passage to another. It was necessary for her, she said, to take some sustenance, lest a failure of her bodily strength should depress her spirits on the morrow, and lest her behaviour should thereby betray a weakness unworthy of herself. She supped sparingly, as her manner usually was, and her wonted cheerfulness did not even desert her on this occasion. She comforted her servants under the affliction which overwhelmed them, and which was too violent for them to conceal

it from her. Turning to Burgoin, her physician, she asked him, Whether he did not remark the great and invincible force of truth? "They pretend," said she, "that I must die because I conspired against the queen's life; but the Earl of Kent avowed, that there was no other cause of my death, than the apprehensions which, if I should live, they entertain for their religion. My constancy in the faith is my real crime: the rest is only a colour, invented by interested and designing men." Towards the end of supper, she called in all her servants, and drank to them; they pledged her, in order, on their knees, and craved her pardon for any past neglect of their duty: she deigned, in return, to ask their pardon for her offences towards them; and a plentiful suffusion of tears attended this last solemn farewell, and exchange of mutual forgiveness.

Mary's care of her servants was the sole remaining affair which employed her concern. She perused her will, in which she had provided for them by legacies: she ordered the inventory of her goods, clothes, and jewels, to be brought her; and she wrote down the names of those to whom she bequeathed each particular: to some she distributed money with her own hands; and she adapted the recompense to their different degrees of rank and merit. She wrote also letters of recommendation for her servants to the French king, and to her cousin the Duke of Guise, whom she made the chief executor of her testament. At her wonted time she went to bed; slept some hours: and then rising, spent the rest of the night in prayer. Having foreseen the difficulty of exercising the rites of her religion, she had had the precaution to obtain a consecrated hoste from the hands of Pope Pius; and she had reserved the use of it for this last period of her life. By this expedient she supplied, as much as she could, the want of a priest and confessor, who was refused her.

Towards the morning, she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, the only one which she had reserved to herself. She told her maids that she would willingly have left to them this dress rather than the plain garb which she wore the day before; but it was necessary for her to appear at the ensuing solemnity in a decent habit.

Thomas Andrews, sheriff of the county, entered the room, and informed her that the hour was come, and that he must attend her to the

place of execution. She replied, that she was ready; and bidding adieu to her servants, she leaned on two of Sir Amias Paulet's guards, because of an infirmity in her limbs; and she followed the sheriff with a serene and composed countenance. In passing through a hall adjoining to her chamber, she was met by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, Sir Amias Paulet, Sir Drue Drury, and many other gentlemen of distinction. Here she also found Sir Andrew Melvil, her steward, who flung himself on his knees before her; and wringing his hands, cried aloud, "Ah, Madam! unhappy me! what man was ever before the messenger of such heavy tidings as I must carry, when I shall return to my native country, and shall report that I saw my gracious queen and mistress beheaded in England?" His tears prevented farther speech; and Mary too felt herself moved more from sympathy than affliction. "Cease, my good servant," said she, "cease to lament; thou hast cause rather to rejoice than to mourn: for now shalt thou see the troubles of Mary Stuart receive their long-expected period and completion. Know," continued she, "good servant, that all the world at best is vanity, and subject still to more sorrow than a whole ocean of tears is able to bewail. But I pray thee carry this message from me, that I die a true woman to my religion, and unalterable in my affections to Scotland and to France. Heaven forgive them that have long desired my end, and have thirsted for my blood as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. O God," added she, "thou that art the Author of truth, and truth itself, thou knowest the inmost recesses of my heart: thou knowest that I was ever desirous to preserve an entire union between Scotland and England, and to obviate the source of all these fatal discords. But recommend me, Melvil, to my son, and tell him, that notwithstanding all my distresses, I have done nothing prejudicial to the state and kingdom of Scotland." After these words, reclining herself, with weeping eyes, and face bedewed with tears, she kissed him. "And so," said she, "good Melvil, farewell: once again, farewell, good Melvil; and grant the assistance of thy prayers to thy queen and mistress."

She next turned to the noblemen who attended her, and made a petition in behalf of her servants, that they might be well treated, be allowed to enjoy the presents which she had made them, and be sent safely into their own country. Having received a favourable answer, she preferred another request, that they might be permitted to attend her at her death: in order, said she, that their eyes may behold, and their hearts bear witness, how patiently their queen and mistress can submit to her execution, and how constantly she perseveres in her attachment to her religion. The Earl of Kent opposed this desire, and told her, that they would be apt by their speeches and cries to disturb both herself and the spectators: he was also apprehensive lest they should practise some superstition not meet for him to suffer; such as dipping their handkerchiefs in her blood: for that was the instance which he made use of. "My lord," said the Queen of Scots, "I will give my word (although it be but dead) that they shall not incur any blame in any of

the actions which you have named. But alas! poor souls! it would be a great consolation to them to bid their mistress farewell. And I hope," added she, "that your mistress, being a maiden queen, would vouchsafe in regard of womanhood, that I should have some of my own people about me at my death. I know that her majesty hath not given you any such strict command, but that you might grant me a request of far greater courtesy, even though I were a woman of inferior rank to that which I bear." Finding that the Earl of Kent persisted still in his refusal, her mind, which had fortified itself against the terrors of death, was affected by this indignity, for which she was not prepared. "I am cousin to your queen," cried she, "and descended from the blood-royal of Henry VII., and a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland." The commissioners, perceiving how invidious their obstinacy would appear, conferred a little together, and agreed that she might carry a few of her servants along with her. She made choice of four men and two maid-servants for that purpose.

She then passed into another hall, where was erected the scaffold, covered with black; and she saw with an undiminished countenance, the executioners, and all the preparations of death. The room was crowded with spectators: and no one was so steeled against all sentiments of humanity, as not to be moved when he reflected on her royal dignity, considering the surprising train of her misfortunes, behold her mild but inflexible constancy, recalled her amiable accomplishments, or surveyed her beauties, which, though faded by years, and yet more by her afflictions, still discovered themselves in this fatal moment. Here the warrant for her execution was read to her; and during this ceremony she was silent, but showed in her behaviour an indifference and unconcern, as if the business had nowise regarded her. Before the executioners performed their office, the Dean of Peterborow stepped forth; and though the queen frequently told him that he needed not concern himself about her, that she was settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman religion, and that she meant to lay down her life in defence of that faith; he still thought it his duty to persist in his lectures and exhortations, and to endeavour her conversion. The terms which he employed were, under colour of pious instructions, cruel insults on her unfortunate situation; and besides their own absurdity, may be regarded as the most mortifying indignities to which she had ever yet been exposed. He told her that the Queen of England had on this occasion shown a tender care of her; and notwithstanding the punishment justly to be inflicted on her for her manifold trespasses, was determined to use every expedient for saving her soul from that destruction with which it was so nearly threatened: that she was now standing upon the brink of eternity, and had no other means of escaping endless perdition, than by repenting her former wickedness, by justifying the sentence pronounced against her, by acknowledging the queen's favours, and by exerting a true and lively faith in Christ Jesus: that the scriptures were the only rule of doc-

trine, the merits of Christ the only means of salvation; and if she trusted in the inventions or devices of men, she must expect in an instant to fall into utter darkness, into a place where shall be weeping, howling, and gnashing of teeth: that the hand of death was upon her, the axe was laid to the root of the tree, the throne of the great Judge of heaven was erected, the book of her life was spread wide, and the particular sentence and judgment was ready to be pronounced upon her; and that it was now, during this important moment, in her choice, either to rise to the resurrection of life, and hear that joyful salutation, *Come, ye blessed of my Father*; or to share the resurrection of condemnation, replete with sorrow and anguish; and to suffer that dreadful denunciation, *Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire*.

During this discourse Mary could not sometimes forbear betraying her impatience, by interrupting the preacher; and the dean, finding that she had profited nothing by his lecture, at length bade her change her opinion, repent her of her former wickedness, and settle her faith upon this ground, that only in Christ Jesus could she hope to be saved. She answered again and again, with great earnestness: "Trouble not yourself any more about the matter: for I was born in this religion; I have lived in this religion; and in this religion I am resolved to die." Even the two earls perceived, that it was fruitless to harass her any farther with theological disputes; and they ordered the dean to desist from his unseasonable exhortations, and to pray for her conversion. During the dean's prayer, she employed herself in private devotion from the office of the Virgin; and after he had finished, she pronounced aloud some petitions in English, for the afflicted church, for an end of her own troubles, for her son, and for queen Elizabeth; and prayed God that that princess might long prosper, and be employed in his service. The Earl of Kent observing that in her devotions she made frequent use of the crucifix, could not forbear reproving her for her attachment to that popish trumpery, as he termed it; and he exhorted her to have Christ in her heart, not in her hand. She replied with presence of mind, that it was difficult to hold such an object in her hand without feeling her heart touched with some compunction.

She now began, with the aid of her two women, to disrobe herself; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said, that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, nor to be served by such valets. Her servants seeing her in this condition ready to lay her head upon the block, burst into tears and lamentations: she turned about to them; put her finger upon her lips, as a sign of imposing silence upon them; and having given them her blessing, desired them to pray for her. One of her maids, whom she had appointed for that purpose, covered her eyes with a handkerchief; she laid herself down without any sign of fear or trepidation; and her head was severed from her body at two strokes by the executioner. He instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood, and agitated with the convulsions of death; the Dean of Peterbo-

row alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" The Earl of Kent alone replied, "Amen!" The attention of all the other spectators was fixed on the melancholy scene before them; and zeal and flattery alike gave place to present pity and admiration of the expiring princess.

Thus perished, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and nineteenth of her captivity in England, Mary Queen of Scots; a woman of great accomplishments both of body and mind, natural as well as acquired; but unfortunate in her life, and during one period very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person, and graces of her air, combined to make her the most amiable of women; and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to cheerfulness and society; of a lofty spirit, constant, and even vehement in her purpose, yet polite and gentle, and affable in her demeanour; she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornament of her sex. In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct while she abandoned herself to the guidance of a profligate man; and must consider these faults, whether we admit them to be imprudencies or crimes, as the result of an inexplicable, though not uncommon, inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influence which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons whose principles are not thoroughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsels of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay sufficiently under the guidance of discretion, she was betrayed into actions which may with some difficulty be accounted for, but which admit of no apology nor even of alleviation. An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric; an account of her conduct must in some parts wear the aspect of severe satire and invective.

Her numerous misfortunes, the solitude of her long and tedious captivity, and the persecutions to which she had been exposed on account of her religion, had wrought her up to a degree of bigotry during her later years; and such were the prevalent spirit and principles of the age, that it is the less wonder if her zeal, her resentment, and her interest uniting, induced her to give consent to a design which conspirators, actuated only by the first of these motives, had formed against the life of Elizabeth.—*Hume*.

From the British Magazine.

SIR HARRY HIGHFLYER: A Suicide's Last Carouse.

Who was better known about town, or who knew the town better, than Sir Harry High-

flyer? He was, as the phrase is, in every thing, and the best man at every thing—supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-hand-Club; and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coachman to Salt Hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest productions on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most *récherchés*, his wines the most exquisite that money could purchase—and certainly they had cost dearly to the tavern-keepers whom he promised to pay for them. He was celebrated in the Fives Court; and if he was unable to *lick* young Belcher, who, from constant practice, had the advantage of him; or the boxing coal-heaver, who was his superior in weight; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman—he had tried. He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone Fields in his way to Chalk Farm; and on both occasions had he the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him, who had seduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for eloping with his wife. Here again had Sir Harry done all that could be required of a gentleman. But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of a young Lackbrain, a tyro in those matters, at hazard. Finding that by selling his commission in the — dragons, drawing upon his agent to the utmost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books, and the lease of his chambers in Albany, young Lackbrain could raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss; he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared that as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press for its immediate payment, Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond, for principal and interest, to be payable in twelve—nay, even fifteen months. Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a-year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetic, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty-thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure by that sum, or twenty-five at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to investigate such matters, the consequence of these continued discrepancies between the income and the outgoing, was, that one fine sun-shiny morning his debts were found to amount to 102,357l. 18s. 9d.—a very complicated and ugly-looking row of figures—while his assets were gracefully pictured forth by that simple and elegantly-formed symbol (0) representing *nothing*. To use his own emphatic phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself “most magnanimously dished.” It was towards the close of the London season of

1817, that he made this wonderful discovery. What was to be done? He could not at the moment determine. Free air and solitude were necessary to put his mind into a fit state for reflection: so, calling for his hat and gloves, he sallied forth, and avoiding dear Bond-street, and all the more frequented avenues, he crossed St. Alban's-street, sidled through St. James's Market, felt his way along a dirty, dingy defile, called Swallow-street, and after passing through sundry dark passages on the north of Oxford-street, he, at length, found himself in the Mary-le-bone fields. There he sauntered about for some time, but to no purpose: one-hundred-and-two thousand and odd pounds, shilling, and pence, were not to be picked up in the Mary-le-bone fields; and what else under Heaven could set him afloat again? The more he thought, the more desperate did his position appear to him. But there is an old French proverb that tells us that *à force de chercher l'on trouve*; and so it happened to Sir Harry: for by dint of thinking and walking, and walking and thinking, he all at once found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his friends Hardacre and Major O'Blaze. Here, by that fine operation of the mind, called the association of ideas, an easy and certain mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him. “Is it possible?” he exclaimed, “that I can be such an idiot as, for nearly two hours, to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been, for an instant, in doubt about the means of escaping from an exposure of my cut up—an event I never should have found nerve to encounter! Is it possible that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to any ass in London, at the first blush of the affair!—What! shall I put down my four-in-hand? Shall I send my racers to Tattersall's? Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no more thousands to squander? No, no; thank my stars, I have too much courage to submit to that.” It were needless to state in explicit terms what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this “rational being,” for the many ills which this “man of unquestionable courage” was too courageous to encounter; but, having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek, went into an apothecary's shop, complained of a racking tooth-ache, and purchased a phial of laudanum.

Courage and Rationality! How differently may the qualities implied by these terms be understood! Had Sir Harry presumed to rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince Regent, his courage would have been stigmatized as daring and reckless impudence, his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done that: he was too *well-bred* a man: his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; *ay*, the very consideration of what was due from man even

into MAN, would have warned him of the impropriety of committing so gross an outrage as that! This is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider, or not, at his discretion.

Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he heard his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing-room; where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

He drew the phial from his pocket!!

"The ruling passion strong in death," he held it up to the light; and muttering "Bright as a ruby—a cursed bore though, for all that," he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips, and—there was a tap at the dressing-room door.

"Who the devil's that? Did't I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?"

"Beg you pardon, Sare, but it grow late: you remember Milord Dashmore dine wiz you, and you not tell me how many I will order dinner for."

This reminded him that he had invited Lord Dashmore and a party of friends to dinner for that very day. "They'll look upon it as a sneaking piece of business," thought he, "if I leave them in the lurch in this way: a few hours later will make no difference, and I shan't be in worse condition for my journey, for a dozen bumpers of claret." Then added, aloud, to Laurent, "Order for twelve, and afterwards come and help me to dress."

"Mr. Maxwell is here, Sare; shall you see him?"

"Maxwell!" thought Sir Harry; "what whimsey has brought him here! I thought I had given him a surfeit of me, at his last visit, a twelvemonth ago. Beg Mr. Maxwell to walk up."

Mr. Maxwell was the son of a clergyman who died of a very odd complaint—a broken heart for the loss of his wife—leaving this son an orphan at the age of two years. As this is an age at which a young gentleman is not very well qualified to take care of himself, the late Baronet, Sir Harry's father, thought that he might do it much better for him and, acting upon this suggestion, took him into his own house. Little Master Maxwell and the Baronet's son being of nearly the same age, they were instructed by the same masters, sent at the same time to Westminster, and, afterwards, entered at the same college at Cambridge. Upon their return from College, Sir Robert Highflyer gave young Maxwell the choice of a profession; but as the young gentleman entertained an unbounded dislike of law, physic, and divinity, the army, and the navy, it seemed a matter of some difficulty how to provide for him.

"'Tis a lucky thing for you, Tom," said Sir Robert, "that I have the command of four votes, and can, therefore, obtain from ministers any thing in reason I choose to ask."

Now, although I am certain these were the very words used by Sir Robert, I never, for the soul of me, could understand what he meant by having the command of four votes; still less, by the most industrious application

of my reasoning faculties, could I ever perceive the remotest connexion between such a possession, and a certain degree of influence with ministers, which he considered as its obvious and natural consequence. However, such was his expression.

Young Maxwell's inclinations tending towards politics, a valuable appointment in the office of the — department, was procured for him, with an understanding that, at the first convenient opportunity, he should have a seat in Parliament. Shortly after this, Sir Robert died; and his son succeeded to the title and estates.

Between the latter and Maxwell as close a friendship had always existed as could exist between two persons whose habits and occupations were diametrically opposed; and Maxwell, presuming, perhaps, too far upon this, (and entertaining, as he did, a stupid notion that he could not better evince his gratitude to the patron to whom he owed every thing, than by endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to save his son from ruin,) would sometimes take the liberty to make it too evident to Sir Harry that the system of extravagance he pursued must inevitably lead to the utter destruction of his fortune. The result of one of these remonstrances was an intimation from Sir Harry, that unless Mr. Maxwell could find more amusing topics for conversation, his absence from — Street would be particularly desirable; and Mr. Maxwell not being able to comply with the first condition, he very coolly availed himself of the other. The Baronet's astonishment at the present visit is thus accounted for.

"Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you," said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little phial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing-table; devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom."

"No, no; my preaching days are over."

"So much the better; and I'm glad to find that, in that respect at least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in—" He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window—returned—and continued—"No matter—Stay and dine with me; you will meet Dashmore, and Leslie, and Colonel D—, and—in short, all friends of yours."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of your party. And—" (here he made an unaccountable pause.)—"But since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress? 'Twill save me the trouble of going home."

"Ay, to be sure; Laurent will be here presently, and he shall send somebody to him."

Had Sir Harry been in a state of mind to think to any purpose, he would have thought that, considering the terms on which they had stood for some time past, all this was very strange.

By the time Laurent had finished dressing his master, Maxwell's servant arrived; and Sir Harry descended to the drawing-room to

receive his guests, leaving his friend to perform the duties of the toilette.

"Another pin, Ward," said Maxwell to his servant. "Plague on the inventor of this tie! it requires as many pins as the frock of a boarding-school romp." But Ward having exhausted all the pins in Sir Harry's cushion, his master opened first one drawer and then another, till coming to that in which the Baronet had deposited the letters, he was astonished at perceiving that the letter on the top of the pile was addressed to Lord Dashmore, *who was to be of the party that very afternoon*, and the next beneath to himself! In addition to these were letters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, and to his aunt, Lady Mary — whom he had offended beyond all hope of pardon.

"This is very strange!" He continued his search. "Good God!—Ward—I have no farther occasion for you: you may go.—Unless I am at home by one, you needn't—yes—you had better be in waiting for me—that's all.—Stay—call a hackney-coach immediately—don't bring it to the door, but wait with it at the corner of the street."

The guests were all assembled, and Laurent announced that dinner was served.

"Let Mr. Maxwell know," said Sir Harry.

"Mr. Maxwell, Sare, beg you shall not wait for him. He go home for something he forget, but shall return before the soup be remove." A knock at once announced the return of Mr. Maxwell, so that no delay occurred.

Sir Harry Highflyer, as is well known, was one of the most agreeable table-companions of the day. He was a man of ready and pleasant wit; and, whatever may have been his faults at other times and in other places, (and numerous and grave indeed they were,) he was faultless at the head of his own table. Never the retailer of other men's stories, and seldom the hero of his own, he entertained a mortal aversion for your mere story-teller. "The original sin," he used to say, "has entailed a curse on all the pleasures of life, and story-telling is the edifice of conviviality. The nonsense of the moment is a thousand times preferable to the most exquisite piece of wit, ready cut and dried for the occasion, that ever was uttered, or the best ready-made story that was ever told." He held noise to be subversive of mirth (of cheerfulness it certainly is), instead of an assistant to, or an evidence of, it; and, strange as it may appear, he could not endure a coarse joke, or an obscene story. "Let us," he once said, "let us show some consideration for the necessities of our inferiors: let us abandon to tinkers such incentives to mirth—the poor devils require something as a relish to their beer; we shall lose nothing by the surrender; for, for my part, I can't fancy that they go well with the elegant, delicate flavour of fine wine." To do Sir Harry justice, he was not a beast.

The dinner went off pretty much in the same way as dinners of the kind generally do. But some circumstances occurred, of too remarkable a character to pass without mention. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Maxwell, they made no very deep impression on any one present; yet, at one or two of those circumstances, not one of the party but felt,

more or less acutely, what might, not inaptly, be termed a momentary shock of astonishment. No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry: he allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation; he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he talked through every one that attempted to speak; he talked almost incessantly; and, indeed, seemed to be uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether contrary to his usual habit; and his gaily, ordinarily so distinguished by its snavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most common-place. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank it off, and filled again before he passed the wine.

There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall party for the following evening, and Mr. Maurice B—, not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, "Highflyer, where shall you be to-morrow night?" Sir Harry, turning suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a short, convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply: at the same time grasping Laurent by the fleshy part of the arm. A death-like silence ensued; not a soul present but felt a thrill of horror! Lord Dashmore, indeed, who was raising his glass to his lips, involuntarily threw it upwards with such force, that it struck the ceiling and fell in fragments to the ground. Poor Laurent, sinking almost on his knees, while tears of agony were forced from his eyes, naturally and pathetically cried out in his own language, "*Mais, mon Dieu! Monsieur, vous me faites mal—vous me faites mal, vous dis-je.*" Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly reproached Colonel D—, who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion, and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in infinitely less time than it has occupied to describe it; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper went round.

Sir Harry became—gayer? no—more listerous than before.

Sir Charles F— remarked that they were thirteen at table! "Then one amongst us is booked for within the year," said Colonel D—, laughingly.

"A hundred guineas to five, I am the man," said Sir Harry.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet: "and in a twelve-month and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred—for you'll lose."

"'Tis no bet, Dashmore," said Sir Harry, with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed: "'tis no bet, so don't book it: no man is justified in making a bet when he knows himself sure of winning."

It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch and observed that it was almost time to break up. "Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake." And he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking. To most present, the form of his appeal seemed odd; to Maxwell it appeared awful!

But the last, and most striking occurrence, of the night, is now to be related. Sir Harry, it has already been said, exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence to which the give-and-take of conversation occasionally subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. A question being put to Colonel D— respecting the storming of Badajoz, he described just so much of it as had come immediately under his own observation (for he had been engaged in it); and with so much force, vivacity, and picturesque effect was his short narrative imbued, that it engrossed the attention of all present. It could not have occupied longer than three minutes; yet, when the Colonel had ceased speaking, it was observed that Sir Harry was leaning with his elbow on the table and his forehead in his hand. "The Baronet's off," said some one, and laughed. Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on—"What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer?" exclaimed another; "your cravat is covered with blood!"—"Nothing"—replied he, putting his handkerchief to his mouth—"Nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about."—His appearance was ghastly: his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which in the intensity of mental agony he had unconsciously bitten nearly through!

"I have not seen the Baronet so much cut," whispered Colonel D— to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, "since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let's be off."

As the party retired, the successive "Good night" of each fell upon Sir Harry's ear like a death-knell! It struck like an ice-bolt to his heart! He was a man of "unquestionable courage," as we have seen, but he could not stand it; and as the three or four last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions by hastily saying, "That'll do, that'll do." Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand, and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest. "Now you may go, Tom; those are mere friends of the hour, but you and I have been friends from children. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There"—and he shook his hand warmly—"there—now go—Good night; Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you. Go—go." Maxwell, as he went out, said to Laurent, "It is probable your master will not ring for you very early to-morrow;

be sure you suffer no one to approach him till I come."

"Ma parole, Sire, I shall not be ver' glad to go to him ver' soon—indeed he make de blood come out to my arm. I take him for wild cat."

They were mistaken who thought that Sir Harry was cut—in plain English, drunk: excepting Maxwell—whose situation throughout the evening, by the by, had not been the most enviable—he was the only sober man of the party. The prodigious quantity of wine he had swallowed produced no more effect upon him, in the way of intoxication, than if it had been water: he carried an antidote to it in his mind. Left to himself, he filled a large goblet with claret, which he took off at a draught. He then desired Laurent to give him a taper, told him he had no occasion for his attendance that night, shook him by the hand, (which condescension the poor fellow conceived to be intended as a set-off against the gripe he had received,) walked steadily into his dressing room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table; took the letters he had written in the morning, and the phial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them; and having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fail to be seen by any one who should come into the room the next day—he paused for a few seconds. He then uncorked the phial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute—staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it.

Now if any one should say that Mr. Maxwell, with the suspicions he entertained, or, rather, the knowledge he possessed of Sir Harry's intention, acted unwarrantably—heartlessly—wickedly—in leaving him to carry it into execution, the only defence I can offer for him is that—perhaps he had very good reasons for acting as he did. But to relieve him as speedily as possible from the odious charge of conniving at so horrible a deed, it will be as well at once to explain what those reasons were.

Although the friendly intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between these gentlemen had ceased for nearly a twelvemonth prior to the period in question, Maxwell, nevertheless, with considerable anxiety watched the proceedings of the son of his benefactor. He was aware of the ruinous modes of raising money resorted to by Sir Harry, whilst any thing remained in his possession which he could either mortgage or sell; and he was now also aware of the distressing facts that not only even those means were exhausted, but that Sir Harry was inextricably in debt. It happened one morning that, being with his solicitor upon business of his own, that gentleman put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his clients. They were documents connected with a transfer of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of raising the supplies. Maxwell presently perceived, what his solicitor intended he should be informed of, that, in that transaction, an obvious fraud had been practised upon his inconsiderate friend. This discovery led him to exa-

mine into other transactions of a similar kind; and the result of his various investigations was a conviction that a vast portion of the property might fairly be recovered, since it had been obtained from Sir Harry by mal-practices of a much graver complexion than the mere infraction of the Usury Laws.

Having, after several consultations with his solicitor, decided as to the course to be adopted, he resolved, in spite of their late estrangement, to pay a visit to his quondam friend, and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him. On his way thither he met Mr. Leslie, who told him of the dinner-party for that day. "I'm glad of it," said Maxwell, "for I have something to tell him which will give a zest to his wine." But scarcely had he entered the Baronet's dressing-room—(Sir Harry's astonishment at his visit, and his manner of receiving him, have already been described)—when he was attacked by one of those vague—undefinable—unaccountable apprehensions of approaching evil which every one, perhaps, has, at some time or other, experienced. Why, he scarcely knew; but he at once determined to delay the communication he had to make till the following day: and still less could he tell why, at the same instant he resolved upon not quitting Sir Harry for the rest of that afternoon. It was upon taking this latter resolution that he requested permission to send for his things to dress there.

The rest is soon told.

We know very well that in cases of emergency, where we suddenly find ourselves thrown unassisted upon our own resources, and feel that something *must* be done, our thoughts succeed each other with such amazing rapidity that we seem to jump at conclusions without any intermediate train of reasoning. But it is not so; the process does take place; the difference is, our thoughts express themselves, if I may so say, in pictures instead of words. If any one who has found himself so situated will take the trouble to recollect his sensations at the time, he will find that he did not think in words, but that a variety of pictures,—scenes of various modes of action, presented themselves almost simultaneously to his mind's eye, and that by a sort of instinct he pounced upon the right one. This is something of what is usually understood by that rare quality called presence of mind:—a commodity which a certain worthy gentleman once declared never failed him, provided he were not taken by surprise, but had time to turn the matter over in his head.

Maxwell did not throw the poison out at window; nor did he rush into the drawing-room, with his face pale and his hair standing on-end; nor did he call upon the company to bind Sir Harry hand and foot; nor did he remonstrate with him upon the folly as well as the wickedness of terminating his own existence; nor did he even betray the slightest hint that he was aware of his entertaining such an intention. *He knew his man*; and he was conscious, therefore, that his interference in any manner, though it might delay, would not prevent the act; he perceived, too, that he was not them, nor likely to be, for the rest of that day, in a state of mind to listen to his edifying

expostulations, and he felt convinced, that by taking one means of self-destruction out of the hands of a man desperate and resolved like him, he should only be forcing him to the adoption of some other. But he took a much wiser course than any of those. He drove to the chemist's, whose address he found on the label of the phial, and procured a composing draught, which was put into a small bottle of precisely the same appearance as the more mischievous one he had removed. He then returned to — street, walked leisurely up-stairs into the dressing-room, placed the mixture where he knew it would be sought for, descended, and took his seat at the dinner-table as quietly as if nothing in the world had happened.

By eight o'clock the next morning Maxwell was in Sir Harry's room, which he entered by a side-door the baronet had neglected to fasten. He found his friend in a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till three o'clock of the same afternoon. It were needless to relate all that passed upon this occasion. Suffice it, that having explained to Sir Harry the hopes he entertained of recovering for him a large portion of his property, Maxwell found no difficulty whatever in persuading him to withdraw immediately from London, and to retire to a small place of his near the town of — in Wales, till, by the exercise of a rigid economy, he might be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments. That he, a gay man of the town, should so readily have adopted a suggestion which seemed to imply the entire abandonment of the habits of his whole former life, will appear the less extraordinary when it is mentioned that he has been heard to declare, that he would endure starvation, beggary, misery in any shape, rather than again encounter the horrors of that last carousé.

From the British Magazine.

WELSH MANNERS AND TRADITIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF WELSH SOCIETY AND SCENERY."

THE history, customs, and traditions of Wales contain very abundant materials for the ground-work of fictitious narrative; but, strange to say, no one has yet succeeded in properly availing himself of the advantages of so rich and fertile a source. We say no one, because, although the scenes of several novels, or tales, or whatever they may be called, have been laid in the principality, the attempts which have been made to delineate the manners of the people, or the scenery of the country, have been ridiculously wretched. We remember, some three or four years ago, meeting at a "public" in Shropshire, with an erudite work, entitled, if we recollect rightly, "Travellers' Tales." This contained what was called a Welsh Tale, wherein the author or authoress ventures to display his or her knowledge, not only of Welsh manners and antiquities, but also of the Welsh language, to the great confusion of his or her readers, and to the utter manifestation of his or her own palpable ignorance. Two or three other things have been also written, all equally worthless

and trashy; not even excepting that ingenious hoax called "*Walladmor*."

The reason of all this is evident enough: not one of these sage scribblers know a syllable about the history, the traditions, the superstitions, or the pastoral manners of the people whose peculiarities they have attempted to pourtray. A young lady, or a young gentleman, the former, perhaps, holding the situation of governor in some respectable tradesman's family in Cockaine; the latter, having escaped for a month or six weeks from the shop or counting-house, flies through Wales on the top of a stage coach; and, having seen Snowdon and Cadir Idris, gazed on the battlements of Caernarvon castle, tasted *ciwrn dda* at Llangollen, mutton at Wrexham, and *browas* at Ruabon, bathed, moreover, at Barmouth, and danced at the *aswizo* balls at Dolgelly, returns to dear London, and perpetrates a novel or a tale. This is the way these things are done: shall we say how they ought to be managed?

In the first place, none but a native can ever succeed in delineating a faithful portrait of the Welsh; but where is that native to be found? He who would wish to succeed in the undertaking must understand the language *well*. He must mingle, moreover, with the people; live amidst the mountains; partake of the boisterous and warm-hearted hospitality of the Welsh "laird;" dance, sing, and laugh with the lasses; and kick football and wrestle with the lads. In this manner he will gain an intimate knowledge of their various pastimes and customs; he will witness the festive revelry of their weddings, and the solemn simplicity of their funerals; he will become acquainted also with many of their wild and poetical superstitions; and he made a welcome partaker of their joyous celebration of All Saints' eve and New-year's day. With knowledge thus attained, to what excellent account might it not be turned by a Washington Irving or a Walter Scott! But we fear it will be long before Wales will produce a child so favoured or so renowned.

We have said that the history of Wales might afford copious materials for narrative. We do not mean the earlier annals of the country, although in them, indeed, there would be no deficiency of subject-matter, but that particular period which intervened between Owain Glyndwr's abortive attempt to free his country from the yoke of England, and its effectual union in the reign of Henry the Eighth. This period, although one of gloom and anarchy, was replete with interesting events and turbulent commotion. The strongest hand and the stoutest heart carried the day; and feuds and forays were the pastimes of the people. In so disturbed a state was the principality at this time, that no gentleman dared to venture abroad unarmed or unguarded. "Questioning with my uncle," says sir John Wynn, the venerable historian of Gwedir, "what should move him to demolish an old church which stood in a great thicket, and build it in a plain, stronger and greater than it was before; his answer was, he had good reason for the same; because the country was wild, and he might be oppressed by his enemies on the sudden, in that wooddie country; it therefore stood him in a

police to have diverse places of retreat. Certain it was, that he durst not goe to church on a Sunday from his house of Penanmen, but he must leave the same guarded with men, and have the doors sure barred and bolted, and a watchman to stand at the Garreg big during divine service: the Garreg was a rock, whence he might see both the church and the house, and raise the cry if the house was assaulted. He durst not, although he was guarded with twenty tall archers, make knowne when he went to church or elsewhere, or goe or come the same way through the woods and narrow places, lest he should be lay'd for: this was in the beginning of his time."

The disordered state of Wales during this tumultuous period afforded ample opportunity for the commission of illegal depredations; and "see bloody and ireful were quarrels on those days, and the revenge of the sword at such libertie, as almost nothing was punished by law, whatsoever happened." As to law, there were, it was true, several statutes enacted for the express purpose of preventing these tumultuous transactions; but the great difficulty was, to put the laws, thus enacted, into execution. The English dared not venture into Wales, or, if they did, it was at the imminent peril of their lives. A species of petty warfare, indeed, was established between the English and Welsh on the borders, which was carried on with the utmost animosity and rancour. From this sprang a system of mutual robbery and rapine, which became prevalent throughout the whole line of the Marches, and for the prevention of which the most active and summary measures were resorted to by both parties. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by moats, and defended by palisades, and embankments. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor; and if any Welshman was luckless enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation between the two countries, he was immediately hanged upon the said gallows, and there suspended in *terrorem*, until another victim was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had also a horseman, ready equipped "with a sword and spear," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand the Welsh trusted for their safety to the intricate recesses of their deep woods, and to the ruggedness and strength of their mountain-fastnesses; and they did not fail to put in force the *lex talionis*, whenever an opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

This disturbed state of the country gave origin also to numerous outlaws or brigands. These were generally the retainers of petty chieftains, commanding vassals devotedly attached to their leader, and inheriting that deadly hatred towards the English which had arisen from the war that subjugated Wales, and which was fostered with a desire of revenge on the one hand, and a powerful striving for mastery on the other. One of the most cele-

* See particularly the second and fourth statutes of Henry the Fourth, and the first of Henry the Fifth.

brated as well as most daring of these marauders, was Reginald Meredith Griffith, who resided near Mold, in Flintshire, at a strong hold called Tower, a castellated building of great strength, part of which, modernized into a comfortable mansion, is yet to be seen. Here lived Reginald, in the fifteenth century, exercising undisputed authority over his little clan, by whose willing assistance he continued to molest and plunder all who were obnoxious to him. The principal objects of his attention in this respect seem to have been the inhabitants of Chester, (which is about twelve miles from Mold,) with whom he was continually involved in dispute; but, a regular system of warfare appears to have been carried on between the two parties, and many a dire and deadly conflict was the consequence.

In 1465, during one of those flimsy amnesties, which were occasionally contracted between the parties, a considerable number of the tradespeople of Chester repaired to Mold fair, for the purposes of sale and barter. This was an opportunity not to be resisted by the unconscionable freebooter, who determined to enrich himself at the expense of "the good men of Chester," notwithstanding the existence of their mutual treaty. The honest merchants had disposed of their commodities, and were preparing, like peaceful men, to return home, when Reginald came down upon them with his followers, and, after killing several, took possession of their goods and money, and so acquired a considerable booty. It is said that a principal incitement to this outrage was a vehement desire of the freebooter to avenge himself on the person of Robert Browne, or Bryne, the mayor of Chester, who, being a draper, had attended the fair for purposes connected with his trade, as well, probably as in his magisterial capacity. He was an old and inveterate enemy of Reginald, and had several times executed very summary justice upon divers members of his band: but he paid with his life the forfeit of his temerity in venturing so near the haunts of the outlaw. Upon his capture, he was hurried up to Tower immediately after the action, and there hanged, *sans cérémonie*, on an iron staple, fixed in the ceiling of the great hall.* Browne's fellow-townsmen, scandalized at this breach of faith, attempted, a short time afterwards, to avenge his death by the seizure of Reginald. For this purpose, two hundred stout and active men left Chester, and proceeded forthwith to Tower. But the vigilant freebooter gained timely notice of their approach, and, quitting his house retired with his men to a neighbouring wood, where he remained to watch the operations of his visitors, who, as he anticipated, rushed eagerly into the house. No sooner had they all fairly entered, than Reginald hastened from his ambush, surrounded Tower with his men, and set it on fire, cutting down the Chester men as they hurried out, without mercy or hesitation. Few es-

* This staple, the engine of so much cruelty, might have been seen some time ago in its original position, where it remained a terrible memento of the lawless ferocity which distinguished Wales during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

caped to relate the fate of their comrades, and the outlaw of Mold experienced no further molestation for a while from the intimidated inhabitants of Chester. Notwithstanding his unjustifiable contempt of the laws, and his numerous atrocities, he procured a pardon from Thomas, lord Stanley, president of the council of Wales, which was subsequently ratified, under the great seal, by Edward the Fourth; and he died, like many other rogues, at "a good old age," and, no doubt, "grievously lamented by his brave and faithful followers."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace.

THE war-note of the Saracen

Was on the winds of France;
It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the Tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea and the sounds of the night,

And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,

On the old Provençal shore;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armour wore.

And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came

Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,

Gave quivering life to the slumbers pale
Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career,
And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory:
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose.
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she pray'd;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upra'd to the Virgin's pourtray'd above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast
That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
Trembling as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—

So knelt she in her woe:

A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh! they reek not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirr'd below!

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

Hark! a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild
wind's moan;—

Is her lord return'd with his conquering bands?
No! a breathless vassal before her stands!

—“Hast thou been on the field?—Art thou
come from the host?”

—“From the slaughter, Lady!—All, all is
lost!

Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe,
And thy Lord”—his voice took a sadder sound—
“Thy Lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering
gloom.”

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd;
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty;
The proud blood sprang, in a fiery flow,
Quick over bosom, and cheek, and brow,
And her young voice rose, till the peasant
shook

At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:
—“Dost thou stand midst the tombs of the glo-
rious dead,

And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
—Away! he is lying by lance and shield—
Point me the path to his battle field!”

The shadows of the forest

Are about the Lady now;

She is hurrying through the midnight on,
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a
chief;

The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,
Are groaning like things of troubled life;
The wind from the battle seems rushing by
With a funeral march through the gloomy sky;
The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead;
There lay the noble, the valiant low—

—Aye! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;
There lay the *loved*!—on each fallen head
Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
Sisters were watching, in many a home,
For the fetter'd footstep; no more to come;
Names in the prayers of that night were spoken
Whose claim unto kindred prayers was broken;
And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine
pour'd

For those, now needing nor hearth nor board;
Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
—And oh! ye beloved of woman, farewell!

Silently, with lips compress'd,
Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Death-like cheek, but dauntless eye;
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed came nigh;

Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
Sudden and shrill, from the mountains borne;
And her maidens trembled;—but on her ear
No meaning fell with those sounds of fear;
They had less of mastery to shake her now,
Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen
bough.

She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
That look'd without soul to the starry sky;
She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay!

“Lead where the most hath been dared and
done,

Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—
lead on!”

And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree,
That waved o'er a fountain red;
Oh! swiftest there had the current free
From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
And the broken shields were toss'd,
And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
And the mail-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there! the leader amidst his band,
Where the faithful had made their last vain
stand;

He was there! but affection's glance alone,
The darkly-changed in that hour had known;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
And the face—oh! speak not of that dead face!
As it lay to answer love's look no more,
Yet never so proudly loved before!

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
The time was not yet for their waves to flow;
She felt the full presence, the might of death,
Yet there came no sob with her struggling
breath,

And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turn'd to his followers—“Your Lord is
there!

Look on him! know him by scarf and crest!
Bear him away with his sires to rest!”

Another day—another night—

And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
From the lordly chapel sweep:

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
As if that rite were in terror done,
Yet the song midst the sons hath a thrilling
power,

And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go;
With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead,
Sheathed in armour of the field—
Only his wan face'd revel'd,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,

For they dread each moment the shout of
war,
And the burst of the Moslem scymitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend ;
No sound comes back, like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry,
But one free step and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene, to the last, their
part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
She hath held o'er his spirit long rigid away,
But the struggling passion must now have
way.

In the cheek half seen through her mourning
veil,

By turns doth the swift blood flush and fail,
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes as a flame to the blast might
thrill ;

Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,
Rending the cords of her frail young life ;
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice as if death might hear.

"I have won thy fame from the breath of
wrong,

My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
Now call me hence by thy side to be,
The world thou leav'st hath no place for me.
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
Give me my home on thy noble heart,
Well have we loved, let us both depart !"

And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;
The living cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain,
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed one !—she might not stay
When the crown had fall'n from her life away ;
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone ;
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is
done !

From the British Magazine.

MY LAST NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

"Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms."

Paradise Regained.

* The love of money is the root of all evil."—*St. Paul.*

I HAVE wealth, and I have learned to loathe
life ; I am young, and I have envied age and
decrepitude ; I have wife and child, yet my
eye and heart are evil towards them : think
me neither fiend nor madman—I am only
poor. To many that word conveys little
notion of wretchedness and degradation. Sages

and moralists oftentimes, in their speeches, as-
sociate poverty and cheerfulness ; poverty and
content : but sages and moralists lie. When I
was rich (once I was so) I talked lightly too ;
I did not love money then, for I boasted and
believed that I esteemed my fellows for their
own sakes, and was by them esteemed for
mine. I thought that happiness was indepen-
dent of circumstances ; that affection, re-
finement, and fame, depended solely on quali-
ties, and were never affected by the accidents
of condition : and herein I thought as a fool.
There came a time when I was made to think
differently ; and it came suddenly. My wealth,
that I deemed a rock, proved to be a mound of
earth overhanging a precipice ; it tottered,
crumbled, fell. Since then the lust of gold
has taken possession of my soul ; for now I
know its worth. I know now the power that
will move the human spirit to deeds the vilest,
and deeds in their effects the most splendid.
I know now the principle that exerts over hu-
man destiny the influence that fable attributed
to the planets. I perceive now the super-emi-
nent worth of that which, when possessed, I
considered merely useful. I perceive that,
without it, every blessing is, in some sense,
cursed. That which you love must bow to
labour ; that which is lovely may be bought
and sold for destruction ; genius, that vanity
terms the lord, necessity makes the hireling of
Mammon ; refinement is the child, not of
dudgery, but of leisure ; and the hunger
after fame is turned, by poverty, into the hun-
ger after bread. If you are old and rich, you
may wrap your palsied limbs in the furs of
emperors ; if learned and rich, purchase the li-
braries of nations ; if a lover and rich, you may
deck your mistress in the spoils of the east,
and worship with more than words ; if a
friend, you may imitate the bounty of nature ;
if a philanthropist, the benignity of God.
The poor and old ; learned and poor ; a lover
and poor ; a friend and philanthropist, yet
poor !—turn aside and die ; it is less painful
than to live. Again : untempered affluence
may enlarge on the dignity of our nature ; it
is only when living in the depths and drinking
of the dregs of poverty, that we know the un-
imaginable evils bound up in the human heart ;
—the meanness, the grossness, the pride, the
hate, the envy, and the cruelty, that, like ser-
pents in a nest, lie hushed and still when fed,
but writhe, and sting, and hiss, when aroused
by the fury of want ! My Last Night's Dream !
Had one told me, years ago, when presiding as
master over an elegant, nay, a sumptuous
mansion, a centre to devoted and gifted
friends ; playing the good Samaritan abroad,
and the good centurion among my dependants
at home ; had one told me then, that avarice
would ever so seize upon my vitals, that even
in my sleep my dreams should be of sins com-
mitted for gold, of scenes that the love of
lucre has desolated like a plague ; that I,—in
my prosperity, the gentle, the kind, the lov-
ing,—should be fitted, by my waking thoughts,
to become an actor in those dreams ! Why,
what a whitened sepulchre is man ! I dreamt,
then, but it was not one continuous and un-
broken vision, but a dream of episodes, con-
nected only by the spirit that reigned through-

out, and the person who appeared in every scene.

And at first I seemed removed to another world, far different and far distant from any country I had ever seen. Towns and villages there were; and glittering under a brighter sun, and skies more intensely beautiful, than ours; but they were not like the buildings of northern climes and matured civilization; they rather resembled the shining structures called up by an enchanter's wand, to be inhabited by a soft and indolent people, prone to simple pleasures, and acquainted only with inartificial pursuits. The character of the surrounding country was also different from any I had previously beheld. The earth teemed with vegetation, even to luxuriant wildness; fruits and flowers, the jewelry of nature, met the eye and solicited the hand in the most splendid varieties of form and colour; fragrance exhaled from magnificent and unknown trees; and birds, beautiful as winged blossoms, darted through the air or fluttered amongst the branches. The land had remained the paradise it was, but its mountains and rivers contained gold, and the Spaniard sought it. Then the native song was no longer heard at night-fall; the flowers that once enwreathed the cottages were trodden down; the maize grounds lay desolate; the once pleasant and prolonged repast was snatched in haste and silence; there was heard a sound of groans, execrations, and the clank of fetters, instead of melody and the voice of content; and the Indians were bowed down, body, soul, and spirit, to labour, and servitude, and sorrow. I saw one, a young Cacique, bolder in heart than his brethren; he fled with the remnant of his tribe to a fastness among the mountains, and there, for some time, remained in safety, except for remembrance, happy. But one day the Spaniard stole upon him when he was separated from his people. Ancoana, for so he called his beautiful bride, was sleeping beside him; and he leaned over her, shading her slumbers from the noontide sun, with flowers and branches plucked from the forest trees. He had despoiled himself of all his ornaments since compelled to be a fugitive, yet, true to that impulse of the heart, which longs to adorn whatsoever it loves, Ancoana was still adorned as if his fortune was still at its height. But the Spaniard found them, one sleeping, and both secure. He was a Hidalgo who led the way; a man, when amongst his own countrymen, jealous of his honour and proud of his integrity; but the land of the Cacique yielded gold, and the gold of that land was good." He stripped Ancoana of her ornaments; I saw his eye sparkle as he tore them rudely from her person; and when he found that the pearls which adorned her hair were strung upon the braids, he shred the long dark locks from her head; then, chaining husband and wife together, he drove them forwards to his encampment. And the form and the fashion of that man were like my own! I shivered in my sleep; but the vision, though it faded away, gave place to another.

I beheld now a city, strong and glorious, fortified with walls and bulwarks; on one side of them there flowed a river, and the whole was

placed in a fair and fruitful plain. But the city was environed with a besieging army, the show of whose faces witnessed even more against them than all their artillery and weapons of war. The inhabitants had often been called upon to capitulate; but they were a city of merchants, and were loth, till it was too late, to buy their lives, and bribe off their enemies with their treasures. Their hopes were upheld, too, by a consciousness of the bravery of their garrison; and they bade the enemy as bold a defiance, two hours before the city was taken, as on the first morning of the siege. But there was treachery at the council-board—treachery in one of the strong towers; and, on a sudden, at noon-day, there was heard a great and lamentable cry, the cry of a whole people stricken at once with despair; for the enemy had gained access, and were pouring through the gates with license to destroy to the uttermost. But in a short space after that first great cry, there was no firing heard, for the executions were all silent stabbing. Multitudes, indeed, fled through the squares and streets, but the soldiers followed, butchering without mercy, driving them on even beyond the city, to the river's edge, where the desperate wretches threw themselves into the water, and there, having none to help them, only escaped one death to fall into another. But on the opposite side the river was a fort held by a division of the besieging army, who, not being heated with slaughter, were willing to give, or, rather, sell quarter to such as could swim across the river. Nay, having the command of a few small boats, the officers gave these soldiers permission to make what booty they could, by fetching off some of the wretched burghers who stood on the opposite banks in crowds, expecting every moment to be either drowned or murdered. And now I beheld the value of wealth. It was not the helplessness of age or infancy; not the influence of rank or wisdom; not the imploring words of beauty, that weighed with the soldiers in affording their help; but silver, and gold and jewels! Every individual citizen loved, and would have saved his life—would have given for its purchase all that he possessed; but only the rich had possessions wherewith to offer a ransom, and so the poor perished. I saw a man whose mind was a treasure that could not be "gotten for gold;" he had enriched by his discoveries in science, not his own nation merely, but his species; yet was he "a poor wise man;" he had nothing to offer but his knowledge; so the soldiers carried off in his stead, a possessor of riches and ignorance. By nightfall, the plunder and slaughter within the city were complete; and then fire being set to the four quarters, all human sounds were hushed in the roar of the flames; the bodies of the slain were wrapped in a fiery winding-sheet, and the smoke of that city ascended up to heaven, a never dying memorial of the power of avarice. For I saw, standing afar off, in the camp of the enemy, the traitor, who, for a bribe, had delivered up his trust; for money had sold his brethren to slaughter, and himself to everlasting shame—and the form and the fashion of that man was like my own.

The scene of my dream again changed, but the spirit of it remained the same. I beheld another city, strong and bulwarked like the last; like that, too, beleaguered. But neither within nor without the walls was there heard the wild stir of warfare; for the besiegers were content to wait the slow but certain effects of a blockade, and the besieged were not called upon to fight but to endure. Famine was their guest, their commander, and their king. Death was in their streets and in their houses; but he slew his victims silently, and without bloodshed. The voice of complaint was not heard, for complaint required strength, and the strong were bowed to the feebleness of infancy. The prayer, the curse, and the command were alike whispered; for the strong pined away, stricken through with hunger. The daughters of delicacy became cruel as the ostriches of the wilderness; the tongue of the sucking child cleaved to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children asked bread, and no man broke unto them. Whatsoever could be taken within the lips as food, was sought for as hid treasure. Reptiles were more than rubies, and the epicure gloat-ed over viands that once his dogs would have abhorred. Life again was bought and sold—food of any kind could only be purchased by the rich—so the poor looked on and died. I witnessed a contest between two citizens for the possession of a small bird. One, a father, desired it for a dying child; the other, that he might assuage for a little while the pangs of his own hunger. The former offered all he had, a hundred crowns; the latter doubled that sum, and the bird became his. I saw the father steal slowly away,—unaided, unpitied, uncomplaining; I saw the successful candidate depart also—his languid step quickened for a moment by the joy of possession, and his haggard features gleaming with transitory triumph. The day after, the city was relieved; and then I beheld him who had parted with his last morsel of food (yet he too, was a father, and he, too, was an hungered,) for money, that to him was more than wife or child—more even than his own existence—he lay stretched on the threshold of his own door, exhausted beyond the power of restoration, though sustenance was now at hand; yet, even in the agonies of death, grasping close the price of the bird, the two hundred crowns—and the form and the fashion of that man was like my own.

I dreamt yet more; but the remaining portion of my vision was broken and confused, cut off from the main current,—wild, distorted, fitful. Nevertheless, in all, I beheld myself the chief actor in scenes of strife and sorrow; still the slave of gold—still led on by the demon of avarice: yet, when I awoke and looked around me, I almost wished to sleep again and forget that I was roon!

From the United Service Journal.

THE MAROON WAR.

THE histories of detached corps and isolated vessels, and the personal narratives of individual officers and men, of which we are ena-

bled to give so many interesting specimens in the United Service Journal, have all the elements of the old heroic tales, with the addition of the humanity and regulated feelings of civilized life, and with that high spirit of military gallantry and pride, which is justly the glory of the present age. The partisan warfare in the revolutionary contest of America is replete with interest, but the attention of Europe has been more recently absorbed by the Guerilla exploits of the Tyrol, and the Peninsula. There is, however, upon record, a war sustained by savages against disciplined troops, in a manner more extraordinary than any with which we are acquainted. We allude to the Maroon war of Jamaica. The Maroons were totally ignorant of combined movements and discipline: they were not commanded by men of education, capable of imparting the latter and comprehending the former; nor were they stimulated by patriotism, or made enthusiasts by religion. In all these respects they were totally different from the Guerillas. Their war was produced solely by a love of plunder, and of a life alternating between the most torpid indolence and the most daring enterprise, to obtain the necessities of existence. They had no cannon, nor cavalry; their arms consisted of swords and muskets without bayonets, but with these they effected what is almost incredible.

The white and the slave population of Jamaica formed a more belt, extending round the coasts. The interior of the island is a mountainous scene of wild and savage nature. It abounds with immense rocks, with rugged acclivities, and often with sides absolutely perpendicular. In these rocks there are numerous fissures, and small glens of luxuriant herbage, presenting, perhaps, the most romantic and sublime scenery in the world. The whole interior of the island abounded in immense forest trees, or was covered with brushwood, and with a gigantic herbage, capable of concealing any number of men. The thorny brambles often rendered whole tracts of country impassable, except to the Maroons, who cut narrow passages through them, or who, upon their hands and knees, could travel underneath them for miles. These sub-labyrinths, intricate, tortuous, and dangerous in the extreme, had been made by the wild hogs, and through them the Maroons travelled upon all-fours, until coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our videttes and sentries, and totally destroyed our outposts, without our men seeing the enemy by whom they were sacrificed.

It is obvious that no country could be more favourable to savage warfare. In the centre of the island, from east to west, ran three parallel lines of glens, called cockpits. In each parallel, these natural basins were bounded by stupendous rocks, and communicated with each other by fissures, irregular, narrow, steep, and rugged. The rocks fencing the cockpits to the south were almost inaccessible in every place, whilst those to the north were absolutely perpendicular. Most of these cockpits abounded with majestic trees, and the soil, watered by innumerable rills, was luxuriant in the extreme.

The Maroons were the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of negroes who had fled from their Spanish masters into the interior, when we captured the island in 1655. Their numbers had been increased by runaway slaves of every description, but particularly by the restless, brave, and ferocious African tribe of the Coromantees. Among the Maroons was a class with jet black complexions and regular handsome features. The whole tribe of Maroons, however, were tall, well made, and athletic; and when the Duke of Kent, after their surrender and shipment to Halifax, inspected them, he pronounced them the most extraordinarily fine body of men he had almost ever seen. Their feats of strength and agility surprised our officers. They could climb trees like monkeys, and could ascend rocks, and bound from crag to crag, where our most active soldiers could not approach. Their keenness of eye was most extraordinary; and so acute was their sense of hearing, that with their ears to the ground, they would detect our movements at a distance, at which theirs to us were totally inaudible. Patient of hunger and fatigue, they could select nutritious roots and herbs from the many which in that climate were deemed poisonous; whilst our ignorance prevented our discriminating the one from the other, and consequently deprived us of the use of all. Almost every man possessed a rifle, fowling-piece, or musket, and their accuracy at fire was proved by the sequel to be superior to any thing on record.

Their first Chief, Cudjoe, had carried on a regular war against us, until his name became the vexation of our officers and the terror of every white inhabitant. At length we obtained from the Mosquitoe shore, a body of semi-savages, Mulattoes, Indians, and Africans, called Black Shots. These men, under an English adventurer, named James, fought the Maroons in their own style, but with very inferior success. The ferocity of the war, and the cruelties practised upon the white inhabitants, are incredible. At length, by the aid of these Black Shots, and at an enormous expense of lives, we penetrated to the vicinity of Cudjoe's fastnesses. Upon a high table land of several acres, called Flat Cave River, we built a set of barracks, with four bastions and high walls. In these we kept our stores of provisions and ammunition, with a considerable body of militia and regulars. The fatigue of bringing up supplies from the coast, by which, in that climate, our troops had suffered great mortality, was now spared, and the predatory excursions of Cudjoe were considerably checked.

The Government now thought the Maroons were in their power, especially as they had been quiescent for several weeks, when they suddenly learned that Cudjoe and his whole tribe had decamped from their scene of operations in the south-east of the island, and had moved to Trelawney, near the entrance of the great line of cockpits to the extreme north-west of the island. The first and largest of these cockpits was called Petty River Bottom. It contained about seven acres of verdant soil, and the inaccessible sides were covered with the largest forest-trees. The entrance was a

mere fissure, passable only by the most vigorous and agile of mountaineers, and from the sides of which a few riflemen might have defended the defile against any numbers or any species of attack.

Under these circumstances did a few hundred savages keep the whole island of Jamaica in terror, baffle our military force, and oblige us at last to offer terms of peace. Col. Guthrie was sent to make the overtures, and the scene between him and Cudjoe was characteristic in the extreme. The daring savage suddenly became a timid slave. The negotiation took place in one of the wild fastnesses of the mountains, to which Col. Guthrie had advanced to offer terms. Cudjoe was rather a short man, uncommonly stout, with very strong African features, and a peculiar wildness in his manners. He had a very large lump of flesh upon his back, which was partly covered by the tattered remains of an old blue coat, of which the skirt and the sleeves below the elbows were wanting. Round his head was a scanty piece of dirty white cloth; he had a pair of loose drawers that did not reach his knees, and a small round hat without any rim. On his right side hung a cow's horn, with some powder, and a bag of large eut slugs. On his left was a knife, three inches broad, in a leathern sheath, suspended under the arm by a narrow strap that went round his shoulder. He had no shirt, and his clothes and skin were covered with the red dirt of the cockpits. Such was the Chief; and his men were as ragged and dirty as himself: all had guns and cutlasses. This treaty, signed in 1738, was, as if between regular belligerents, but it stipulated that in future the Maroons should be registered, and have two white agents residing amongst them. From this period to the last and most serious war of 1795, the relation of the Maroons to the whites became totally different. Their connexion was friendly, and the planters had created in them both a contempt and a hatred of the negroes, whom, when fugitives, they always caught and restored to their masters. In this war it was proved that all the movements of the different chiefs or leaders of gangs had been isolated and independent: there had been no communication between them, and the effect is therefore the more astonishing.

By this treaty the Maroons at Trelawney Town, their principal seat, had 1500 acres of land allotted to them. A white superintendent, with four assistants, resided there. They became attached to the planters, and rendered them all homage and very essential services. On one occasion, when a large body of Coromantee negroes had risen upon their masters, and were successfully contending with our troops, murdering all that fell into their hands, the Maroons attacked them in the woods, killed two-thirds of their number, and brought the rest back to subjection. A Major James was the principal superintendent of the Maroons. He was the son of the celebrated leader of the Black Shot-men; and the superstitious terror which the Maroons had entertained towards the father, they transferred to the son, accompanied, however, with veneration and affection. Major James was certainly an extraordinary

person. With the education of a gentleman, and the science of a soldier, he possessed all the instincts and every corporeal quality in equal perfection with the Maroons. He could beat the fleetest of them in their foot-races, could foil them in their wrestling-matches and sword-fights, and could wear them out with fatigue in the dangerous chase of the wild hogs in the mountains. He was unerring with the rifle; and such was his influence among the tribes, that he could stop their ferocious conflicts, subdue their feuds, and punish the turbulent in the most summary manner. Upon this man the government depended. Major James was possessed of a private fortune, and would occasionally absent himself from his duty to attend to his estates. A law of compulsory residence was passed, which he refused to obey, except upon an increase of salary, and he was dismissed from his employment. The Maroons were chagrined in the extreme at this circumstance, and did all they could to get Major James again amongst them. The authorities were inexorable. Other circumstances occurred to irritate the Maroons; the negro insurrection in St. Domingo unsettled their minds, and finally a very questionable act of severity, not to say of cruelty, was practised upon them at this unfortunate juncture. Two Maroons had been taken up for some offence in the town of Montego Bay, and the magistrate had them flogged by a runaway negro before the slaves of the town. The antipathy and contempt of the Maroons for the negroes, we have already noticed. This indignity was not to be borne, and it led to a most fatal war. Gen. Palmer and the local authorities, with some of the principal proprietors of the north side, wrote to the capital, advising that Major James might be restored to his office, and that concessions might be made to these people. These requests were unattended to, and immediately after the war broke out. Lord Balcarras, the Governor, deemed these men so formidable, that he directly proclaimed martial law throughout the island, and detained the expedition about to sail for St. Domingo. The Success frigate was in the offing, having on board the 83d Foot, Col. Fitch; a regiment in the finest order, and, what is extraordinary for the West Indies, mustering a thousand rank and file on the parade. The Success was recalled by signal, and made to disembark the troops.

Lord Balcarras proceeded immediately to Montego Bay, where he published a violent philippic against the Maroons, telling them that their town was surrounded by troops, resistance was in vain, and that he had set a price upon the heads of all who did not surrender in four days.

This impolitic proclamation struck terror into the hearts of all the inhabitants, and roused the Maroons from equivocal submission to the most determined resistance. A similar circumstance of an unfortunate nature had just occurred. Col. Gallimore, who had been sent to negotiate with the Maroons, had, during a conference, contemptuously taken from his waistcoat pocket a handful of musket-balls, and shaking them in the faces of the chiefs, declared that those were the only arguments

they should have from him. The Maroons shortly after attacked his house, and wreaked a signal vengeance upon his family. General Palmer had given passports to six Maroon captains to proceed to the Governor in the capital. Midway these men were seized by the commanding officer of the militia, and, notwithstanding their passports, were ordered into irons by Lord Balcarras. The General expressed himself highly incensed at this breach of faith.

On the 8th of August Lord Balcarras sent his despatch, commanding the surrender of the Maroons, on pain of setting a price upon their heads. On that day, Col. Sandford, with one hundred and thirty of the 18th and 20th Light Dragoons, took post about four miles north of the Maroon town. Lord Balcarras, at the head of the 83d regiment, established himself at Vaughan's Field, a mile and a half from the Maroon town, whilst several thousand militia were at Kensington estate, in his rear, to protect the convoys of provisions. The regular troops amounted to about 1500. The Maroon town lies twenty miles southeast of Montego Bay, and eighteen miles from Falmouth. The road from Montego Bay for the first nine miles is good, after which it is steep, rugged, and affording facilities of defence against any hostile advance. The same may be said of the last four or five miles of the road from Falmouth. The Maroons, terrified by this military array, on the 11th of August sent their chief and seventeen leading men to offer submission and fealty to Lord Balcarras, who however put these men in irons, and sent them on ship-board. Of all things, the Maroons had a horror of being shipped from the island. One of the chiefs committed suicide by ripping open his bowels, and this experiment of surrender taught the Maroons what little clemency they had to expect from government. Two of the chiefs who had come to the out-posts to parley about pacification, on their return found that the Westmoreland militia had destroyed their town, burnt their provision grounds, and ill used their families. The sword was now drawn, and the scabbard was thrown away. Lord Balcarras had with him one hundred and fifty of the 13th Light Dragoons, dismounted; detachments of the 17th Light Dragoons, under Capt. Bacon; and one hundred of the 62d Foot.

So far from surrendering on the 12th, the Maroons were so incensed, that they attacked two of our detachments on that day, and severely handled them. Lord Balcarras ordered Col. Sandford to make a forward movement, which, in conjunction with the movements of the 83d and of the militia, was intended to surround the Maroon town. The Maroons allowed Col. Sandford to advance into a defile, when they opened a tremendous fire upon him from ambushes on his right and left, and killed him and almost all his men. Not a single Maroon was hurt. The whole plan had been badly contrived.

It was now resolved to surround both towns, and to destroy all the provision grounds. A track was cut through the thick brambles and brushwood, the line being guided by the bugles of the 17th Dragoons. After infinite toil in the rainy season, a light field-piece was

brought up through this track, and both towns were taken possession of. But, to the astonishment of Lord Balcarras, they were found abandoned; the Maroons, as might have been expected, had retreated to the cockpit with all their valuables. Into this cockpit our troops were made to fire repeated volleys, the echoes of which were succeeded by loud bursts of laughter from the Maroons, who rejoiced at our waste of ammunition. Lord Balcarras now retired to Montego Bay, and left the command of the troops to Col. Fitch, of the 83d.

More wisdom now guided our measures, but, from unavoidable circumstances, almost all our outposts were surprised, our working-parties were destroyed by ambushes, and our convoys and detachments generally cut to pieces. In but one instance could we ascertain that a single man of the enemy had been killed. Many parleys took place, but the horror of the Maroons at being sent on ship-board, prevented any favourable conclusion.

Colonel Fitch employed a strong working-party of slaves, supported by several flanking companies of regulars and militia, to cut a line through the brush-wood and thorny brambles, that he might communicate with some corps on his right. They had scarcely worked half a mile from head quarters, when the party fell into an ambush, the troops suffered severely, and the Maroons massacred a great number of the negroes. About a mile and a quarter from head-quarters, in another direction, there was an outpost of between thirty and forty men, commanded by Captain Lee, of the 83d, who had secured himself with palisades and a breast-work, but had reported that his post might be commanded by the Maroons from the heights. On the 12th of September, Colonel Fitch, at nine in the morning, went to visit the post, in company with the Adjutant of the 83d and many other officers. We may judge of the nature of the country from the fact, that Col. Fitch was obliged to make use of a compass, and to set his watch by that of Lieutenant Dixon, of the Artillery, at head-quarters, who was desired to fire a field-piece precisely at twelve o'clock. Three hours were thus occupied in traversing one mile and a half. Col. Fitch found the post untenable, and he proceeded with a small party a few hundred yards in advance, to determine upon a better position. Coming to two diverging paths, he hesitated a minute which to take, when a sudden volley from the Maroons in the brushwood killed or wounded almost every man of the party. Colonel Jackson was unhurt, but seeing Colonel Fitch sitting desperately wounded on the stump of a tree, and hearing some Maroons cock their muskets, he endeavoured to make him lie down, but even in this hurried effort another ball killed him on the spot. Of a return before us of ninety-three killed and wounded, we find seventy killed and only twenty-three wounded, so accurate was their fire.

Colonel Walpole, of the 13th Dragoons, was now appointed Commander-in-Chief, with the rank of Major-General. He declared that the Island would be lost, if the troops suffered another defeat. While maturing his plans, an attack was made upon a strong outpost, commanded by Major Godley and Captain White

of the 83d. One of the sentries had declared that he saw a Maroon passing in the dark. The men were turned out, and formed into two parties, and advanced at daybreak. No vestige of an enemy appearing, they returned, and Major Godley entering his hut, ordered his negro boy to bring him his coffee. At the instant, the boy was shot through the head, and a volley from the Maroons did great execution amongst our men. The post was bravely defended, but at last abandoned with considerable loss.

General Walpole resolved to act on the defensive during the rainy season. He trained his men to light infantry manœuvres and bush-fighting; he selected the best rifle-shots, harassed the enemy by false alarms, and made feint attacks to draw off their attention, whilst he cleared the country around him of the brushwood and high grass. At length, making a feint attack at a distance, he pushed a strong body of troops, with a howitzer and field-piece, up a hill, and at daybreak began to pour shells and grape-shot into the cockpit. The Maroons, terrified at this novel mode of attack, precipitately fled to the next cockpit, from which they were driven by similar means. They were thus driven from post to post, and cut off from their supplies of water. The measles broke out amongst them, and they became greatly distressed. Still, however, they were able to send out numerous skirmishing parties; and notwithstanding we were often able to attack them with greatly superior numbers, in no one instance could we obtain complete success.

Thus were parties situated, when Lord Balcarras, contrary to the advice of the gallant Walpole, resolved to send to Cuba for a pack of the hounds used in that island to chase outlaws and runaway negroes. These dogs, on coming up with a fugitive, merely growl at him till he stops, when they continue barking till the chasseurs advance and secure their prize. Each chasseur can only hunt with two dogs: they are never unmuzzled but for attack, and are always accompanied by one or two small dogs of excellent scent, called finders. The larger animal is the size of a very large hound, but with the nose more pointed. His skin is much harder than that of most dogs, and so must be the whole structure, as the severe beatings they undergo in training would kill any other dog.

The chasseur's only weapon is longer than a dragoon's sword, and twice as thick, something like a flat iron bar, of which about eighteen inches at the lower end are as sharp as a razor. The activity of these chasseurs no negro can elude; and such is their temperance, that with a few ounces of salt, they can support themselves for months on the vegetable and farinaceous food of the woods. They drink nothing but the water supplied by the wild pine, by the black and grape withes, and the roots of the cotton-tree. Their greatest privation is that of the cigar, which they must not use in the woods, where the scent would betray them. The dress of a chasseur is a check shirt, open at the neck, and displaying a crucifix; a wide pair of check trowsers; a straw hat, eight inches in the rim; his sword-belt and his cotton ropes for his dogs. In the

woods, he kills the wild hogs, and having skinned the thighs and hocks, he thrusts his foot into the raw hide, and with his knife trims it and makes it a tight boot, to protect his legs from the intricacies of thorns and brushwood which he has to penetrate.

Forty of these chasseurs were reviewed by General Walpole at Seven Rivers, and each of them had two hounds besides the finder. The General imposed upon them the necessity of carrying muskets, which, however, they resolved to throw away as soon as a fight commenced; and, secondly, he would not allow them to go out in chase, but obliged them to keep in the rear, till occasion might require their aid. How far these restraints and alterations of their accustomed mode of fighting might have destroyed their efficiency, was never proved. To us it appears that nothing could be more contemptible than such an ally, and that in the very first rencontre every chasseur and hound would have been shot.

But opinion in war, as in all other things, is omnipotent. The Maroons, who had braved our bayonets, our cavalry, and cannon, and had overcome the terror they had entertained of our name, now succumbed beneath the fear of this worse than ludicrous species of force. General Walpole took advantage of their terror to negotiate, and a treaty was signed, to one article of which General Walpole scores—"that the Maroons should not be sent off the island."

No sooner had this handful of brave men, less than five hundred, surrendered, than they were shipped to Nova Scotia, and thence to Sierra Leone. It must be observed, that this memorable conflict took place with only *one* (the Trelawney) tribe of Maroons. The other tribes were neutral, or often either secretly or openly acted in our favour.

The House of Assembly voted seven hundred guineas for a sword to Lord Balcarras, which his lordship declared he would transmit to his posterity, as a testimony most glorious to his name and family. The House of Assembly passed a similar vote of five hundred guineas to General Walpole, but that noble-minded officer contemptuously refused their present, and desired permission to give evidence at the bar of the House, of the spirit in which the treaty had been negotiated, and of the sense in which it had been drawn up by himself and the Maroon Chiefs,—a sense diametrically opposite to that which the House was determined to put upon it. This being rejected, he insisted that the Maroons should have their arms restored to them, and be placed in *statu quo ante factus*. He even declared his conviction, that in another campaign he could reduce them to entire submission by force of arms. General Walpole, in addition to the high feelings of a soldier, and to the established principles of good faith, felt ashamed at his having used so contemptible, and, in every respect, so odious a means of terror, as the Cuba blood-hounds. The talent and courage he had displayed had saved the island, and, indignant at the pusillanimity of the local authorities, he refused the vote of the sword in such terms of contempt of the Assembly, and of indignation at their perfidy, that the House expunged his

letter from their journals. From his being their palladium, the god of their idolatry, he sank at once into an object of their vituperation, and was, in their eyes, even worse than a Maroon.

From the Westminster Review.

PROVINCIAL, SCOTCH, AND IRISH NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE subject of the present article will be the Provincial Newspaper Press of the three kingdoms, or at least such specimens of it as may give a correct idea of the whole; and in communicating the information we have been able to collect, we shall endeavour to deduce a few conclusions, as to the influence which is exercised by the provincial papers on the minds of the population, and the extent to which liberal, or in other words, correct and just ideas on religion and politics, have been created by the greater diffusion of knowledge through this medium. There is, however, one difficulty in the way. Of the total number of newspapers published out of London, some of the most extensively circulated, and which might fairly be expected to express opinions of their own, and to lead to a certain degree those of their readers, are absolutely without original articles, and may be regarded as mere (although frequently, from the skill and taste displayed in the selection, clever), registers of the news and occurrences given in the London papers. It would be a matter of great surprise, to see large towns and districts thus unrepresented in the great parliament of human intellect, if it were not for the circumstances attending the establishment of such papers. Many years ago, when under administrations, which encouraged every kind of tyranny in the "duly-constituted authorities," from the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department to the constable of a hamlet, the expression of liberal opinions would have been attended with danger to the pecuniary interests, if not to the persons of those who should utter them. Newspapers were commenced in towns requiring some public means of announcing the mercantile changes and wants of the population, upon the express understanding that all opinions on political questions should be excluded, or that if any were given, they should be in accordance with those of the rector, the magistrates, and the members of the corporation, who could discover no evils in a system under which they "throve and fattened daily." Several of the most extensively circulated country papers had this kind of origin; and in many towns where the improved ideas and principles of the last few years have made rapid progress, the reading and reasoning part of the inhabitants are satisfied to tolerate a local print, which is either a mere medium for advertisements, or the political opinions of which do not represent their own. Every large, and indeed almost every small town in England, and several in Ireland, have now subscription reading-rooms, at which all the leading London papers are taken, so that no person who can afford to pay a guinea or so, annually, needs be without the

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means of gratifying his curiosity, or desire, for improvement. In many of the towns where papers of the kind alluded to are well circulated, the absence of competition may be very easily accounted for. In the metropolis, a speculating individual who wishes to start a weekly newspaper can do so with little risk, as compared with the country. Printers are to be found in almost every street with whom he may make an arrangement for a week, or a month, by way of experiment; and a similar plan may be adopted as to every kind of literary assistance, whilst at the house of an established publisher he can have his work sold at a certain commission. When the experiment has been tried a few months and found to answer, he sets up an office and types of his own, upon which he derives a profit, which, in the first instance, he was willing to forego, in the certainty of being able, at a very short notice, to lay down the speculation with a small loss. It is not so in the country. There are few towns in which a printer is to be found with sufficient materials for printing a newspaper, unless he has already one of his own, consequently a large outlay of capital becomes necessary. Then the literary engagements must be at least for one year, for no man of talent and experience in newspapers would accept of an engagement on a new provincial print for a shorter term. Agents must be appointed over the whole district, and a variety of expenses must be incurred, of which nothing is known in the setting up of a London weekly newspaper. Considering all these, and next the great difficulty of obtaining subscribers and advertisements in towns or districts where prejudices and habits are much stronger than in the metropolis—where, in short, every thing new, however excellent, is regarded with distrust—the surprise that there should be so few liberal papers in some places will yield to astonishment that the “march of intellect” should have induced so many persons to risk their capital in this way in others. As we proceed, we shall endeavour to show the extent to which this enterprising spirit has already been carried, and it does not require the spirit of prophecy to foretel that, unless some extraordinary and unexpected circumstances should occur to prevent so desirable a result, new papers, conducted with the spirit and liberality which so eminently characterize many of the provincial newspapers, will soon appear in places which have now either only a mere advertisement sheet, with a column or so of accidents and offences, or a print devoted to the interests of persons of the old Tory school, who contrive, amid the fondness for what is ancient among Englishmen, to maintain a certain degree of influence in society.

By printed lists published by the respectable advertising agents, Newton and Co. of Warwick Square, and by Barker and Co., of Fleet street, it appears that the total number of newspapers printed in Great Britain and Ireland, not including those of the metropolis, is two hundred and fifty-four, of which number there are printed in Ireland fifty-nine, and in Scotland thirty-seven. In the preceding article was given a calculation of the average circulation of these papers, and of the amount

of expenditure for stamps, paper, &c.; and as subsequent inquiries have confirmed the general correctness of the estimate, it will be unnecessary to offer any further observations on that part of the subject. It may not be amiss, however, to make a few remarks on the character and influence of some of these publications, with a view to the conclusions which we shall endeavour, in the spirit of fairness and impartiality, to draw from the general consideration of the subject. Of the provincial papers published in England, Bath and Bristol have each four, Exeter five, Leeds three, Liverpool eight, Manchester seven, Sheffield three, York four, Brighton three, and Birmingham, with its great population, only two. The increase of newspapers in Liverpool and Manchester, during the last few years, has been very creditable to the inhabitants. Three of the papers published in Liverpool, the Chronicle, Albion, and Times, are of comparatively recent date, and the advocacy of liberal principles, which was for some years almost exclusively confined to the able pen of Mr. Egerton Smith of the Liverpool Mercury, has derived much strength from the additions which have been made lately to the number of Liverpool newspapers. A more upright and determined support of right doctrines than that given by Mr. Smith, could not have been desired; but the increasing population of the place, and its growing importance, as well in wealth as in intellect, rendered some additions necessary, particularly as the Tory paper, the Courier, was no mean advocate of the principles of its party, and was in very general circulation. The Liverpool papers are well got up, most of them are of the quarto shape, very neatly printed, and they contain, from time to time, articles on general science, as well as politics, which are very meritorious. In the Mercury, particularly, we frequently find articles on natural philosophy, so written as to be interesting to every class of readers; and besides the newspapers published in Liverpool, there is a small periodical paper exclusively devoted to Literature and Science, called the Kaleidoscope. We have no means of ascertaining the exact number of copies of the Liverpool papers printed, but we have reason to believe that it is considerable, and if a conclusion might be formed from the appearance of the advertising columns, we should set them down as very profitable undertakings. With a due regard to the interests of the advertisers, the charge for advertisements in the Liverpool papers is said to be very moderate; and taking that circumstance into consideration, as also the fact, that although the duty on the advertisements is paid by the proprietors to the government monthly, a twelvemonth's credit or more is frequently given to advertisers, we may infer that the profits are less considerable than they would otherwise be. About three years ago, an attempt was made to establish a daily paper in Liverpool, by some gentlemen connected, we believe, with a paper in Dublin. It did not, however, last more than three months. That Liverpool is large enough, and spirited enough, to support a daily paper, there can be no doubt, but before the projectors of the paper in question started their concern, and applied for sup-

port, they ought to have ascertained the want of such a publication. The same post that would take the news from London to Liverpool for the use of a daily paper printed there, would bring the London papers ready printed, so that they might be read through by all the subscribers of a reading-room, and at the inns and coffee-houses, long ere the conductors of the local print could send out their paper with the news extracted from the London journals. As an advertising sheet, there was no want of a daily paper, for the papers printed in Liverpool are so divided as to their days of appearance, that in one or the other it is practicable to advertise almost daily;—add to this, that the paper in question, was not very well conducted, and it will not be thought surprising that it did not answer. It may be well to state, for the information of those readers who do not see the Liverpool papers, that most of them (even the Liverpool Courier to a certain extent) advocate free trade principles. This fact, we think, is a very powerful answer to the assertions of one or two London journals, that the principal merchants in Great Britain are opposed to a system of free trade, and fully convinced of its fallacy. If we may be permitted to refer to the sentiments expressed in the papers published in Liverpool, and to consider them, as we think we have a right to do, the faithful organs of the wealthy and enlightened merchants and traders of that great town, we shall show at once that the persons most interested, and best able to understand the subject, are strong advocates of the measures which, amidst so much reviling and prejudice, Mr. Huskisson introduced into parliament. The reception given to this gentleman, on his recent visit to Liverpool, and the candid admissions in favour of his system, which appeared in the Liverpool Courier, a paper not generally favourable to Mr. Huskisson, afford strong evidence of the good sense and impartiality of the inhabitants. They are as creditable to the town as they must have proved flattering to its distinguished representative. Another excellent paper, the Liverpool Times, has been lately started in Liverpool, under the intelligent management of Mr. Baines, jun.

From Liverpool to Manchester the distance is so short, even without the facilities of the rail-road, that we may very well travel at once to that extraordinary town. Much of what we have said about Liverpool, will equally apply to Manchester; but it may very well be imagined, that in a place where the population is in a marked way divided between the governing and the governed—between the employers and their workmen; or, as some have unjustly said, the task-masters and their slaves—there must be more of party violence among the conductors of newspapers than in Liverpool. This, however, is now much less the case than it used to be. The overthrow of the Castle-reagh and Sidmouth administration, under which great horrors were perpetrated at Manchester, and the adoption of a more moderate system, had the effect of lowering the insolence of the tools of power, and softening the asperity of the reformers, who, in defiance of danger, had exposed the corruption of the authorities, and vindicated the rights of the peo-

ple. The Manchester newspapers of the present day are polished and urbane in their conduct towards each other, compared with what they were about the time of the calamitous event called "The Manchester Massacre;" and without having compromised a jot of principle, the "Manchester Guardian," which rose into notice upon that sad affair, has become a steady advocate of reform—a temperate medium of reconciliation between the extravagant commands of the masters and the unjust demands of the workmen. Of the seven papers printed in Manchester, those decidedly liberal are the Guardian, the Mercury, the Advertiser, and the Times. The Guardian, which has a very large circulation, and is altogether a respectable and profitable undertaking, was commenced by Mr. John Edward Taylor. It is now conducted by him, conjointly with another gentleman named Garnett. The Mercury, which appears on the Tuesday, three days after the Guardian, is the property of the same parties, and conducted upon the same principles. The Advertiser is almost a new paper started on the interest of the licensed victuallers of Manchester and its vicinity. It must, therefore, have an extensive circulation, and be of a nature to cause the liberal sentiments which it advocates to be very much diffused. Of the Manchester Times every thing that we know is highly satisfactory. It has invariably advocated popular rights and popular interests, and has advocated them with ardent and honest zeal. The circulation of the Manchester newspapers is less extensive than it would be, from the density of the population of the district, and the disposition to reading, from the circumstance of several towns within a short distance, such as Stockport, Bolton, &c. having each a newspaper; but it is nevertheless great, and it is computed that each copy of a liberal newspaper printed in Manchester, has from fifty to eighty readers (taking, of course, the average upon the whole number). This is more than we should be disposed to credit from the calculations generally adopted; but as it has been communicated by persons likely to be well acquainted with the fact, it is but fair to state it. Of the fifteen papers published in Liverpool and Manchester, about two-thirds may be said to be liberal; and that also is the precise proportion at Leeds; but at Birmingham, where, notwithstanding the extent of the population, there are but two papers, neither can be considered decidedly so; whilst in Brighton, which from a variety of circumstances, one would be disposed, without positive evidence to the contrary, to regard as the focus of the aristocracy, with a population not half so extensive as that of Birmingham, with no *debouché* to the south, and with no large town east or west, for the circulation of papers (except Lewes, where there is an old established paper called the Sussex Advertiser) two out of the three papers there published are liberal. One of them, indeed (the Guardian), is remarkably so; and it may be said, to the credit of the town, that no case of injustice, or undue partiality in the authorities, can pass unnoticed or uncensured. In country towns, papers which, without being actuated by a

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mean spirit of envy or dislike, manifest a proper portion of distrust of local authorities, much good is produced, and much evil is prevented.

It is difficult to assign any reason for this great difference. It is not for want of spirit or wealth at Birmingham that there is not a greater number of newspapers, and it is rather an extraordinary fact, that the taste for newspaper reading is there so great, that a subscription reading-room upon a very extensive scale has been established, and is fully frequented. Besides, Birmingham has long been a very populous and busy place; whereas Brighton, forty or fifty years ago, was a mere fishing town; and little more than twenty years ago it had not a single newspaper. The first speculation in this way was by an auctioneer, who probably established a paper chiefly as a medium for his own advertisements, under the title of the Brighton Herald, which still exists, and has a wide and respectable circulation. A few years subsequent to the establishment of this paper, another was started on the high Tory interest, called the Brighton Gazette. This paper has a good circulation, and is conducted with much talent. It is the organ of the old Tories of Sussex, and is said frequently to contain articles which are supplied by some of the London Tories still in office. The third paper started in Brighton, was the Brighton Chronicle, which, from various circumstances was destined to be short-lived; but on its decease another, called the Brighton Guardian, was started on broad liberal principles. It is a curious illustration of the saying, that the supply of some kinds of food creates an appetite for more, that until the Brighton Herald appeared, few persons thought that a local newspaper could succeed; and now that there are three papers in the town, the first established paper of the three has a much larger circulation than when it was without a competitor.

At Leeds the principal papers are the Mercury and the Intelligencer: the Mercury is a well conducted print, of enormous dimensions, on the liberal side; and the Intelligencer, a similar production as to size, in the Tory interest. Both have, we believe, been invariably consistent in their politics, until within the last year, when the Catholic question turned up to try the principles of both parties. The editor of the Intelligencer, retreating from the ground which he had so long occupied, and thinking perhaps that a more favourable opportunity of avowing his error, without prejudice to the owners of the property, could not be taken, hastened to express his conviction of the propriety of emancipation, and succeeded, as we are assured, in bringing over many of the Tories to his opinion. The proprietors of the Intelligencer, however, being less liberal than their editor, asserted their authority and dismissed him. The paper was then put into the hands of a genuine Tory; and it is now what it used to be, a church-and-state paper, but with much less power than it possessed, as some of its staunchest supporters have seceded, whether from interest, or from conviction. The Leeds Patriot is, we believe, what it purports to be, the advocate of the rights of the

people. It has a fair circulation, and is well conducted.

The leading party papers at Bristol are the Journal on the Tory side, which is, we understand, the property of Mr. Gutch, who holds, or very lately held, a large portion of the London Morning Journal, and the Mercury on the Liberal side. The Bristol Gazette stands as it were between the two. The Bristol Journal has long been a profitable concern, from which it might be inferred, that the Bristolians are rather Tories than Liberals.—Such indeed is the generally received impression; but there is much public spirit amongst some of the wealthy and well informed inhabitants, and the success of the Mercury is a proof that all the Bristolians certainly are not opposed to the diffusion of correct opinions. Each of these papers contains from time to time well written articles—those of the Mercury have on several occasions displayed much nerve and sound reasoning, but in all the Bristol papers there appears to be a want of taste and industry in the getting up, which one has not to complain of at Liverpool. Where there is talent, improvement is easy—and a suggestion may not, perhaps, be thrown out in vain. At Exeter the decidedly liberal papers are, the Western Times, and Besley's Devonshire Chronicle.—The former is of recent date, but it promises to become a great favourite in the west of England. It is well written, the selections are tastefully and carefully made, and it is neatly printed. The Alfred started as a reforming paper, but veered precipitately round, and has become intolerant in church matters, and opposed to reform in those of the state. The Luminary has been consistently illiberal. There are two other weekly papers conducted in the way in which country papers were generally conducted twenty years ago. At Plymouth there are three papers, the Journal, the Herald, and the Telegraph. They appear to be got up with great care, and those which we have been in the habit of seeing (the Journal and the Telegraph), have frequently contained very creditable comments on the conduct of the Portuguese, who were driven by the usurpation of Miguel to seek shelter in England. It was gratifying to witness in journals, one of which had long been accused (unjustly no doubt) of a leaning towards despotic principles, a vindication of the conduct of these unhappy men, when they were the objects of gross misrepresentation, and a sympathy for their sufferings alike honourable to the conductors of the journals, and to the town whose sentiments they were supposed to speak. In better times, and, we hope, under very different circumstances, these kind demonstrations of regard will be gratefully remembered. The west of England has not been behind the rest of the kingdom in exhibiting evidences of intellectual improvement. Within the last few years several new papers have appeared in different parts—one of them (the Falmouth Packet) deserves particularly to be noticed, and noticed with eulogy.

Our limits will not permit us to particularize more of the provincial English papers, although there are many which we could wish to name. Among these the Carlisle Journal and the

Kent and Essex Mercury appear eminently deserving of attention. Many others occur to us, of which an opportunity may be afforded hereafter to speak in detail. The object has been by taking a few towns or districts, to give *ex-pede* samples, by which the whole may be pretty correctly estimated. The chief thing worthy of notice in the provincial newspapers, is the skill and talent with which they are conducted, as compared with what was witnessed thirty years ago. At that time scarcely one-third of the provincial papers had editors who were capable of writing what are called leading articles: they were chiefly printers, many of whom had no knowledge of any other editorial duties, than the paste and scissors part of the process of putting a newspaper together, and the original articles were written by gentlemen connected with the London press, by whom they were sent down to the country. A few years ago it was by no means unusual to see advertisements in the London newspapers, "wanted, an editor for a provincial newspaper, who understands the business of reporting, and can work at ease," thus combining the duties of an editor, reporter, and compositor; and we have heard of one instance in which a gentleman was offered 80*l.* per annum to compile a paper, write an original leader, report the proceedings before the magistrates, compose two columns of the paper, and assist in the evening in serving in the shop of the proprietor, who was a stationer. We have also heard of the proprietor of a paper in the North of England, who was a printer and publican, dismissing his editor because that gentleman would not undertake to teach the children of his employer to read, and thus economise the expense of schooling—but these things are now past, or are of very rare occurrence. Two-thirds at least of the provincial newspapers are now in the hands of wealthy and well educated persons, who are able to appreciate and willing to reward talent, and the consequence is, that the editors of country papers, generally speaking, are men of good literary attainments and liberal principles. With the mechanical improvement of the provincial press, mental improvement has more than kept pace; and we may read in the local prints of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other towns, as well written and well imagined productions as in the columns of the best of the London newspapers. The editors of country newspapers are not, however, so well paid as their more fortunate brethren in the metropolis. In London the salary of an editor varies from 400*l.* to 1000*l.*, or even more per annum. In the country few editors have more than 250*l.*, and many not more than 100*l.* to 150*l.* per annum. It must be remembered, however, that if in the country the editor of a newspaper is not so well paid, neither has he so many demands upon his purse as an editor in London. In the metropolis the most prudent man, who is at the head of a newspaper, has some party connexion to keep up—some dinners to give, and some sacrifices to make. In the country nothing of this kind is expected, and, with tolerable economy, a man with 200*l.* is quite as well off in the country as another in London with his 500*l.* or 600*l.* per annum.

The expenses of a provincial newspaper have already been described as very light compared with those of a London weekly print. In the country, most of the proprietors of newspapers are at the same time general printers, and as their papers appear only once a week, the persons employed in the composition are able to devote a considerable portion of their time, to the ordinary, or job printing, which is a very lucrative branch of business to the employer; but the greatest advantage which the proprietor of a country newspaper enjoys, is being free from the combination law, which is so harassing to the proprietors of London newspapers. Among the compositors on London newspapers, there is an understanding equal in its present effects to the most severe law ever enacted by parliament, that no person who has not regularly served an apprenticeship of seven years to a printer, shall be allowed to work in a newspaper office, and that no man shall be permitted to work at a smaller rate of wages than that fixed by the rules of the society. To keep these regulations in force, meetings called *Chapels* are regularly held, at which reports are made of persons who have suffered for refusing to work at less than the fixed rate of wages, or who have violated the rules of the society, by working under price. To the first mentioned, sums of money are allowed for their maintenance until they can find regular employment, and the latter are declared *rats*, and an order is issued to all newspaper compositors not to work with these *rats* on pain of being themselves declared *rats*, and exposed to all the disgrace and inconvenience of exclusion from the society. Many attempts have been made by spirited individuals to put down this system, but from want of concurrence in the body of employers, they have failed. The injury inflicted upon the proprietor of a London newspaper by this system, may be easily conceived by the fact, that if it did not exist, the same labour for which he now pays 43*l.* 10*s.*, by twenty regular hands at 2*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* each per week, might be performed by seven or eight good workmen, and twenty apprentices for about 25*l.* Of all descriptions of composition in type, newspaper composition is the easiest; a clever lad is able, at the expiration of twelve or fifteen months, to do almost as much work, and as well as a man who has regularly served his apprenticeship; and apprentices of two or three years standing are quite equal to the work now performed by two-thirds of the men in newspaper offices. In India, the newspaper offices are nearly filled with black compositors, who are not able to read what they compose mechanically, and yet with the aid of two or three good European compositors, a newspaper is got out very correctly. The proprietor of a country newspaper, instead of having to pay the London wages of 2*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, can obtain good hands at 30*s.* to 35*s.*, and he may have as many apprentices as he pleases. The expense of getting out a middle-sized country paper, published once a week, is little more than half that of a London weekly newspaper; but on the other hand, the expense of distributing the papers is very great, as newspaper carriers are sent at the charge of the office to the dif-

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ferent small towns and villages, to which there is no post conveyance, or one too tardy for the interests of the employer. Again, the number of papers printed is usually small. Six or seven hundred copies are considered a respectable circulation. Of the newspapers published in England, there are not perhaps a hundred which throw off one thousand copies, and the number of newspapers having a larger circulation than one thousand, must be very limited: some, however, there are, with two to three thousand, and a very large number of advertisements. Probably such papers as the Leeds Mercury, the Manchester Guardian, the Norwich Mercury, the Hampshire Telegraph, the Birmingham Gazette, the Salisbury Journal, and seven or eight others, yield to the owners from 2 to 3,000*l.* per annum each. The means of communication between the provincial papers and the metropolis, are very simple. There are two newspaper agency offices; the respectable and old established firm of Newton & Co., formerly Taylor & Newton, in Warwick-square, and that of Barker & Co. in Fleet-street. At these offices, advertisements are received for all the country papers without increased charge to the advertiser, the commission of the agent being paid by the newspaper proprietor, and these agents also send to the country the stamps necessary for the papers, and undertake the collection of accounts owing in London. It is one of the disadvantages of a country newspaper, and no slight one, that the stamps must be procured in London, for thus they have to pay for carriage and agency, whereas if the distributors of ordinary stamps in the country were compelled to keep a stock of stamps on hand, or rather empowered to stamp paper, as at Somerset House, the process being now rendered very easy by an improvement introduced by Mr. Pouchée, the type-founder, there would be great convenience to the conductors of newspapers in the neighbourhood, and much economy and some little advantage, as to the employment of capitals.

It is to be regretted, that no official return of the number of newspaper stamps used in England and Scotland, has been made since the year 1827, so that we are unable to form a correct estimate of the average circulation of the newspapers published in England; we believe, however, that the calculation which has been made in the first numbers of this article, will be found pretty near the truth. The editor of the Scotsman, in an able article which appeared in his paper in September, 1828, estimates the average circulation of weekly papers, at seven hundred. With respect to Ireland, we are better informed, for among the parliamentary returns of the session, we find an account of the number of stamps used in the last three years, which will give an average to each paper for the year, of something more than sixty-two thousand copies, or more than one thousand two hundred each, weekly, a much larger number than in the absence of an official statement we could have imagined.

Having given as long a notice of the state of the provincial press in England as the na-

ture of the subject required, or our limits would allow, we shall proceed to review the newspaper press of the Scotch and Irish capitals, and as much of the national character may be supposed to be influenced and represented by these organs of intelligence, we shall give a detailed account of the circulation and supposed influence of those journals. Of the correctness of that account we may be permitted to speak with some confidence, since the facts have been communicated to us by well informed and impartial correspondents.

The state of the newspaper press of the Scotch capital, may be regarded as a proof of the extent to which the desire for information and intellectual improvement is carried in that city. On looking at the comparatively limited number of its population, at the peculiar habits of the inhabitants, from which there is an absence of that excitement which necessarily promotes a newspaper circulation in more bustling cities, and also at the rapidity of the intercourse between Edinburgh and London, by which the former is rendered less dependent on local publications for news, and for the general communications of a newspaper; the number of papers printed in Edinburgh, and the attention bestowed in many of them on subjects of permanent interest, as regards the improvement of society, it must be acknowledged, that our modern Athens, as it has been facetiously termed, need not in this respect be ashamed of a comparison with larger and more frequented cities.

The Courant, which is considered the leading journal, more, perhaps, on account of its being by far the most valuable newspaper property, than from any superiority in other respects, has a circulation of seventeen hundred, and appears thrice a week. For a long time the Courant had, as an advertising paper, no rival, and with the view, no doubt, of retaining the support of all parties in this particular, it takes no part in politics. Its leading articles are remarkable only for their shortness and general absence of party sentiment. The state of the markets and other commercial intelligence being pretty fully reported, it is, perhaps, the best business paper in Edinburgh. The profits are said to be 5,000*l.* a year, certainly they cannot be less than 4,000*l.* The present editor is Mr. Buchanan, who was formerly editor of the Mercury.

The Edinburgh Weekly Journal has existed between thirty and forty years. For the last twelve years its editor has been Mr. James Ballantyne, the eminent printer—a gentleman of considerable literary attainments—under whose management it has gained a high character, and an extensive circulation,—about two thousand five hundred copies. This circulation necessarily causes it to be extensively used as a vehicle for advertisements: indeed, although only a weekly paper, it is only second in point of advertisements to the Courant. In its politics the Journal may be considered a Tory paper, but of the most moderate kind. This moderation, though by no means agreeable to the zealots on either side, has been acceptable to the public on the whole; the more so, as it has been exhibited, not by

abstaining from stating opinions on great political questions, but by giving them decidedly and fearlessly, without regard to party distinctions. For example, this paper strenuously advocated the cause of Burgh reform, at a time when that doctrine was very obnoxious to the Tories in Scotland; and, on the occasion of the Manchester riots, espoused, with great energy and perseverance, the opposition side of the question. It followed a similar course in several other instances; and its opinions have considerable weight from the character of political integrity which it has gained. The Weekly Journal has occasionally been enriched by a considerable number of contributions, which, from clear internal evidence, have been universally ascribed to Sir Walter Scott. Among these are the well known letters of Malachi Malagrowther, which had such an influence on the paper currency question, as it related to Scotland; and a beautiful article on the death of Lord Byron, which found its way into almost all the periodicals in the kingdom. This, of course, has arisen from the friendship which this illustrious man is so well known to have for the editor of the paper. The Weekly Journal has been uniformly distinguished in Edinburgh for its attention to literature, the drama, and the fine arts. For a long time it stood almost single in this respect; and though of late some of the other Edinburgh papers have begun, very successfully, to follow its example, yet, in some particulars, especially dramatic criticisms, it maintains its superiority. In musical criticism, it is perhaps one of the first papers in Britain; certainly the first in Scotland.

Among the most distinguished papers on the liberal side, is the Caledonian Mercury, edited by Dr. James Browne, a man of distinguished ability, and the writer of several articles in the Edinburgh Review. This is one of the oldest papers, and was long the third in estimation as a vehicle for advertisements, after the Courant and Advertiser. It was reckoned a Tory paper, although belonging to Mr. Thomas Allen, a wealthy banker, Whiggishly inclined. Indeed, till the Scotsman started, it was supposed impossible that a paper opposed to the Tories could prosper, or do less than bring destruction on its editor and proprietors. But since Dr. Browne became its editor, this paper has become a bold exposé of abuses of all kinds, whether in the city, or in the government. It has also outstripped its competitors in presenting early reports, and in procuring exclusive information. In fact this paper is an evidence of what the active attention of a single mind can accomplish, even of a mind engaged in many other pursuits. The circulation of the Mercury is said to be on the increase. Its early information about the late murders served it much. It is published on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

The Scotsman was the first decided liberal paper in Edinburgh; its editor was for several years the celebrated political economist, Mr. McCulloch, assisted by Mr. William Ritchie, a solicitor, an amiable and able man, and by Mr. Charles McLaren, the present editor. The bold writing of the Scotsman on Burgh reform, and

other political questions; on matters of city polity; but more especially on political economy, was a subject of astonishment and terror in Edinburgh; where nothing energetic on such topics had ever appeared in the shape of a newspaper before. The Scotsman speedily rose in high favour with the public. It is celebrated for its statistical and philosophical articles. The editor is a man of great attainments in geography and statistics, and an excellent writer. This paper, like the Mercury, abounds with valuable literary criticism. It is published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and has a highly respectable circulation, but not so extensive as its merits undoubtedly deserve, though there are few parts of the world where the Scotsman is unknown.

The Advertiser appears twice a week, with a circulation of about seven hundred and fifty copies. It does not enjoy a high reputation. It is Tory and aristocratical in its politics. It was furious in its opinions under the immediately preceding proprietor, but is now more moderate.

The Observer appears twice a week, and circulates about eight hundred and fifty copies. It is high Tory in principle,—light and fluent in style—far less serious and argumentative than the Scotsman, but more amusing: it is rather a losing than a gaining concern, notwithstanding the attempts which have been made at different times, by the purchase of the copyrights of other papers, to increase its circulation: it is edited by Lieutenant Sutherland, a gentleman of considerable ability.

The Saturday Evening Post is a sort of successor of the Beacon, of disgraceful notoriety. It stickles for church and state, the ascendancy of the aristocracy, and every one of the exploded or fading abuses in politics and political economy. Few take it for its opinions; but it is published on Saturday evening, after the arrival of the London mail, and so gives the very latest news of the week, and is an agreeable companion on Sunday morning. De Quincy has been engaged regularly by the Post. Two of its pages are filled by what they call Scottish Literary Gazette. The critical notices there are almost entirely written by Mr. Andrew Crichton, the author of several volumes, and are able, learned, and impartial. There is a much greater proportion of original writing in the Post than in any of the other Edinburgh papers.

To these newspapers may be added the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, a paper on the plan of the London Literary Gazette, by Messrs. Constable and Co., and the Literary Journal, published in royal 8vo. on Saturday; edited, and as is said, almost entirely written, by Mr. H. G. Bell.

Several newspapers have been started in Edinburgh within the last ten or fifteen years, and failed. Among these were the Star, the Correspondent, the Examiner, the Times, the Independent, the Edinburgh and Leith Advertiser, the Edinburgh Times, which was edited by Mr. Rintoul, now of the Spectator (a paper of admirable variety and excellent management in London) was liberal, bold, and clever; and so was the Edinburgh and Leith Advertiser, by Messrs. Gray, two Englishmen of en-

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terprise and spirit, who have since established a paper exclusively devoted to advertisements; the success of which, in the face of bad times, limited capital, and the most virulent opposition of rival newspapers, does them great credit. This paper is sent gratuitously to several thousand persons in different parts of Scotland. A steam engine, and one of Applegarth and Cowper's newspaper machines—one of the first used in Scotland—has just been erected for the printing of this paper; and six thousand copies are now distributed in Edinburgh and Glasgow every Saturday morning; those for the latter city being sent there by *express* the moment they are ready. The estimation in which this paper is held in Edinburgh will be best shown by stating, that, although the charges for advertising are necessarily very high, it generally contains from two hundred to two hundred and fifty advertisements; whilst a hundred to a hundred and thirty are almost the utmost that are found in the pages of its most powerful competitor. It is rather strange that in London, where there is such a spirit of enterprise, something of this kind is not started: a nearly similar plan was indeed tried a few years ago by Mr. Goldsmith, of Anti-Jacobin notoriety; but it was not pushed with sufficient vigour to give it a fair chance of success: we hear that something of the same kind as the Edinburgh Advertiser is now in contemplation.

The *Irish* press may be said to reflect the real condition of the country, full of politics, and almost destitute of capital and commercial enterprise. Such is its present, such has been its past state, but the great political event which has rendered the present year the era of a nation's regeneration, will probably produce, along with other financial and intellectual improvements, a public press more in accordance with the wants and feelings of a free, enlightened, and wealthy community. There are, however, amongst the Irish newspapers of the present day, many splendid exceptions, which in the qualities of composition and typography, are scarcely inferior to journals of high repute in England or Scotland; but the Irish press generally cannot, in justice, be characterized in any other manner, than as discreditable to literature and science.

This observation applies, for the most part, to periodicals, which derive their chief means of existence from what is termed the government proclamation fund; the remainder of the degenerate class, is composed of papers which were instituted as the local organs of Catholic Association, or Brunswick principles; but as the coffers from which they have drawn support are now empty, this factitious aid is at an end, and many of those journals must expire, to give place to a press which shall have industry and intelligence for its recommendations, and which shall be calculated to take the proper part of "the best possible instructor" in the advancement of morals and domestic prosperity. A correct biography of the Irish press must be interesting, whether it is re-

garded as a matter of statistical history, or as a description of a political engine which has been extensively employed in the recent political struggles of that country. The names of seventy-two periodicals were included in the last parliamentary returns, but of those eleven were extinct in the year 1828, and two others, the Dublin Gazette and the Racing Calendar, cannot properly be denominated newspapers. There are at present fifty-nine journals in Ireland; the total circulation of which, in the last year, was three million seven hundred and seventy-nine thousand and ninety-seven; being an increase of about one hundred thousand on the former year, and of two hundred thousand on 1826. There are in Dublin thirteen newspapers, whose total circulation in the year 1828, when the Irish press had risen to its highest numerical elevation, was two million two hundred and three thousand and twenty-five sheets, which is not larger than the annual circulation of any one of the leading London journals. This surely may be taken as a proof, not only of the poverty of the country, but of the poverty of literary information, when the engines for its dissemination are at so low an ebb. And there are not in Ireland, as in the two sister countries, reviews or magazines to supply the deficiency. The publications of this class are confined to one or two religious periodicals. The daily morning journals of Dublin, are four in number, the Freeman's Journal, Sanders's News Letter, Carrick's Morning Post, and the Morning Register. The newspaper reading of the citizens of Dublin may be said to be almost confined to the morning papers, and as the circulation of the four, each morning, does not average two thousand five hundred numbers, and as the population of the city is about two hundred and fifty thousand, there is but one paper, for the reading of each hundred persons, supposing that all these copies were circulated in Dublin, which of course is by no means the case. It is a very strange fact, that notwithstanding the unparalleled political excitement of the last eight or ten years, the circulation of the Dublin Morning Press is very little larger than it was twenty years ago; and although great changes have taken place in the individual circulation of each paper, the total has been scarcely affected. If one paper gained a certain number, another sustained a corresponding loss; but it is evident from the past and present state of the circulation, that the reading portion of the citizens of Dublin has not increased, even during a period, when it might be expected that the political events then in agitation, independent of the progress of literary cultivation, and the gradual increase of population, would have increased the circulation to a vast extent. The advertisements, too, have greatly diminished, and do not at present amount to half the number of twenty years since. The circumscribed state of trade may account in some measure for this, but the extensive use of steam packets is a primary cause, for the country shop-keeper has now become his own merchant, and instead of waiting for the announcement of newly imported goods by a Dublin merchant, he takes a trip to Liverpool, and from thence proceeds to the Eng-

* The Weekly Journal had a newspaper machine, upon the same principle, a few weeks sooner.

lish manufacturing towns, where he purchases his stock.

The Freeman's Journal is the oldest of the morning papers, having been instituted by the celebrated Doctor Lucas, about the year 1755, under the designation of the Public Ledger and Freeman's Journal. Doctor Lucas was one of the representatives of the city in the Irish parliament, and the paper was set up to sustain those great public principles of which the doctor was so distinguished an advocate. At his death, in 1774, the paper fell into the hands of a person of rather questionable repute, named Higgins, but much better known by the cognomen of "the Sham Squire," which he acquired by reason of his falsely representing himself in a matrimonial affair, as the real squire Higgins, a man of considerable wealth and high respect. Although the Sham Squire led a very dissolute life, and was a mere adventurer, he contrived to amass a large sum of money, and after becoming proprietor of the Freeman's Journal, he was tolerated in respectable circles. He got into the favour of the late Lord Clonmel, the chief justice of the King's Bench, through whose influence he obtained a pension of £300 per annum; but his bad reputation was so notorious that the government refused to place his name on the pension list, and in consequence the allowance was set down in the name of Philip Whitfield Harvey, who, after the decease of the Sham Squire, continued to receive the pension up to the time of his death; Mr. Harvey was a relation of the Sham Squire, and came into possession of the bulk of that person's property, including the paper. Harvey was a man of considerable enterprise, and made great exertions to render the paper lucrative and respectable, by employing for its conduct gentlemen of high literary attainments, and much statistical knowledge. Mr. Conway, the present editor of the Evening Post, and Mr. Staunton, proprietor of the Register, were successively its editors; and about twelve years since, when the latter gentleman was editor, the Freeman's Journal stood at the head of the morning press, having a circulation much larger than the two other morning papers then in existence (Sanders's News Letter, and Carrick's Morning Post) taken together. The Freeman has, however, been rapidly declining, so much so, that within the three last years the amount of its decrease has been one hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and fifty-five.

It is, notwithstanding, an honest and liberal journal, and its loss in public favour is perhaps attributable to inefficient management since it came into the hands of the present proprietor, Mr. H. Grattan, M. P., who received the Journal as a part of the marriage portion of his present wife, who was the only child of the late Mr. Harvey.

Sanders's News Letter has the largest circulation amongst the morning papers, and more advertisements than any other paper in Ireland, although it enjoys no reputation for talent. Whilst the other journals were squabbling in the politico-religious warfare, in open hostility on the one side or other, Sanders was a pretended neutral, but a hidden and concealed enemy of liberality—gulling the Catholic

(alas, how often has he been gulled) by an appearance of fairness in now and then giving as a salvo for the vilest slanders of the profligate press, an hebdomadal little gleaming of candid honesty from its better portion. By this device, Sanders was regarded as a kind of neutral ground for the belligerents, whilst at the very time it was the paid agent of the Castle, the chosen vehicle of the aunts of Kildare-place, and one of the official organs of the Brunswick club. So strong was the delusion, that Catholic shop-keepers who feared to displease the high Protestant party, by advertising in the Morning Register, or Freeman, resorted to Sanders as an impartial paper, and by these means it became a most prosperous journal, having almost all the advertisements, and drawing into its circulation a vast portion of the readers of the Freeman and Carrick's Morning Post. But the gross error of public opinion which propped up Sanders, could not have lasted long if the Catholic question had remained unsettled, for recently its duplicity was a subject of strong observation in the Catholic Association, where Mr. O'Connell thus described the City Orange press. "They have the Warder, which lies once a week, the Mail which lies three times a week, and sly Sanders, which collects a heap of borrowed lies every morning." Carrick's Morning Post, or as it is now called, the Dublin Morning Post, was originally a Commercial Day Note, and about twenty-three years since it was formed into a paper by a respectable printer named John Carrick. The paper, in a few years, fell into the hands of Richard Lonergan, a person of some literary ability, of good understanding and commercial knowledge. This journal was rather a thriving concern, until it entered into a personal warfare with Mr. O'Connell about seven years ago. Although Mr. Richard Lonergan died in the interim, the enmity between Mr. O'Connell and the paper continues to the present hour, and it has been gradually declining in advertisements and circulation. It was not an ascendancy paper, and therefore was not espoused by the Orangemen, it was the bitter enemy of O'Connell, and was therefore deserted by the Catholic body. Between both it has fallen, and the wonder is, how it can now sustain existence.

The junior daily morning paper is the Morning Register, which was instituted in October, 1824, by Mr. Staunton, at that time proprietor of the Weekly Register. At this period the Catholic body, rising hourly in energy and political importance, called loudly for a public journal, with literary capabilities to represent their wants, and to describe their proceedings. As an inducement to Mr. Staunton to proceed with the undertaking on a large and splendid scale, a number of gentlemen, including some of the leading members of the Association, proposed to raise a large sum in shares to be repaid after a certain period by the proprietor.

The paper was then started. Its editorial department had the aid of some of the best writers of the day, and a novelty in the Irish press was introduced by Mr. Staunton in the shape of an effective corps of reporters modelled after the London system. From this time the Catholic Association began to assume that

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high bearing, that system of organization which rendered it a species of national legislature, and which at length produced the political necessity for conceding emancipation. The almost daily meetings of the Association were reported in detail in the *Morning Register*, as well as the local meetings of the most distant parts of the country. These were afterwards published throughout the provinces by the *Weekly Register*, the *Evening Post*, and the liberal journals in the country also copied the proceedings from the *Morning Register*, and thus from one extremity of the land to the other, the spirit of excitement was kept alive, and every individual in the community was brought into the struggle. In this way the *Morning Register* obtained a great hold on the public feeling; and although the *Evening Post* or the *Freeman's Journal* were still the favourite papers of those who read them, because their fathers and grandfathers had done the same, it might truly be said that the young and rising mind of Ireland was with the *Register*. Of the sum proposed to be subscribed, not more than 120*l.* was paid, and as the proprietor determined to proceed with the journal on his own resources, even this sum was repaid shortly after its advance. By the ascendancy party, the *Register* was regarded as a most dangerous foe, and in consequence it has suffered much in a financial point of view, by the withholding from it the advertisements of the public offices, but it is received in all circles as a well-selected and interesting paper, and its present circulation is next in extent to that of *Sanders's News Letter*. Within the last few months there has been a decrease in the circulation of *Sanders*, whilst the *Morning Register* is said to maintain the circulation which it had in the hottest days of agitation. This is attributable to a prudent adaptation of the tone of the paper to the extremely altered state of public feeling. There are four evening papers in Dublin, and it is very remarkable that whilst the morning papers of London are printed on large sheets, and the evening papers in a smaller shape, the morning papers of Dublin are nearly as small as the French journals, and the evening papers are large. There is one reason certainly for this contradiction—that the Dublin evening papers being published only three times in the week, require an enlarged space. The *Evening Post* is a journal of high repute, and being now nearly seventy years old, has all the advantage which so venerable an age, and an unsullied reputation might naturally be expected to produce. The present proprietor is Mr. James Magee (in whose family the paper has for a long time been), and the editor is Mr. Conway, who is the senior amongst the literary persons connected with the press in Dublin. The *Evening Post* retains a very respectable circulation, and it is one of the few prosperous journals in Ireland, but it is certainly not advancing, for its circulation eighteen years ago was much larger than at present. Then it was the oracle of the Irish people generally, and of the Catholic body in particular; but the energetic working of the Catholic question brought into the market able and successful competitors. It has more than

once been stated, with what accuracy it is impossible to judge, nor are we disposed to offer an opinion on the subject, that Mr. Conway receives a pension of 300*l.* from the government, obtained for him in the second year of lord Wellesley's administration, through the kind offices of an eminent Catholic barrister, an intimate friend of his lordship; whether this be the fact or not, we are sure that Mr. Conway conducts his paper with a proper spirit of independence. It is the only journal in Dublin printed on an improved machine, which we have described in a former number of the *Westminster Review*. The *Evening Mail*, the chosen champion of the ascendancy, and the still eager defender of that party, is at present in its seventh year. It was originally instituted by Mr. Joseph Timothy Hayden, a man of considerable ability, and wonderfully mechanical, but he was characterized by an unsteady and veering turn of mind, and although he has been connected with many journals in Dublin, and advanced some of them into a condition that yielded emolument and promised permanence, he is now unconnected with any paper, and, with a large and interesting family, is without his accustomed means of supporting and educating them. Mr. Hayden has done more for the Irish press in regard of typography (a department which needed large and radical improvement) than any other man; and if others had the merit of maintaining its literary dignity, he certainly introduced the taste and habit of neat and creditable printing. Mr. Glynn was the partner of Mr. Hayden, and after the latter gentleman's departure from the concern, Mr. Glynn enabled Mr. Thomas Sheehan, then a clerk in the establishment, to purchase Hayden's share. Mr. Remmey Sheehan, proprietor of the *Star* of Brunswick, became one of the editors of the paper. The *Mail* has risen to a large, but certainly not what can be considered a permanent, circulation, and it is a favourite advertising paper; the internal quarrels of the proprietors, however, and their expensive litigation with each other, have greatly diminished the profits. The *Mail* is remarkable for much talent and humour in satire and pasquinade; but it is on stilts, and raised beyond the capability of its writers, when they attempt to deal with any great question requiring enlargement of thought or statistical research. The *Evening Packet* (formerly the *Correspondent*) is one of the pensioned castle papers. It has a good circulation, and, through the influence of a Master in Chancery having some interest in its well-being, it receives a considerable revenue from advertisements denominated Chancery Sales. But, as to intellectual ability, this paper is totally without a claim; the writings of its "people" (an habitual phrase of the paper) being remarkable for nothing but clumsiness of style and want of knowledge of the subject. The *Pilot* has not yet been a year in existence, but it has already gone far in establishing a good reputation. The proprietor is Mr. Barrett, well known as what is termed a Protestant agitator; he was editor of the *Patriot* newspaper for some time previously to its change of name and principles, and is a person of enlarged and liberal views. Mr.

Barrett is brother to a writer well known in London, Eaton Stannard Barrett, author of the political satire of "All the Talents," "The Heroine," the poem of "Woman," and other light and interesting productions. There are five weekly papers in Dublin, four of which publish on Saturday, and one, the *Mercantile Advertiser*, on Monday. This latter paper is the property of a Mr. Stevens, and its circulation is confined to the city merchants. It is a useful journal, and often contains an able article from the pen of Mr. Conway. The *Weekly Register* is beyond comparison the most successful journal of its class, and for some years past has had the largest circulation in Ireland, taking into the account that it appears but once a week. This journal was the great engine of Catholic agitation throughout the country, in every part of which it enjoys a high reputation as an upright, able, and independent paper. It was established by Mr. Staunton, and is now in its eleventh year. The *Weekly Freeman's Journal* was instituted by Mr. Harvey in 1816, and is a very respectable periodical, with a considerable circulation. The *Warder* is a clever paper, much esteemed by the Orange party; amongst the weekly papers it is next to the *Register* in circulation. The *Star of Brunswick*, recently established by Mr. Rammy Sheehan, as the hebdomadal organ of the Brunswick Club, would probably not have been started at all if its proprietor and the club had been aware of the duke of Wellington's altered views on the Catholic question.

The Irish provincial journals are forty-five in number, and at least the half of them so worthless and contemptible as scarcely to deserve the name of newspapers. The journals in the northern provinces are certainly the first in intelligence and typographical appearance. The *Northern Whig* may justly be placed at the head of the Irish provincial press in point of talent and conduct, and at the head of the press of the whole country for its admirable execution, but its circulation is smaller than that of many other country papers. There are three other journals in Belfast, the *Chronicle*, the highest amongst the four in circulation, the *News Letter*, and the *Guardian*, which is only in its second year, and was established for the advocacy of Brunswick principles in the north of Ireland. The *Newry Telegraph* is an intelligent and well-printed paper, having a moderate but steady circulation. There are two papers in Londonderry, one of them, the *Journal*, is very old and stupid; the other, the *Chronicle*, is yet too young to have formed a character. The *Enniskillen Chronicle* is a neat and useful paper, but very low in circulation. Munster, the most wealthy of the provinces, has more papers than the others, but several of them are very low and vulgar prints, existing solely on the government proclamation allowance. There are three very respectable papers in Cork, one of which, the *Southern Reporter*, bears a high character for intelligence and general efficiency. One of the proprietors, Mr. O'Driscoll, is in the habit of residing in London during the parliamentary session, and supplies his journal with information on Irish af-

fairs, which is entirely passed over in the parliamentary reports of the London journals. The *Cork Mercantile Chronicle* is rather low in circulation, but it is an honest and well-conducted paper; the proprietor is Mr. John Pearce. The *Cork Constitution* was originally called the *Cork Advertiser*, and was an obscure print, until the spread of Brunswickism enabled it to merge into notoriety as an advocate of those principles. There are two papers in Limerick, the *Chronicle*, which is now in its sixty-third year—like Sanders's *News*, this paper is prosperous without talent. The original proprietor was a person named Walsh, and from him it reverted to an alderman of Limerick named Watson, who continued, by efforts which few men have the capability or the disposition of making, to obtain for the *Chronicle* a large portion of government patronage; and even to this day the army intelligence first appears in that paper, and is copied from it into the London and Dublin journals. The *Limerick Chronicle*, however, is fast declining, as appears by the last parliamentary returns—this change has been caused by the distaste of a great number of its former readers for the malignant, but clumsy opposition of the *Chronicle* to the progress of toleration. The other Limerick paper, the *Evening Post*, is the property of Mr. Geary, and it has been distinguished, particularly during the period of the Clare election, for efficient and talented conduct. But like many other honest papers, its profits are small, although its circulation is considerable. The *Waterford Chronicle*, and the *Tipperary Free Press* are excellent provincial papers. It is rather a singular fact, that the editor of the latter journal, established by a number of public-spirited gentlemen, totally unconnected with newspapers, was recommended to their notice on account of his having written libels on a member of the Beresford family in the *Waterford Chronicle* during the last election for that county. There are few other papers in Ireland deserving of the slightest notice. As Connaught is the most backward of the provinces in intelligence and literary improvement, so also are the journals in it remarkable for want of talent and almost illegible printing. The *Connaught Journal* is one of the oldest papers in Ireland, and belongs to Mr. O'Flaherty. It is a public-spirited print, and has more of the appearance of prosperity than any of its western contemporaries.

The newspaper press of Great Britain and Ireland has now been reviewed. In doing this all possible means have been taken to obtain correct information, and to avoid giving offence. The writer has had no party purpose to serve, no individuals to please, and none whom he would wish to injure or offend. If inaccuracies have crept in, they were unavoidable: those who can detect them are, at the same time, able to account for their existence; and the public, generally, will, it is hoped, look with indulgence on the attempt to supply them with information on a subject which is allowed to be of general interest.

In the preceding numbers the press of Great Britain has been described as an engine of great power in effecting intellectual improve-

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ment: but whilst room was found for gratification, in the fact of its enormous increase, even under all the shackles imposed upon it by taxation and illegal restrictions, it was not forgotten that it might become much greater if it were left with proper freedom and scope for action. In the course of the last year, the editor of the Scotsman addressed two long and very able letters to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, pointing out to him the hardships under which newspaper proprietors are suffering, and showing the extent of intellectual and commercial benefit which would result from a more liberal mode of proceeding on the part of the government and the legislature. The editor of the Scotsman, after making a calculation, by which he supposes, that if all the duties on newspapers were repealed, the paper which now costs sevenpence could be sold for three half-pence, and assuming that, if government were to reduce the stamp-duty to two-pence, and the advertisement-duty to one shilling, the two taxes would yield as much to the treasury as they do now, proceeds to consider how these taxes immediately affect the circulation of newspapers. We cannot render a more effectual service to the proprietors of newspapers generally, or indeed confer a greater benefit upon those who take a strong interest in the subject than by copying the remarks made by this gentleman. He says,

"Colquhoun computes, that, in 1812, there were in Britain one hundred and twenty-three thousand heads of families, with incomes exceeding £800 per annum. Their number may probably be now one hundred and forty-thousand; and, in the United States, almost every person with such a revenue would have a daily paper. Now, from a parliamentary document, printed in 1821, we find that the average circulation of the London daily journals was about two thousand two hundred; and assuming that it is the same still, it follows, that the impressions of all these papers put together amount to only thirty-five thousand. Hence we have reason to conclude, that, were papers untaxed, the wealthiest class alone would take three or four times as many copies of the daily papers as now serve the whole population of the country! a reduction of the duties would have a proportional effect on the circulation.

"The population of the British isles, at present, is very nearly double the population of the United States; the one being above twenty-three millions, and the other about twelve millions; deducting the blacks, the American population will be about ten millions.

"In the British isles there are at present, according to M. Moreau, three hundred and thirty-four newspapers; of which nineteen or twenty are daily; viz. sixteen in London, and three or four in Ireland.

"In the United States, in 1810, there were three hundred and sixty-four newspapers; in 1823, according to a table in my possession, there were five hundred and ninety-eight; and in last Spring Mr. Cooper estimated the number at eight hundred ["*Notions of the Americans*," vol. ii. p. 133]: of these, according to the statement of an American editor to me personally, and according to a paragraph which appeared some months ago in several American journals, there are fifty published daily. New

York, in the month of March last, had twelve daily papers; Philadelphia, eight or nine; Baltimore, five; Boston, three or four, &c.

"The whole number of papers printed annually in Britain and Ireland, on an average of the last seven years, as I find from the amount of stamp duty, was twenty-seven millions, eight hundred and twenty-seven thousand. This gives an average circulation of about eleven hundred for each.

"I might, perhaps, state the average circulation of the American journals fairly enough at the same amount; because the daily papers there, which print a greater number than the others, compose a much greater proportion of the entire mass. But, taking them at one thousand copies each, and classing them as I find done in an American paragraph, the result is as follows:—

Copies Printed Annually.	
550 Weekly Papers	28,000,000
200 Semi-Weekly, or Tri-Weekly	20,800,000
50 Daily	15,600,000

64,400,000

"If this estimate is fairly made, it shows that there are nearly two and a half times as many papers printed in the United States as in Britain, for less than half the population (excluding the blacks). Combining the two ratios, it results, that a million of persons in the United States purchase five times as many newspapers as a million of persons in the British isles!

"But to draw the parallel justly we must recollect the peculiar circumstances of the Americans. They live so widely scattered that one thousand persons are spread over as large a surface as ten thousand in Britain: hence vast numbers are far from any post office, and must find it difficult to procure a paper, though ever so able to pay for it. Again, the class of persons who possess entire leisure and accumulated wealth, and to whom a newspaper is a moral necessary of life, is comparatively small in America. To balance this indeed, the labouring classes have better wages there than here: but the truth is, that if a paper could be had for two-pence a week, the worst paid labourer could afford to get it: we shall, therefore, have a juster idea of the state of the press in each country if we compare the towns of the one with those of the other.

"There is not a town in Great Britain but London that does or can support a daily paper!—In the United States every considerable town has one or more: Rochester, a town with six thousand inhabitants, Troy, with nearly the same number (both in the State of New York), have each their daily paper, while neither Manchester nor Glasgow has one! Think of the capital of Scotland wanting a paper of this description, while an American town, of the size of Dalkeith, has one! Think, too, of Leith, with a population of more than twenty thousand persons, trying, in vain, some years ago, to establish a weekly paper!

"Philadelphia and Liverpool have nearly the same amount of population, but the English town has probably six times as much trade as the American.—Now Liverpool has eight weekly papers, which put forth eight publications in all per week. Philadelphia has eight

daily papers, and eight or ten others, which put forth about seventy publications per week!

"Scotland, with two million one hundred thousand inhabitants, has thirty-eight papers, not one of which is published more than thrice a week. Pennsylvania, with one million two hundred thousand inhabitants, had one hundred and ten papers in 1823, of which fourteen or fifteen were published daily!

"These facts speak for themselves: I think they fully warrant the conclusion, that in the most thickly settled parts of the United States, which alone afford proper materials for comparison, the number of newspapers in circulation amongst any given number of inhabitants is eight or ten times as great as in Britain."

There is much good sense in the arguments here used, and the fact that no town in England, except London, can support a daily paper, can we think be owing to nothing but the enormous price at which a newspaper is sold in this country.

Next to the stamp-duty on the newspaper itself, the most oppressive thing under which the newspaper press suffers, is the duty on advertisements. Every advertisement, however short, pays to the government a duty of 3s. 6d. and the accumulation of advertisements, even at the enormous price charged for them in well established papers, is so great as to prevent all possibility of displaying them properly so as to catch the eye of the public. In the American papers scarcely an advertisement appears without some engraving of a character adapted to the nature of the announcement, and the practice, although not very chaste to us, who are accustomed to see advertisements set in the smallest type, and crowded together so as to be almost lost, is found to be very useful to the advertiser. We are not, however, advocates for the engraving plan, but should like to see the advertisements so displayed in type, that in this commercial country, where public advertisement is the only channel of sale and purchase, the advertiser and the reader may be well accommodated. A change is desirable, indeed, if it were only to do away with the illiberal, we had almost said dishonest double-sheet system, by which advertisements instead of appearing in the regular course, are thrown into a supplementary sheet which is not read by one person in fifty. The editor of the Scotsman very justly observes, that newspapers are in the most strict and proper sense instruments of trade, and being so, it may fairly be asked, whether so enormous a tax ought to be imposed upon them. As a proof of the extent to which this duty operates, it is mentioned that whilst the number of advertisements which appeared in the newspapers of the United States of America in one year was ten million one hundred and five thousand, the number in the same period in Great Britain and Ireland and the British Isles, was only nine hundred and sixty-three thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, although the population is double in amount, so that in fact the advertising in America is to that in the British Isles as twenty to one. The charge per line in the two countries for the shortest class of advertisements, viz. those of eight or ten lines, is as follows:

	In London. Per line.	In New York. Per line.
For the first insertion	1s. nearly	3d.
For the second, do.	1s.	1½d.
For each subsequent insertion at the rate of thrice a week	1s.	1½d.
For each subsequent insertion daily after the second	1s.	½d.
For advertisements of twenty lines:—First insertion	9d.	2d.
Second do.	9d.	¾d.
For each subsequent insertion at the rate of thrice a week	9d.	¾d.
For each subsequent insertion daily after the second	9d.	3-8d.

And yet it is supposed that in America, the proprietors of newspapers having no tax to pay, derive a greater average profit than the same class of persons in this country. In Great Britain, where the charges for advertising are so high, few persons advertise in more than two or three newspapers—those of course which are supposed to have the greatest circulation, and thus it is only by a few that considerable profit can be derived. To reduce the duty would, therefore, be to equalize the profit, and to offer a boon to commercial enterprise of every description. But the newspapers alone do not suffer from this tax. We are much mistaken if the government, which now derives only between 160,000l. and 170,000l. per annum from the advertisement duty, would not gain much more by reducing it two-thirds. The high duty system has never succeeded in any branch of industry—it has been abandoned with benefit to all parties in many instances, and we cannot conceive any fitter occasion for repeating the experiment than in the instance of newspapers.

We cannot close our review of the newspaper press in the United Kingdom without remarking upon the silly affectation of indifference to newspaper opposition or advocacy, which is displayed by some of the leading persons in and out of parliament; nothing is more common than to hear this or that great man, with a sneer exclaim, "oh, the newspapers say so," or, "who pays attention to the newspapers?" and on the bench or at the bar, persons who, but for the newspapers would never have risen to eminence, appear to aspire to a notoriety founded upon contempt for the opinions expressed in the public journals. If the indifference pretended to be entertained by these persons were real, we should shudder to see it tolerated as it lately has been, for if once the newspaper press could be brought into general contempt, there would be an end of liberty and of the constitutional right of discussing the merits of persons in authority. But it is a mere affectation—an affectation of the most childish and silly description—an assumption of independence over that power, the well directed influence of which a truly great and good man must acknowledge and respect. Nothing denotes weakness of mind more than this pretended indifference to praise or censure—nothing betrays a desire of emancipation from the salutary control of the newspaper press more than the silly and contempt-

toous defiance thrown out by those who profess to be above newspaper criticism. It is some satisfaction to know, that all this vapouring has its origin in weakness; that whilst in public speeches and writings the press is defied, private sacrifices are offered, and propitiatory mediations are made, to secure its support or neutrality. It is in our power to show this in the case of several of the little great men now in office or in the legislature, but we shall reserve our exposure for a more fitting opportunity. We have noticed the subject because it was due to the numerous body who have been insulted by sneers of the kind alluded to, to do so, but at present we shall go no further.

The subject will be pursued in future articles on the newspaper press of continental Europe and America.

From the Monthly Review.

LANDON'S AND MONTGOMERY'S POETRY.*

FROM the pile of blank and rhymed verses amassed upon our shelves, we have selected a pair of volumes recently produced from the practised pens of two authors, who are ranked by most of our periodical critics among the immortal minstrels of the age. It is this community of fame, emanating from one and the same source, which has induced us to place Miss Landon,—without danger, we hope, to her heart,—by the side of Mr. Montgomery. In no other respect is there the slightest intellectual propinquity between them. The lady is a model of delicacy, a combination of sighs, stolen from the Zephyrs, and perfumed with the flowers of June. The gentleman is a sort of poetical Hercules, who, arrayed in a lion's skin and armed with a club, aims at no less a labour than the cleansing of the Augean stable of the world, polluted as it is with the vices of more than sixty centuries. One seeks the sylvan shade, and summons to her presence the gallant knights, and despairing maids, and roving troubadours of the days of romance. The other urges his Pegasus far beyond the limits of time and space, and holds converse with spirits of every degree. Not long since, he rose to the regions of Heaven, wandered at his leisure through all their provinces, and described their rivers and gardens with the minuteness of a modern tourist. He seems lately to have taken a downward flight; but feeling, possibly, that Dante and Milton had been before him in those tremendous abysses, and had left him nothing to say in the way of description, the happy thought occurred to him to prevail on Satan to visit this planet of ours, and to pay marked attention to the towns and rural districts of England.

Both these poems have had considerable success, if we may believe the concurrent testimony of our periodical publications. Miss Landon, from all that we hear, must have acquired a little fortune. Mr. Montgomery has already, it is said, written himself into Cambridge. Certainly no two authors that we know of are more indebted, than these are, to the voice of criticism. It has made some of the basest metal that ever came out of a mine, pass for the sterling coin of the realm. It has talked so often and so much, of the Sapphic fire of one, and of the soaring Miltonic genius of the other, that half the country is under an impression that Miss Landon and Mr. Montgomery have really written some poetry, and that too of the highest order.

We do not accuse our contemporaries of praising the productions of these bards from corrupt motives. Indeed, we sincerely believe that no such thing as the purchase of opinion is known to our critical writers. But while we vindicate them from a charge so often and so ignorantly brought forward, we are free to avow our belief, that motives of a less impure nature, though in their operation scarcely less detrimental to the literary character of our age, produce a prodigious mass of partial criticism, which is daily, weekly, and monthly diffused from the laboratories of this capital, throughout the empire and its dependencies.

The applauses of which we speak, are not, we repeat, purchased, nor do we think they could be obtained for money. They are given freely and gratuitously, so far as the person receiving them is concerned. The fortunate author happens, perhaps, to be personally known to the editor of the journal in which his work is to be first reviewed. Of course, it is lauded to the skies, and the tone being thus given, the favourable opinion of the first review runs through all the other journals, without undergoing any material alteration. The newspapers, which, though in many respects very ably conducted, do not, and cannot, attend sufficiently to the sound rules of literary criticism, take up the strain which they receive from other quarters; and thus the delusion goes round the whole circle of authorities, which form what is called public opinion.

Besides, such is the amazing activity of the press, and so numerous its demands for literary assistance, that there is scarcely any one who can write a book, who does not also contribute, in verse or prose, to the literary journals. It is the general interest of these *collaborateurs* to assist each other, and they do so to an extent, of which the uninitiated can have no conception. There is an *esprit de corps* amongst them that supersedes any just principles of criticism which they might have received from education and study. They pass over, as an antiquated notion, the sacred regard which a true critic will always pay to the dignity and purity of his country's literature. This is a consideration which those gentry altogether overlook, for they feel that the "hanc veniam damus" is sure to be followed at one time or another by the "petimusque vicissim." Many of them are, in truth, the mere workmen of the booksellers, who write, as they are paid, by the volume; and who are ready either to

* 1. The Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, A History of the Lyre, and other Poems. By L. E. L. author of "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," and "The Golden Violet." 12mo. pp. 307. London. Longman & Co. 1829.

2. Satan. A Poem. By Robert Montgomery. 8vo. pp. 390. London. Maundrell. 1830.

get up a review, or a romance, at a moment's notice, and exactly in the tone which their employer prescribes.

It is manifest, therefore, that although golden opinions may not be purchased directly for money, they may nevertheless be procured, and are constantly procured, from other considerations; which, though certainly not morally base, are at least equally injurious to literature. The great mass of readers is induced to purchase, and read, and admire books merely from the praises bestowed upon them by the journalists; and thus there has been created amongst us, within the last ten years, a spurious sort of fame, that gives currency for a season to productions, destined only to be consumed by the cheesemongers for the fifty years which are to follow.

It is impossible to doubt that Miss Landon believes herself to be a poet. Indeed, how could she think otherwise, as scarcely a week passes in which the soothing flattery is not poured into her willing ear? She proclaims the pleasing consciousness in her title page—"And my soul felt her destiny divine." In her preface she declares that she is "no longer one who springs forward in the mere energy of exercise and enjoyment; but rather like the Olympian racer, who strains his utmost vigour, with the distant goal and crown in view." Women, we believe, sometimes contended for the olive crown, and won it too; but it certainly argued in them no slight consciousness of merit to enter the arena at all. The metaphor, however, as it is here used, has a meaning beyond that which strikes the ear; it imports not merely that the crown is in view, but that it already encircles the head of the successful racer, for we are told, in another part of the preface, that she has executed "one of those memories at once a good and a glory," and that she has acquired a popularity "beyond her most sanguine dreams."

So much for the lady's opinion of her own deserts. Now a word or two with respect to the purpose of her labours. Whoever has taken the trouble, as we have done, to read the volumes of verse, under various sweetly sounding titles, which Miss Landon has published, will, perhaps, agree with us in thinking, that whatever their merit might be in a poetical sense, there was in them, at all events, very little of philosophy. If any of her verses were well moulded, musical to the ear, and picturesque to the fancy, they would seem to have accomplished the only end which the fair author had in view. But now the secret is disclosed. Miss Landon's objects were of a much more ambitious nature. She has been writing all this time, not merely for the purpose of unburthening her imagination of the worlds which it was constantly creating, but for a much more noble end, that of reforming society! She has, in fact, been, for some years at least, under the disguise of a minstrel, a second Mrs. Fry! She observed, we learn from her preface, that society was fond of indulgence, and consequently selfish, and that refinement was attended by a heartlessness "which too often hardens while it polishes." It was, therefore, from the commencement of her poetical labours, the guiding object of all her verses to

discover a remedy for these imperfections of humanity. "Aware that to elevate I must first soften, and that if I wished to purify I must first touch, I have ever endeavoured to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave." We venture to assert, that not one reader in fifty, of Miss Landon's poems, ever suspected that her views were so profoundly moral before. We must do her the credit to say, that she has procured her disguise admirably. The sweet sorceress—she has cheated the world of its selfishness, simply by presenting to it a yellow leaf, or a decaying flower! Some persons thought that her fondness for such illustrations arose from the influence of an ill-requited passion. But that, she says, was all a joke! She is utterly unconscious of so great a misfortune!

For aught we know, "The Venetian Bracelet" may be a homily, under the appearance of a tale. If we treat it as poetry, perhaps we shall be told to consider only its morality. We are informed, in what may be called the "argument," that by the application of poisons, good may be turned to evil. Thus a Venetian lady, who meets with a disappointment, buys from a Jew a bracelet containing poison, which she administers, without being detected, to her more fortunate rival. This is undoubtedly turning good into evil with a vengeance; and yet we are at a loss for the point of the moral.

Looking barely to the poetical character of the tale, the reader shall judge for himself of the sort of verse which is praised, and that loudly too, by many of our contemporaries. After confessing her ignorance of the Italian language, (by the bye, a confession not very creditable in these times,) and also her personal acquaintance with that classic land, she nevertheless selects it for the scene of her narrative. We do not know that it is absolutely necessary for a poet to have travelled through a foreign country in which his hero or heroine may be placed; yet it is unfavourable to the effect which he desires to produce, to set out with professing that he had never stirred from home. The way in which the measure obliges us to pronounce the name of *Amenaide*, sufficiently indicates Miss Landon's ignorance of the Italian language, without rendering it necessary for her to make any declaration on the subject. The parting of the lovers is, in every line of it, a truly Landonic passage.

"The beat of heart, the flush of cheek, are gone,
AMENAIDE but felt she was alone.

The vow which soothed her, and the hope
which cheer'd,

The pride which nerved, with him had disappear'd.

"*LEONI*, dear *LEONI*!"—'twas in vain;—
The mocking echo answer'd her again.

—It is deep wretchedness, this passionate burst
Of parting's earlier grief, but not the worst;
It is the lingering days of after care,
That try the wasted spirit most to bear.
Now listless, languid, as the world had left
Nothing to interest, of him bereft;
Now lull'd by opiate thoughts that but restore
The mind its tone, to make it sink the more;

Now
Are
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destiny

"Am
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"Many
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LEONI w
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Now fever'd by anxiety, for rife
Are fears when fancy calls them into life;
And then that nameless dread of coming wo,
Which only those who've felt it e'er can know;
These still have been in absence, still will be,
And these, AMENAIDE, were all for thee."

pp. 11—13.

The sentimental reflections on loneliness, clothed as they are in phraseology which really conveys no idea, no picture to the mind, are precisely the sort of writings which our critics praise as glorious bursts of passion.

Amenaide having survived the first shock, and escaped from the consolations of her nurse, to her own chamber, looks through her lattice, and sees at a distance the mansion of her lover's father.

"A crimson beauty wooed the maiden's eye:
She look'd and saw, where, dark against the
sky,

His father's battlements rose on the air;—
Alas, how haughty and how high they were!"

p. 13.

The alliteration, and the contrast, evidently give great energy to the last line. Our heroine is not allowed to enjoy the prospect long, when she, who had hitherto apparently been but a rustic orphan, is summoned to a higher destiny.

"'AMENAIDE!' her kind old nurse's voice;
*'Nay, come to me, dear child, come and re-
joice.'*

Wondering, she enters, strangers round her
stand,

And kindly takes their lordly chief her hand.

'So fair a peasant, sooth, but it is shame

To tell thee, maiden, of another name.

In the wild troubles which have rent our state

Thy noble father met an exile's fate:—

Nay, not that anxious look; he is no more,

And sorrowing Genoa can but restore

His honours to his child: I was aware,

Thanks to that faithful creature's parent care,

His daughter lived; and dear the task to me

To bring these words, and let AREZZI be

The first to greet and honour, *Countess, mine,*

Loveliest, and last of ALFIERI's line."

pp. 14, 15.

We submit to any person, who is at all capable of judging on the subject, whether such writing as this deserves the name of poetry. From these creeping lines we ascend to some pages of tinsel, about a lovely room, velvet carpets, myrtle buds, lily bells, scented winds, purple couches,

"—how soft and warm
Clung the rich colour to her ivory arm!"

pictured faces, and wreathed flowers. In short, the Countess was restored to her rank; yet she was miserable, as her lover was still absent.

"Many a weary hour and day had past
For that young Countess—this day was the
last.

He was return'd, with all war could confer
Of honourable name, to home and her.

AREZZI would to night be in the hall

Where Count AREZZI held his festival."—p. 17.

The lovers meet—but, alas, Leoni is married! Amenaide, of course, is horror-struck at seeing his bride, and when she returns home, falls very naturally into a fit, from which she awakes with a resolution to conquer her passion. The contest in her breast gives birth to another Landonic apostrophe.

"*Love, what a mystery thou art!—how strange
Thy constancy, yet still more so thy change!*

How the same love, born in the self-same hour,
Holds over different hearts such different
power;

How the same feeling lighted in the breast
Makes one so wretched, and makes one so
blest;

How one will keep the dream of passion born

In youth with all the freshness of its morn;

How from another will thine image fade!

Far deeper records on the sand are made.

—Why hast thou separate being? why not die

At once in both, and not leave one to sigh,

To weep, to rave, to struggle with the chains

Pride would fling off, but memory retains?

There are remembrances that will not van-
ish,—

Thoughts of the past we would but cannot
banish;

As if to show how impotent mere will,

We loathe the pang, and yet must suffer still:

For who is there can say they will forget?

—*It is a power no science teaches yet.*"

pp. 36—38.

In this mood she meets a Jew, who offers for sale the fatal bracelet, containing a subtle poison, which a secret spring afforded the means of extracting. After a short struggle—but we must here exclaim with the author,

"Alas! alas! how plague-spot like will sin
Spread over the wrung heart it enters in!"

she buys the bracelet, poisons her rival, saves Leoni from the effect of a sentence which adjudged him to be the murderer, and dies heroically at his feet. Of the verses, in which all this latter part of the tale is told, we shall only select the announcement to Amenaide of the result of her stratagem.

"Hark! the hall echoes to a stranger's tread—
It is the Count AREZZI:—'My fair child,
How now!—thy cheek is wan, thine eyes are
wild.

Ah, well, the rose is brightening on thy cheek:

I was too hasty with my sudden break

Upon thy solitude; scarce may I tell

The crime and horror which last night befell.

I have no time. The Count LEONI's bride—

You saw her—by some sudden poison died;

And strange suspicions on her husband fall:

There were so many present who recall

He gave her the sherbet:—'twas not all
drain'd;

Part of the venom in the cup remain'd.

Some say 'twas jealousy:—'I'm on my way

To the tribunal that will sit to-day.

—AMENAIDE, *dear, thou art very pale:*

I would I had not told thee of this tale."

pp. 44—45.

If this trash be really English poetry, then let some other country claim as her own, our

Pope, our Goldsmith, our Campbell, our Byron, and our Moore. We should take shame to ourselves for thus speaking of the productions of a woman, if the foolish praises of her friends, and of those who adopt their sentiments, did not render it absolutely necessary to abate the nuisance.

Upon "The Lost Pleiad," we shall only remark, that it is just such a poem as any person, experienced in writing, may produce, who chooses to let his imagination and his pen wander over a quire of foolscap, taking care only to give eight syllables to each line, and to find rhymes for the couplets—a task which the labour of an hour or two will render perfectly easy. The "History of the Lyre," being in blank verse, may be rivalled with still greater facility, if the experimentalist can by any chance discover as mellifluous a name as *Eulalia*! The horrors of the "Ancestress" will no doubt, procure for that dramatic sketch the honour of being represented at the Coburg theatre. Many of the poetical portraits we have met before, and shall therefore pass them over, in order to come to that second new star in our literary hemisphere—Robert Montgomery.

We are told by several of our contemporary critics, metropolitan and provincial, that in his new poem, Mr. Montgomery has displayed "wonderful powers;" that "its sublime tenor places him at once on terms of noble emulation with the better spirits of the age;" and that he is, indeed, one of those

"Beings more than men,
Who spread the beam of inspiration round—
Whose very genius consecrates the ground!"

To the *Literary Gazette* our author is indebted for the first of these quotations; to a writer in the *Times* for the second; and to that most profound and enlightened print, the *Carlisle Journal*, for the third. It is worth while to notice here, in passing, the paltry imposition which is practised on the public by advertising a favourable criticism from the *Times*, without adverting to the material fact, that it was emphatically marked in that newspaper as the production of "a correspondent," a precaution which is generally used when the editor has a wish to oblige, but no desire to be held out to the world as responsible for the truth or justness of the article so inserted.

Mr. Montgomery has chosen a singular, and, as we shall show, a most preposterous title for his new production. It might as well,—and, indeed, with a great deal more propriety—have been called "Mr. Montgomery," or "Peter," or "Tobias," or, indeed, any name whatever, with the exception of that which he has chosen. When he determined to evoke "Satan" from the sphere of his power, and to represent him as holding a soliloquy upon the earth, and its inhabitants,—their various pursuits, their vices, and their follies,—he ought at least to have studied the character of that Spirit, and to have preserved its consistency. Satan is generally, we should suppose, believed to have been degraded from the highest rank of the seraphs, and to have been doomed to never-ending woe, as a penalty for his rebellion against the CREATOR. Even if we were not to

take his character from the glimpses of it which are afforded to us in the sacred writings, or from the awful impressions of it with which Milton has pre-occupied every cultivated mind, there is still in the very nature of the crime, and its consequent penalty, which eternally excluded Satan from heaven, enough to teach us that peace, joy, hope, or any of the affections that delight the soul, can never revisit his polluted breast. We can form no idea of him, except as the enemy of man,—as the lion that never sleeps in pursuit of his prey. To brand an act as Satanic, is to call down upon it a more than ordinary share of execration, as being a deed of more savage atrocity than man could be supposed capable of perpetrating.

What will our readers, who agree with us in these notions of Satan's character, say, when they learn that Mr. Montgomery's Satan is, in fact, a very good sort of a person, with whom any body might spend an hour without the slightest danger to his morals? He appears in many parts, and in all of them to the greatest advantage. He often speaks like a polished gentleman. He is sometimes a very learned, and even an eloquent philosopher. Dr. Syntax was but a tyro to him in his admiration of the picturesque. He is a friend to liberty, and a classical scholar of the first order. No person excels him in a love of the fine arts. His taste in all things is exquisite. To the fair sex he is quite devoted; nay, he likes wedded life very well, and can paint with great truth its dignity and happiness. He is remarkably fond of children, so that the old gentleman must henceforth cease to be a terror to the infant generations. But the most novel feature in the reformed Satan of Mr. Montgomery is, that he ascends the pulpit frequently, and preaches right excellent discourses.

Our readers will hardly believe that any man in his senses could have really feigned such a portrait of Satan as we have just described. We shall presently give them an opportunity of putting our description to the test of truth. In order, however, that they may be able to comprehend the plan of the poem, it is necessary to premise, that the author represents his hero as appearing once more upon the mountain which witnessed his temptations of the REDEEMER.

"Awake ye thunders! let your living roar
Exult around me, and a darkness shroud
The air, as once again the world I greet,
Here on this haughty mountain-head, where He
Of old, now palaced in the Heaven of Heavens,
The Virgin born, by Prophets vision'd forth,
Was tempted and withstood me!"—p. 19.

Here is a commencement with a vengeance! Here is a flourish of thunders! The ancient and the modern poets, too, who are supposed to have any pretensions to that sacred title, thought that the opening strain of a long poem could hardly be too modest or too simple in its language. But Mr. Montgomery, who in many things appears to think that novelty as well as excellence may be found in the reverse of established notions, flings his hero upon the scene in the midst of darkness, and a "living roaring" storm of thunder! Not content with this, he follows it up with an earthquake, and

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an indescribable accumulation of natural and supernatural horrors, which, though long we must quote, as it furnishes a specimen of the most unqualified bombast which we have seen since the days of Rowe.

"Is the Earth
Appall'd, or agonizing in the wrack
Of Elements?—like Spirits that are lost,
Wailing and howling, sweep the orphan winds,
While Nature trembles with prophetic fear,
As though a Chaos were to crown the storm!
Lo! how it glooms, and what a fiery gash
Deal the red lightnings through yon darken'd
sky,—

All echo with the chorus of her clouds!

"And well Earth answers to the voice of Heaven.

Hark to the crash of riven forest-boughs
In yonder waste, the home of hurricanes,
That catch the howlings of the cavern'd brutes,
And wing them onwards to Arabia's wild,
O'er-canopied with flying waves of sand,
Like a dread ocean whirling through the skies!
But Thou, alone eternally sublime,
Thou rolling mystery of Might and Power!
Rocking the tempest on thy breast of waves,
Or spread in breezy rapture to the Sun,—
Thou daring Ocean! that couldst deluge
worlds,

And yet rush on,—I hear thy swell of wrath
In liquid thunder laughing at the winds
Resoundingly, and from afar behold
Thine armed billows, heaving as they roar,
And the wing'd sea-foam shiver on the gales.

"Swell on, ye waves, and whirlwinds, sweep
along,

Like the full breathing of Almighty ire,
Whose sound is desolation!—where the sail
Of yon lone vessel, as a shatter'd cloud,
Is moving, let the surges mount on high
Their huge magnificence, and lift their heads,
And, like Titanic creatures, tempest-born,
In life and fury march upon the main!—
Rave on, thou Tempest, on thy reckless wings;
To me thy warring mood is fearful joy,
A faint memento of that mighty day,
When proud rebellion shook the walls of Hea-

ven,—
Till, charioted by Thunder, forth He came,
The Lightning of the Lord, and blazed re-

venge,
Hurling us downward to the deep of Hell,
That madden'd wild as billows in the storm,
When rushingly we met her roaring flames!"

pp. 20—22.

We had intended to direct those lines and expressions which are most outrageous in their fury, to be printed in italics; but we found so many of both entitled to that type, that it would have ceased to be a distinction. We have therefore left the passage as it is in the original, commending it as a proof of Mr. Montgomery's "wonderful powers,"—of the "sublime tenor" of his poem, and of that magical genius which "consecrates the ground."

After soliloquising in this style for some time, and admiring every thing around him, Satan commences his tour, in the course of which he visits Jerusalem, Bagdad, Damascus, and all the famous cities of the East; proceed-

ing by way of Hindoostan to China, thence to America, and across the Atlantic to Europe, where, of course, in compliment to his patron and friend, Robert Montgomery, he pays marked attention, and, indeed, devotes a great part of his precious time, to England. It will not be in our power to attend him in all his excursions, or to give the reader an idea of the many sage reflections which he makes upon human life and manners. We have said, however, that Mr. Montgomery's Satan was a "good sort of a person, with whom any body might spend an hour without danger to his morals," and we now produce the proof.

"To the vast silence of primeval gloom
On wings of Mystery may Spirit roam,
And meditate on wordless things, whence
comes

A glorious panting for a purer state.—

True sadness is the soul of holy joy;
And such feel they, who fashion brighter
worlds:

But martyrs to diseased thought abound,
Who out of earthly elements have sought
To reap a happiness, whose home is heaven,
And failing, sunk to profitless despair.
Thus Learning, Luxury, and Fame,—these
three

Vain phantoms, what a worship have they
won!

The first, a shallow excellence; the next,
A malady of brutish growth, debased
And most debasing, turning soul to sense,
Till Nature seems uninspired; the last,
Magnificent betrayer! while afar
Beheld, the crown of heaven itself is thine:
When won, oft unavailingly enjoyed.
Oh! many an eye, that in the glow of youth
Hath brighten'd as it gazed on pictured worth,
Or linger'd in the lone and princely fane
Where tombs have tongues, by monumental
piles,

Where great inheritors of glory sleep,—
Hath wept the laurels that it once adored!"—
pp. 80—82.

Certainly there is not a word in this passage which at all betrays the Tempter. It is delightful to hear him talk in this way of a "purer state," "holy joy," "brighter worlds," and of those human phantoms, "Learning, Luxury, and Fame." We know of no old woman in England who might not be trusted near such a proper devil as this.

We have said that the new Satan "often speaks like a polished gentleman." Behold him in that amiable character.

"The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence, those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and
create

An Eden where so'er their magic light
Upon the rack of quick excitement lives;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And that, the throbbing of the fires within!"—
pp. 82—83.

Is not this language exquisite? We almost imagine that we hear it fall trippingly from the lips of a fashionable lecturer. We have said that Mr. Montgomery's friend is "sometimes a very learned and even an eloquent philosopher."

"Beyond the Libyan wild,
Where hot suffusion suffocates the winds,
Lo, wondrous Egypt lies!—Come, royal heirs
Of Ptolemy, and patriarchal kings,
And see the shadow of your once sublime
And storied Egypt!—True, her fostering Nile,
That flowing wand'rer of mysterious birth,
Her annual life-flood generously yields?
But where the soul of Science? where the fount

Of Wisdom, from whose deep and dateless spring
The Greek and Roman drank?"

"So sink the monuments of ancient might,
So fade the gaude and splendours of the world.
Her empires brighten, blaze, and pass away,
And trophied fanes, and adamantine domes,
That threaten'd an eternity, depart.
Amid the dying change, or lapse of things,
Enthroned o'er all a desolation frowns,
Save mind,—omnipotent, surpassing mind!
One scintillation of a soul inspired,
Though kindled in an atmosphere of gloom,
Or loneliness, will strengthen, glow, and live,
And burn from age to age, till it become
The sun and glory of a thinking world,
When thrones are shatter'd, and their kings
forgot!"—pp. 30—32.

Indeed, a few lines farther on, Satan becomes quite ethical and claims to himself the honour of having been the original founder, not only of philosophy, but of poetry.

"'Tis human actions stamp the chart of Time,
And wrap a shadow round departed years;
And he who marks mere havos, not the tides
Of passion, and inclining will,—but prates,
Drowning his moral in a dream of words!
Let him who muses on the awful wreck
Of empires, wailing in the dust,—of thrones
Reversed, or titles ruinously vast,
Where silence and the solemn feelings dwell,
Dive deeper, till he stretch a thought to me!
Ere man was fashioned from his fellow dust,
I was,—and since the sound of human voice
Has echoed in the air, my darksome power
Hath compass'd him in mystery, and in might:
Upon the soul of sage Philosophy
And Wisdom, templ'd in the shrines of old,
Faint shadows of my being fell; a sense
Of me thus deepen'd through the onward flood

Of ages, till substantial thought it grew;
A certainty sublime, in that great soul,
The epic God of ancient song, who down
The infinite abyss could dare to gaze,
And show imagination shapes of Hell!"—pp.
33, 34.

We have at hand abundant proofs of Satan's love for the picturesque, but we shall content ourselves with a single specimen; admitting, at the same time, that there are other passages of very considerable merit in this style of

writing to be found in the poem under our consideration.

"How rich

The wooing luxury of floral meads,
Reposing in the noon; where scented winds
Exult, and many a happy brooklet sings;
Sure Admiration might romance it here!

Tall mansions, shadow'd through patrician trees,

Those brown-spread farms; grey villages and cots,

With castled relics, and cathedral piles
Where dreaming Solitude may muse and sigh,—

Enchant dead ages from their tombs, or hear
The dark soliloquy of ancient Time,—

Adorn the landscape, and delight the view:
While haggard rocks, and heaven-aspiring hills,

Balking the ocean, here and there create
A mountain eburn, to solemnize the scene."—
pp. 239, 240.

Of the other novel features of character which we have ascribed to Mr. Montgomery's Satan, we might furnish the most complete evidence from the pages before us. This, however, would be to many of our readers, we fear, a tedious operation, and we shall therefore close the book, after extracting from it the commencement of a sermon, with a regular text, which is really too good to be omitted. To induce Satan to preach against Carile, is one of the triumphs of poetry which has been reserved for the present author.

"What Understanding cannot grasp, Belief
Can never claim,"—a wisdom most divine!
Why, all around him, from the race of flowers,

That woo his unadorn'd gaze, to hosts
Of spheric wonders that pervade the sky,
Is Myst'ry robed in her material pomp;
Then why should mysteries of awe within
Resolve themselves, to charm a sceptic mind?
Religion proves—but is not all explained?
The beatings of the heart resemble this,
And men may wonder, but it still beats on!"—
pp. 36, 37.

It is not to be doubted that the observations we have made on the poems which form the subject of this article, will be ascribed to personal feelings, either against the authors, or the booksellers who have published their works. Such imputations are always the resource of empirics in every art. Those who make them, must well know that the conductors of this journal have no reason to entertain personal feelings against any of the parties here alluded to, and if they had, that they would disdain to express them in an indirect and unmanly manner. Instead of throwing out charges of this description, the flatterers and friends of the two authors here reviewed, would be much more usefully employed in defending the criticisms by which they have endeavoured to palm upon the world, as true poetry, the tinsel and the bombast which we have been obliged to quote, in order to justify the judgment which we have now pronounced.

From the *Eclectic Review*.

HALIBURTON'S NOVA SCOTIA.*

This is a literary curiosity, being, we believe, the first specimen of Nova Scotian authorship and typography, that has been presented to the British public. The author, it will be seen from the title-page, is a member of the colonial legislature; and his motto intimates, that the country he describes, is his own, his native land. He has already received, as he deserved, the thanks of the House of Assembly for his patriotic performance; and if we cannot promise him that it will excite equal interest, or obtain for him similar honours, on this side of the Atlantic, it is not because he has failed in the competent execution of his undertaking, or that the work is destitute of utility, but simply because the subject partakes of the reputed character of the climate and country to which it relates,—cold, sterile, and uninviting. Besides which, provincial annals and statistical details are unavoidably less attractive to general readers, than the lighter matter which is served up in the shape of travelling sketches, scenes and incidents, &c., such as Mr. Head's slight but very amusing volume.

Mr. Haliburton, however, assures us, that very erroneous notions have prevailed respecting the character of his native land.

"The arable lands bear as yet a small proportion to the wilderness parts of the country; and these, as in all other places in America, are chiefly confined to the neighbourhood of the rivers, harbours, and coasts, though small scattered settlements are to be found in the interior, where the lands are of sufficient value to invite cultivation. But the appearance of the old townships will vie with any part of America for beauty. The extended and well cultivated valley of the Annapolis river, the diversified and picturesque country of Horton and Cornwallis; the richness, extent, and variety of the views in the vicinity of Windsor; the unrivalled beauty of Mahone bay with its numerous islands; the whole country bordering on the Shubenacadie; very many places in the eastern parts of the province, and the extensive townships of Newport and Yarmouth; cannot fail to excite the wonder of strangers, that they exist in a country which has always been represented as the most uninteresting part of America."—vol. ii. p. 7.

The scenery in Nova Scotia never partakes of the sublime, but "its numerous and beautiful lakes, its harbours studded with islands, its rivers, brooks, and streams, of which it boasts a great profusion, enliven and embellish the country, naturally picturesque from its variety of highlands and prairies." But then, the climate:—the winters are, to be sure, rather long and severe;—but the harbours are never frozen. The summer, Mr. Head says, which

lasts about four months, is not so much hotter than ours, as their winter is colder. They have no season answering to our English spring, nor does their autumn resemble ours. But the range of the thermometer at Halifax, is by no means so high in summer, or so low in winter, as at Quebec. On some points, this traveller is a little at variance with our Nova Scotian. January is represented by Mr. Head as the coldest month, the average temperature being from 10° to 14°; and it drops sometimes 10° or 15° below zero. Mr. Haliburton says:—

"January is remarkable for a thaw, without which it seldom passes over; and February is distinguished for the lowest depression of the atmosphere, the heaviest falls of snow, and the predominance of the N. W. wind. . . . Although the ordinary routine of the seasons is as above described, the winters are sometimes very moderate and mild, the navigation of the rivers remaining open until a late period, the wind blowing from the south and west, and little or no snow falling the whole season. . . . To say that the climate is not unfriendly to the human constitution, would be conveying but an inadequate idea of it. It is remarkably salubrious, and conduces to health and longevity. A great proportion of the inhabitants live to a very advanced period. It is not uncommon to see people ninety years old, and many have attained to the age of a hundred. The emigrants from New England are peculiarly long-lived, a very large proportion of them reaching their eightieth year in the full enjoyment of all their faculties. Until lately, this great longevity was also observable among the savages, especially the females, who lived to an extreme old age. But the use of ardent spirits, to which many of both sexes are addicted, has contributed to shorten the duration of their lives, and it is now rare to see an aged Indian." vol. ii. pp. 352—354.

It was not without painful disappointment, that Mr. Head saw, in the streets of Halifax, the squalid, miserable-looking beings which there present themselves as the descendants and representatives of the aboriginal race, which his imagination had painted in glowing colours. But a fair specimen of the North American Indian is not to be met with there.

"Far removed from his natural hunting country, and attracted by the civilized population within narrow peninsular limits, he has sunk into idle, debauched habits; and the deleterious effect of cheap rum has destroyed in a very great measure his energies. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the strength of his constitution is really prodigious. Indians are to be seen at all times in the winter, even under a temperature below zero, lying about the streets asleep and drunk, in the open air, with head, hands, feet, and bosom bare; and such is their hardihood, that they are almost proof against being frost-bitten. The slow increase of their population, is a sufficient testimony of the numbers who perish in the seasoning."—Head, p. 5.

Mr. Head landed at Halifax towards the latter end of November,—to the Nova Scotian "the best month in all the year," when a succession of bright, sunshiny days, with a fresh, frosty air, affords a delightful season. The St.

* An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia. In two volumes. Illustrated by a Map of the Province, and several Engravings. By Thomas C. Haliburton, Esq., Barrister at Law, and Member of the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 796. Halifax. 1829.

Lawrence, however, was already closed for the winter. In a few days, the streets of Halifax were under snow, and the first heavy sleighs made their appearance. Shortly after, the fresh-painted, lighter vehicles were allured from their summer's rest, and the wintry scene became one of bustle, festivity, and varied interest. But, adds our traveller—

"While winter brings with it festivities to the inhabitants of Halifax, the sufferings of sea-faring people form a sad reverse. It is, indeed, an appalling sight, to see in hard weather, a vessel beating up the harbour of Halifax in the teeth of a north-wester—perhaps from the West Indies! On she glides, slowly and gloomily through the black waves, her bows and quarters so heavily encrusted with ice, as to be quite disfigured and weighed down by her head in the water. The sailors, with frost-bitten hands and feet, hanging upon the glassy ropes and rigging, and contending manfully against an unrelenting snow-drift. A few days only have elapsed since the same men, now exposed to the dangers of an iron-bound coast, and a temperature, perhaps, of 40° below the freezing point, were broiling under a tropical sun; a change, it would be thought, utterly beyond the power of human nature to withstand." pp. 17, 18.

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,"—it is right that you should be reminded, now and then, of the hardships endured by those who, for your sakes, brave all winds and weathers. And before the reader comes to the close of Mr. Head's volume, he will have learned, that a land journey in these northern regions, is not without its attendant hardships and annoyances. In short, the writer's adventures might furnish at least an additional chapter to Mr. Beresford's "Miseries of Human Life;" and the work might be appropriately designated as "Travelling Miseries."

Nova Scotia owes its present name to the pedantry of king James, who, in the year 1621, granted the country to Sir William Alexander, afterwards earl of Stirling. By the French who made the first settlements on the peninsula, it had been fantastically called Acadia; an appellation designating Nova Scotia Proper, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, and part of the State of Maine. It may be regretted, that when, in 1784, the western part of Nova Scotia was erected into a separate province, under the name of New Brunswick, the name of the eastern part was not anglicised, and New Scotland made, in Christian language, the neighbour of New England.

The first attempt to colonise this country, was made by the French, in the reign of Henry IV., with convicts; but, instead of landing them at once on Nova Scotia, the French admiral inhumanly left them on the wretched Isle de Sable, where most of them perished. Nothing further was attempted for several years: till, in 1604, M. de Monts, having been appointed by Henry IV. governor general of New France, arrived at a harbour on the south-east side of Acadia. Here, he found one of his countrymen, Rosignol, trading with the savages without a license; and glad to obtain the provisions found on board, he confiscated

the vessel and cargo, "leaving the unfortunate man the miserable consolation of perpetuating his name by transferring it to the harbour where he was captured." The settlement made by De Monts at Port Royal, was but short-lived. In 1618, Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor of Virginia, under pretext that the French had encroached on the rights of the English, founded on the discovery of Cabot, fitted out three armed vessels, to dislodge the settlers from Acadia. Captain Argall met with little difficulty in executing his commission; and thus terminated the first effective settlement of the French in North America, after an existence of eight years.

Satisfied with having asserted their claim to the country, the English took no steps to establish any settlement there; and in the eight years which elapsed between the destruction of the Acadian colony, and the grant of the country to Sir William Alexander, the Peninsula was again occupied by French emigrants and other adventurers. It was not till 1627, that Sir William, being reappointed governor-general by Charles I., took effective measures to obtain possession of the territory that had been granted to him. A small but well appointed armament under Sir David Kirk, a French refugee, not only recovered Port Royal (now Annapolis) and Cape Breton, but effected the conquest of Canada. Quebec, being unprepared for defence, capitulated on honourable terms in July, 1629; and "thus was the capital of New France subdued by the arms of England, just one hundred and thirty years before its final conquest by the celebrated general Wolfe." So little, however, was the importance of the acquisition appreciated, that, by the treaty of St. Germain in 1632, Charles I. resigned all his claims to New France; and Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Canada were immediately taken possession of by the French. In 1654, Acadia was recovered by a force sent out by Cromwell; and was again ceded to France by the inglorious treaty of Breda in 1667; and in 1710, was conquered by general Nicholson; and, by the treaty of Utrecht, was finally ceded to Great Britain. Cape Breton, however, was given back to France, by that of Aix la Chapelle; and the retention of Nova Scotia seemed to answer no other purpose than to serve as the occasion of perpetual disputes about boundaries. No progress whatever was made in its settlement by the English during the first half of the eighteenth century: in 1764, the population was estimated at only 13,000, while the exports did not exceed £16,303. In this estimate, Cape Breton was included, which, together with Canada and all the islands in the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, were guaranteed to Great Britain by the treaty of Paris in 1763.

These details, for which we are indebted to Mr. Haliburton's diligence, are at least worth being rescued from utter forgetfulness. The jealousy of French encroachments, manifested by the Virginian colonists of 1618, with all New England between them and the Acadians, is not a little remarkable; especially when connected with the utter neglect of this disputed territory long after it came into the possession of the English. But what is still more

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remarkable, although upwards of two hundred years have elapsed, the respective boundaries have not yet been agreed upon. The British government have succeeded to the claims of the Acadians; the Virginian colonists are represented by the American Republic; and between the two territories, there is an equivocal district of six or seven millions of acres, which we claim as part of what is now called New Brunswick, while the American government contend that they belong to the state of Maine. Captain Basil Hall is rebuked by the Quarterly Reviewers for having, in his map, "evidently taken from an American one, copied, without correction, their boundary line," and thus thrown into the States the disputed district. The sneer at Messrs. Carey and Lea's maps, which follows, might as well have been suppressed; especially after the notable specimen of geographical accuracy exhibited by the said reviewers in reference to this same district, out of which, they allege, "we have, by some means or other, suffered ourselves to be cheated." In a former number, the subject is thus adverted to among other grounds of complaint and invective against the Americans. "In the first place, a line has been drawn, contrary, it is said, to the letter and spirit of the treaty (of Ghent), which deprives us of about ten millions of square miles of the very best land in the province of New Brunswick."² "Ten millions of square miles," exclaim the North American reviewers; "being a space a little more than three times as large as all Europe; a trifle less than all Africa; and yet, forming a corner of New Brunswick! But this writer meant ten millions of square acres, not square miles; and of this estimate we have only to say, that the real quantity is nearer six and a half millions of acres; enough in consequence, but something less than ten."³ We will not transcribe the severe but not unprovoked exposure which follows of the English reviewers' discreditable blunders and still more discreditable misrepresentations; but must refer those of our readers who wish to understand the point in dispute, to the argumentative and temperate article of the *American Journal*. The question has been referred, by common consent, to the arbitration of a friendly third Power; and we are not aware that it has as yet been decided. The fact appears to be, that the *letter* of the treaty of Ghent is in favour of the American claim; the *spirit* of the treaty sanctions that of the British; and if so, equity at least would decide the appeal in our favour. Some fifty years ago, here would have been good ground for a ten years' expensive and sanguinary war; and these seven millions of acres might have entailed on John Bull one cannot tell how many millions more of debt. But the world seems really to have grown wiser on the subject of war. Nor is it the least remarkable feature of the present times, that our great generals, those who have been educated in the army, and risen by their military achievements, are the distinguished advocates of a humane and pacific policy. And we must be pardoned for naming together on

this occasion the *Hero of Waterloo* and the "*Hero of New Orleans*," when we add, that the elevation of General Jackson to the American Presidency, bids fair, we trust, to secure, in connexion with the policy of the present Premier, the maintenance of amicable relations between the two countries.

Hitherto, notwithstanding the squabble about the seven millions of acres, the importance of these colonies seems to have been very imperfectly understood in this country. Captain Basil Hall asserts, that "the maritime resources of the United States are inconsiderable, in comparison with those furnished by the coasts of the British provinces. The American maritime line," he says, "does not embrace above one-third of the distance that ours occupies; it possesses no single port or bay, not even New York, to compare, in a naval point of view, with Halifax, and various other harbours of British North America, into which the largest line-of-battle ships can sail at all times of the year, and at all times of tide."⁴ The number of fishermen and other thorough-bred seamen who crowd the shores of the British line of coast, is also greater than of those who frequent the American coast. These maritime advantages, however, have been better known and appreciated, than the internal resources of the provinces. The importance of ports has been always understood, but not, till very lately, the value of acres. For fifty years, we have seen, Nova Scotia was entirely neglected by the British Government. It owes its rising importance as a colony, primarily to the American Revolution, at the commencement of which it became the retreat of numbers of loyalists and other emigrants from New England; and at the close of the contest, New Brunswick was appropriated to such of the disbanded German regiments as were willing to become settlers. By their steady attachment to the Mother Country, the Nova-Scotians and Canadians have deserved well of the British Government; and recent legislative measures in favour of their commerce, dictated by a sounder mercantile policy than formerly prevailed, appear to have had the desired effect of at once greatly benefiting the colonists, and attaching them more strongly to this country. We transcribe with pleasure the following paragraphs from Mr. Haliburton's chapter on Colonial Trade.

"The benefit of this extension of trade, and the soundness of the principle on which it is founded, will soon appear in the increase of the national shipping, in the impulse given to colonial enterprise, in the growing demand for British manufactures, and in more punctual remittances. It will add another proof of the fact, which the independence of the United States so clearly demonstrated; that these American provinces become better customers to Great Britain, in proportion to the means they possess of enriching themselves, and that their importations will always keep pace with the increase of the other branches of colonial trade.

"But there is another and much more im-

* Quarterly Review, No. lxxiii. p. 288.

† North American Review, No. lxi. p. 490.

* Basil Hall's Travels, Vol. i. p. 407.

portant result from this enlightened policy. It will tend to strengthen the bond of union between the mother country and her transatlantic possessions, if not from a principle of gratitude, at least from those feelings of interest, which, more or less, actuate all mankind.

"It must be obvious to every colonist, that the political dependence of his country is little more than nominal;—that he has much to hazard by any change of Government, and little to hope for;—that while he is indebted to Great Britain for the free constitution which has been so liberally granted to him, the most perfect political protection, and as much commercial freedom as he can desire, he is not called upon to bear any portion of the public burden, or to contribute in the smallest degree to the national defence.

"On a comparison of his situation with that of an inhabitant of the United States, he can discover nothing desirable, either political, civil, or religious, which he does not enjoy equally with him; while a Government more congenial to his feelings, a total exemption from taxation, a state of society more permanent and more agreeable, must convince him, that he has no inducement to become a citizen of a Republican Government."—*Haliburton*, Vol. II. pp. 388, 9.

Mr. Haliburton's first volume is wholly occupied with the history of Nova Scotia, and a chronological table of events interesting to the colony from 1763 to 1828, with an appendix of documents. In the second, we have a very complete topographical and statistical account of Nova Scotia, including its natural history, agriculture, and trade. To a person contemplating emigration to any part of our North American settlements, the work will be highly valuable. It has been the misfortune of Nova Scotia, the author remarks, to suffer alike from the representations of its enemies and of its friends. By the former, it has been stigmatised as the abode of perpetual fog and unrelenting sterility; by the latter, it has been indiscreetly eulogised as the land of the olive and the grape. It is neither. There is a great difference of soil, but it is, upon the whole, quite on a par, probably, with that of New England, while the climate is less severe. The comparative nearness to England, is a consideration of some importance. The passage to Halifax is accomplished in from fourteen to thirty days. The period, however, says Mr. Haliburton, has now arrived, when it ceases to be a matter of regret, that the unfavourable character which the country has hitherto sustained abroad, both as to its soil and climate, continues to divert the tide of emigration to other colonies.

"We do not," he says, "desire emigration. We require all the unoccupied land in Nova Scotia for the expansive growth of our own population. It is now little short of 150,000; and if it should increase at the rate exhibited during the last ten years, it will, in half a century, amount to upwards of 500,000. Under those circumstances, although there is yet ample room for emigrants, their introduction in any great numbers, if not to be regretted, is at least a matter of perfect indifference."—Vol. II. pp. 359, 60.

In this estimate, the population of New Brunswick is not included, which is stated by Malte Brun, (we know not on what authority) at 150,000 souls; producing a total of 300,000 in a country which, seventy years ago, did not contain more than 13,000, exclusive of a few Indians. Newfoundland also, so long considered as the inhospitable residence only of fishermen, has, within a few years, more than doubled its population and industry. The population was estimated in 1789, at 25,000; it is now about 75,000. "The predictions of Whitbourne and Gilbert," remarks M. Malte Brun, "have been verified, and the activity of the British nation has added another fine colony to the civilized world."

From the Monthly Review.

FOUR YEARS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By Cooper Rose, Royal Engineer. 8vo. pp. 303. London: Colburn & Bentley. 1828.

THE name of Africa is fraught with many topics of powerful interest. Its rivers have their birth in impenetrable solitudes, the principal part of its inhabited regions lies beyond deserts which daunt the spirit of adventure, or enterprise; and its vast forests, that are populous with the wildest creations of nature; its mountains, that are clothed with the gloom and mystery of ancient fable; and the whole mighty extent of the continent, embracing the remains of empires, glorious in the history of the earth,—render the name of Africa a sort of spell-word for conjuring up strange images, and those grand, but obscure shadows, which hang about the objects or countries that repel us by their magnitude or distance. Africa is neither so ancient as Asia, nor so venerable for its history, but it is wrapped far closer in obscurity; there are darker spots in its vast surface for the imagination to dwell on, and the legends and traditions accordingly which belong to this quarter of the world, are of a wilder and gloomier character than those of Asia or either of the modern continents.

From causes like these, no part of the world is more attractive to enterprising travellers, and the few who have ventured to explore its deserts have given details to their countrymen which are valuable, not merely for their scientific importance, but for the light they throw on a portion of the globe where man presents himself under a new and strange aspects, or where savage life is to be studied amid the ruins, and on the site of a once rich and far extending civilization. The work, however, before us, is not intended to lead the reader far into these dark regions of adventure. Mr. Rose comes before us neither as a *Mongo Park* nor a *Clapperton*; and he has contented himself with describing the scenes which he had an opportunity of witnessing, in short excursions into Kaffer land, taking a rapid glance at the wide stretching plains and mountains, holding a momentary intercourse with their rude inhabitants, and then returning to Cape town, and its mixed and busy population. But

the information which the writer has given respecting the portion of the continent which he visited is highly interesting. Southern Africa has many claims to our regard; it has been pointed out as an advantageous situation for large colonies of our countrymen; several missionary stations have been established there; and an intercourse has been thus commenced systematically with the natives, which may be expected to produce important consequences. The character also of the people gives them a right to attention; though savages, they exhibit in their conduct and disposition towards strangers, many parts of a hospitable nature, and a capacity capable of considerable improvement. We have heard anecdotes also of their kindness of temper, and of their affection and fidelity, which afford the strongest evidence of their openness to all those humanising impressions, among which the germ of civilization is most easily and securely cultivated. These circumstances, and many others of a similar kind with which most of our readers are probably acquainted, make an eloquent appeal to our feelings in favour of South Africa and its native inhabitants, which Mr. Rose's book,—lively, picturesque, and sensible,—is very well calculated to strengthen.

Before, however, passing to the scenes which he has drawn from the interior of the country, it may be as well to pause a moment on the character he has given of Cape Town. According to this account, the old Afrianders, or Cape-born Dutch, still retain their dislike of the new possessors of their ancient domain, while their descendants studiously endeavour to copy the manners and appearance of the English. Mr. Rose, however, disclaims the task of making any estimate as to the vice or virtue of the inhabitants of Cape Town. This he leaves, he says, to graver writers, who, he appears to think, must necessarily make "bold assertions," as well as "strange discoveries;" but we would hint to this smart and amusing writer, that such a resolution savours a little of the spirit in which the journal of a six weeks' residence in France or Italy is written, and that a traveller who is not willing to be at the pains of inquiring into the real moral condition of a people, must be a very superficial and capricious delineator of even their common habits and customs. But to give Mr. Rose more credit for penetration and veracity than we should a less ingenious writer, setting out with such an assertion, we shall name the few particulars which compose his description of the South African capital. On a Sunday, then, both English and Dutch, the Indians, the graceful, half-caste female slave, the lounging European officer, and the Malay, with his high conical hat, a turbaned handkerchief of blue or crimson, and red sash, his bare sinewy arms, straight handsome outline of countenance, and tiger eye—this motley multitude on a Sunday is gathered together in the government gardens, when they stroll along the walks, shaded by the long branches of the African oak, through which gleams of sunny light find their way, and touch with a momentary brightness the gaily coloured dresses of the passers by.

Then there are the ladies, who form so conspicuous a portion of Cape society, and who having stopped for a few weeks on their way to India, attack with all their pretty arts and devices, the invalids who come from the East to pass their year of absence; while the arrival of vessels from England, the horse races in which the steeds are ridden by Hottentot jockeys, and which collect all the rank and fashion of the colony together, and balls, and an occasional masquerade, compose the list of Cape Town amusements. But following the turn of Mr. Rose's horse from Cape Town to the Cape Flats, we enter upon scenes which, sparkling as are his sketches of society and manners, are more calculated to amuse the reader. For many miles the country was a barren waste, and the heat was such, that every thing, even the stones seemed parched. A range of mountains, the valleys of which are inhabited by several Dutch farmers, bounds this sandy plain, and about fifty miles from Cape Town, near Fransche-Hoek, a settlement of French Hugonots, is the ravine of Fransche-Hoek-Kloof, thus described by our author.

"Near the valley is a ravine called the Fransche-Hoek-Kloof,* one of the passes through the mountain barrier, that must be crossed at some point in order to penetrate into the interior of the colony. The road through it is nearly seven miles in length, ascending from the near gorge, that opens into the valley, gradually to the summit, and descending on the other side in the same manner; and in both cases running along the face of one of the steep mountains which form the boundaries of the ravine. This road is itself well worth examining, on account of the difficulty of its execution, and the immense labour bestowed upon it: many parts are cut out of the solid rock, whose high grey crags tower above it; while a parapet wall only separates the travellers from a precipice in whose shadowy depth a stream winds its way far below, through the rocky defile,—so low, that even its roar, when the torrents pour down the steep sides of the ravine, swelling the brown rush of its turbid waters, cannot be heard.

"I have been among higher mountains than those of this wild pass; but under some effects of light and shade, I know not that I ever saw a scene more gloomily impressive.

"I have ridden through it when the sun stood high in the heavens, and I looked around in vain for shelter from its tremendous power, when objects seemed to waver before the eyes in the bright and sultry stillness; and my horse, with drooping ears, and feeble step and frequent halt, slowly and painfully toiled up the steep ascent: while all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to yield to the scorching influence: when the stunted shrubs and geraniums that clothe the face of the mountain were parched, and the various proteas that shoot out from the fissures of the rocks, were twisted and wreathed into strange fan-

* "Kloof, in the country round the Cape, generally means a pass among the hills and mountains: in Albany, a deep wooded hollow, frequently the retreat of savage animals."

tastic forms, and black as from the effects of fire.

"I have ridden through it when the sun was declining, and one side of the ravine was in gloom, and threw its broad deep shadow over the hollow; and where it contracted, and the high barriers approached each other, it was strange to mark the mimic resemblance of cliff and pinnacled crags traced in cold grey shade upon the side, whose summits yet shone in the golden light of evening. It was like the dim chillness of age contrasted with the fairy colouring of youth. The only living thing I saw was of a nature to add to the stern, solitary character of the scene—a vulture, which, in turning a projection of rock, I startled from its feast; it rose slowly from the carcase, spreading its broad grey wings, and swept over me with a rushing sound, sailing up the ravine, and disappearing in the deep misty blue of the perspective.

"The valley of the Franscho-Hoek is a beautiful and cultivated amphitheatre, surrounded by mountains—not of one prevailing form, which is so common, but as various as the clouds that rest upon them: many are clothed at their bases, and half way up their sides, with richest verdure, which suddenly ceasing, gives place to high grey naked cliffs; others are wholly bare, except in their shadowy recesses, where the forest trees find shelter and nourishment.

"The valley has many windings, which, during a week's stay that I made with some friends, it was my amusement to penetrate,—into deep wooded hollows, or low grounds, in winter flooded, but in summer covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, rich bulbous plants, rare heaths, and bright geraniums, through which my horse with difficulty made his way, startling as we went the fairy sugar birds, that appear to derive their brilliant colours from the blossoms they feed on.

"Then I would trace some mountain river to its source, having in the attempt, frequently to cross the calm, cool, transparent water, and to break my way through its banks, fringed with high reeds, and shaded with bending willows. In following the course of the stream, I have been much struck with the contrasts exhibited within a distance of a few hundred yards. In one part, the banks are rich with various greens, in glowing orange and yellow tints, in light creepers, which the waters touch as they ripple by, through their leafy and blossomy covert. Go but a short mile, and the scene is changed, and all around bears the stamp of cold decay and death. The barkless trunks of the trees are of a pale grey hue, withered, sun-scorched, and lifeless—the skeletons of what they were; and the river, that every where else brings gladness and nourishment, here gloomily wanders through a scene that is beyond its power—a scene over which the fiery breath of desolation seems to have passed, and leaf, and tree, and blossom, to have fallen beneath its blasting influence."

—pp. 17–21.

The account which Mr. Rose gives of the traffic carried on by the boors and native Africans, is interesting. The wagons that come from distant inland parts of the country, are

laden with provisions, lion skins, and those of the tiger, the leopard, the wolf, red lynx, and other animals; with buffalo horns, ostrich feathers, and carpets made of the skins of the springbok. The wagons of the border traffickers contain elephants' and hippopotamus' tusks, rich fur mantles of the bechuanas and coriguas; necklaces, from which hang the teeth of the wolf and the claws of the tiger; pieces of charmed wood or clay, copper bracelets, ivory armlets, and female caps made of blue buck-skin, and beads. A part of the merchandise is, however, of a different description; javelins with iron barbs, fashioned in an ingenious manner for giving the most deadly wounds; war hatchets, with handles formed of the rhinoceros's horn; the bows and arrows of the Bushmen, than which, it is said, nothing can be more insignificant in appearance, or more deadly in the effect. The bow is about two feet six inches long, and the arrow about eighteen. The latter is a thin reed, into which is stuck a small sharp bone, but so slightly, that it may be easily forced out. This is barbed by an iron hook placed on one side, and supposed to be poisoned, which renders it a certain minister of death. The following will give some idea of the character of the natives, who leave their wilds for the European settlements:

"The missionary wagon from Kafferland, followed by its dark train of natives, who have left their own land to look upon that which the white men have taken from them; tall stately forms that gaze upon every thing with wonder in their wandering eyes, and who are brought, that an impression may be made upon their simple minds of the power of the stranger, from no uninteresting object. Shortly after my arrival, two chiefs of high rank, Duchany and his brother, reached Graham's Town with a missionary; and in coming within sight of the town, Duchany's courage failed, and he told his conductor that it was known he had some years before led an attack against it; that his name had been proclaimed by the English, and a reward offered for his apprehension; and there was some difficulty in calming his fears and making him believe that all was now forgotten. He looked down upon its straggling streets from the hill that commands it, for some time, in silence; and then observed, "that the *kraal* was now too large to be attempted."

"The chiefs, on entering the town, had rough European clothing given to them, and went about with an interpreter begging presents. Beggary is divested of its meanness when the petitioner can by no exertion of his own obtain that which he asks for: and therefore the importunity of the Kaffer amuses rather than disgusts, though it must be allowed that to satisfy him is impossible.

"I was much entertained by observing a group of them in a shop which contained, among other things, hatchets, tinder boxes, and tin and iron pots, which a friend of mine was liberally supplying them with. During a pause in their requests, the shopman said to the purchaser, 'Now, Sir, notwithstanding all they have received, were you to ask for the most trifling ornament which they wear, you

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would not get it—a Kaffer never gives; and to prove this assertion, he said to Duchany, 'The Landdrost has given you all these things, will you not give him that ear-bend in return?' but the chief did not appear to hear him: the question was repeated, and he then calmly replied, 'If the Landdrost were to ask me for it himself, I should believe he wanted it; but I have left my own country not to give, but to receive presents.'

"One of their followers, a tall young man, followed me to my house, and made it perfectly intelligible by signs, that he stood much in need of a pair of trowsers; they were given to him, and were on in a moment, the Russian duck contrasting strangely with his black skin; a pair of braces was the next want, and one not so easily supplied, but he quickly found a substitute for them in a strip that he cut from his carosse, (mantle,) which had been thrown on the floor. The young savage now surveyed himself with evident signs of satisfaction, and then looked at his former garment with contempt: he then raised it from the ground, and, as if shrinking from the touch with disgust, dropt it again, from all which it was quite clear that the carosse was a very unfit habiliment to be worn with white trowsers. There was no choice; he received an old jacket and foraging cap, and never did I make a creature so happy; he bent again and again to kiss my hand, while his wild eyes were drunk with joy.

"Many months after I met him in Kafferland, and he came bounding up to me, holding out his hand, then ran off, returned quickly with the cap, the only part of the present that remained; and made his keeping it so well a plea for another gift. It would have been difficult to prove to him that his large black mantle, varied necklace, girdle of brass wire, blue beaded anklet, and brass bracelet, formed a far more graceful costume than that which he admired.

"Sometimes, too, animals are brought down from distant parts of the interior, and pass through on their way to Cape Town; the giraffe, with its small beautifully formed head, and mild eye; the gnu, uniting the antelope, the horse, and the ox; the zebra, in whose regularly striped skin art rather than nature appears to have been at work; for all around is the region of savage animals, and many are the strange stories connected with them that would raise the incredulous brow in England: but here,

"Men talk as familiarly of roaring lions, As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,"

and parties are formed to hunt them, among the distant settlers and boors, as you make up a pic-nic."—pp. 54—59.

In one of the excursions which Mr. Rose made into Kafferland, he passed the Great Fish River, the Keiskamma, the Chilummi, the Buffalo, the Wamagus, the Acoon, the Goonovi, the Gualaka, and the Kei, which all flow into the sea. Excepting the Kei, the banks of these streams are all steep, but not high, and are shaded by the thick dark foliage of the wild fig tree and the plum tree, which are intermixed with willows, the assegai and iron-wood, the Kaffer Coffee, and abundance

of tall, light, and feathery-blossomed reeds. Flowering shrubs cover the high lands, which rise in the neighbourhood of these rivers, and vast grassy plains succeed. Kafferland, it is observed, is strikingly deficient in animals for the chase, which, it appears from Mr. Rose's account, have been nearly destroyed or driven away by the constant pursuit of the natives. The only quadrupeds which he saw were herds of cattle, but the absence of the objects which the hunters would have been glad to discover on their route, was made amends for by the variety of other interesting sights, among which their path led them. The party consisted of a Landdrost, who led the expedition, three young men, the sons of settlers, and distinguished for their activity and skill as marksmen, two Hottentot soldiers, drivers, servants, Kaffer attendants, and interpreters; sixteen riding horses, a wagon containing a tent, and whatever could minister either to the comfort or pleasure of the travellers; sixteen oxen for drawing this store carriage, and a flock of sheep. In proceeding on their journey, the horsemen generally rode some miles in advance, following their own inclinations; the Kaffer guide remained with the heavy labouring wagon, before which he strode with a free, bold pace; and after all, came the sheep, the soldiers, and servants. In the heat of the day, the party usually halted for about an hour; and at sunset, if they were so fortunate as to have reached a river, they pitched their tent, lighted their fires, and settled themselves for the night. Mr. Rose has described the situations in which they made their bivouacs, as singularly beautiful. One of them was in a green valley, by the side of a river, and which was so closely environed by the thick jungle, that it seemed to have been formed by art; shrubs of delicious smell, jasmine, mimosa, and others of the same kind, partly composed the thicket, above which the smoke of the travellers' night-fires rose with strange and picturesque effect. The tent having been pitched, the oxen were unyoked, fuel collected, the sheep put into a sort of fold, and a party having been sent out in search of water-fowl, others, in the meantime, prepared the dinner.

Nothing can be more pleasant than the descriptions which Mr. Rose has given of scenes such as this. While the travellers were busy in making preparations for their meal, a missionary wagon passed through the solitude, and they were told that the station which they had chosen was liable to be infested by hippopotami. But they passed the night without disturbance, and early in the morning crossed the river to proceed to Wesleyville, the first missionary establishment in Kafferland.

"The station is situated on a gentle hill that rises above a branch of the Chilummi, and the small white-washed cottages, perched on the green slope, have a pleasing air of quiet neatness. The scene we witnessed on our arrival was highly animated; for a number of the neighbouring tribe, hearing of our approach, had assembled; while the chief (Pato) and two of his brothers, Conguar and Kaama, were in full dress to receive us; and, in truth,

it was not a little strange to see the three figures, one habited as a quarter-master-general, another as a field officer of artillery, and the third as a lancer, standing amidst the dark and stately forms of their followers, while the comparison proved by no means favourable to military foppery.

"The situation was to me so new and amusing, that I remained among them the greater part of the day, watching the new comers, that were collecting from the kraals for miles around, as their dusky forms appeared and disappeared among the bright mimosas.

"It was strange to have got beyond the empire of gold and silver, and to find their power usurped by beads and buttons! and, still more strange, to find myself surrounded by men and women as simple and as easily pleased as laughing, happy children. Great was the curiosity of the men, with regard to our guns, and their delight at seeing the practice, when an object was placed on a distant ant-hill, and the balls threw up the dust around it; while the women were not behind hand in their vocation,—coquetry and admiration of finery. I should greatly like to know whether any people have yet been discovered so rude, that the females cannot coquet; if so, they must be many grades below the Kaffer, among whom the art,—if it is not nature,—is by no means in a low state. There are parts of their system which, wishing to leave a favourable impression of my sable friends, I will not mention; but in the use of their black eyes, the most dangerous of weapons, they have little to learn: they are proud too of the tattooing on the breast and shoulders, and exhibit this disfigurement very liberally.

"The manner in which the girls distinguished the *incoes* (chiefs) of our party was singular; they examined the wristbands of the shirt, and if they were fine and white (which last they quickly ceased to be under their handling,) the point was settled.

"Kaama, the youngest of the brother chiefs, I had seen in the Colony, where he was a general favourite, and where, from his almost polished manners, he was sometimes to be met with at civilized tables; and it was with no slight surprise that I have, on such occasions, observed him conform himself to the small proprieties of society, which he appeared to catch up instinctively. I visited his kraal, entered his hut, and was introduced to Nomguiny, his only wife; and not a little proud are the missionaries of his example, though I fear he is a wavering proselyte to the system which they wish to introduce, as he frequently talks of taking another. Nomguiny was a very good specimen of a Kaffer woman; and Kaama owned that he had no excuse for increasing his number, as he believed she was perfectly correct. His mother made her appearance, and I thought that I had never seen so hag-like a picture of misery—blear-eyed, wrinkled, with shrivelled lips, and a skin that hung loose on her long form. This wretched decrepitude was in part owing to age, but more to suffering and to torture that she had undergone when young, on being accused by the rain-makers of witchcraft.

"When I looked upon the tall and graceful

young chief, wrapped in a tiger-skin mantle,—for he had quickly thrown off his lancer uniform, and was greatly improved by the exchange,—and at his wife, with her three sparkling-eyed children playing around her; and when I heard him say, in speaking of his hut, "Kaama's house poor," I could trace that his thoughts were far away, in the house where we had last met; that he felt humbled that a stranger should compare them; and I doubted the reality of that kindness which could give to the savage a glimpse at refinement and luxuries, and then return him to his beehive hut and simple pleasures"—pp. 129—134.

Mr. Rose visited the school attached to the missionary station, in which several native children were learning to spell and read in Dutch, and their own language. He also dined with the missionary, where he met three others, and found every thing conducted with great propriety. The next morning he attended divine service, and was highly interested in hearing the natives sing hymns, set to the wild airs of the country. One of the hymns was composed by a Kaffer, of which the four first words of each verse were repeated by one bass voice, the whole congregation, both men and women, joining in the rest. There is a good deal of poetry in this specimen of Kaffer composition, and the simple but elevated language of devotion, is evidently known even in those wild regions. Translated, the hymn runs thus:

"He who is our mantle of comfort,
The giver of life, ancient on high,
He is the Creator of the heavens
And the ever-burning stars.
God is mighty in the heavens,
And whirls the stars around the sky.
We call on Him in His dwelling-place,
That He may be our mighty leader;
For He maketh the blind to see;
We adore Him as the only good;
For He alone is a sure defence;
He alone is a trusty shield;
He alone is our bush of refuge;
Even He, the giver of life on high,
Who is the Creator of the heavens."

pp. 136, 137.

The prayers were repeated partly in Dutch and partly in Kaffer, into which those in the former language were translated by a native, who acted as clerk. Mr. Rose speaks in a manner highly favourable to the missionaries, and considers that, though they have made little progress in diffusing a very enlarged idea of Christianity, they have done much towards softening or removing the most barbarous of the superstitions to which the Kaffers are addicted. One of the worst of these is the practice employed to discover and punish witches. The principal man among the natives is the rain-maker, a sort of priest, who unites to this character that of a prophet and doctor. When rain is wanted, which it often is in these sun-burnt districts, this important personage is applied to that he may petition for rain, and give tidings of its approach. Should he, however, fail in his predictions, after having received large presents from both the chief and the people, he declares that some man or woman has

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been at work to destroy his charms, and the unfortunate creature whom he names, immediately falls a sacrifice to the vengeance of the people. Whenever any one is accused of witchcraft, the rain-maker is applied to, whatever may be the subject of complaint. After certain ceremonies have been performed,—which Mr. Rose was prevented seeing, from their jealousy of strangers on these occasions,—the individual accused, who is usually some one possessing a large quantity of cattle, is fixed to the earth by a thong, which being carried round the ankles and wrists, is fastened to stakes driven into the ground for the purpose. But these savages have invented the most refined species of torture to extort confession. The man being secured as abovementioned, burning stones are placed on different parts of his body, and when these are removed, nests of the large black venomous ants are broken on the burning wounds. Confession generally follows this frightful torture, and the poor wretch is then either put to death or driven from the tribe. It is a great praise to the missionaries, that wherever they are settled these terrible practices are daily becoming less frequent.

Elephant hunting is a favourite theme with every African traveller. "Almost every country," says our author, writing to his brother, "has some source of amusement and information peculiar to itself, and this remote frontier in Africa, is by no means without them; and they are much to my taste, for I seek excitement from situations that most would shun, which you, who know me to be no sportsman, will allow, when I tell you, that I have just returned from a week's elephant shooting." Mr. Rose, and another friend, it appears, had agreed to accompany an elephant hunter, who assured them they would find sport in the dusky hills through which the Great Fish River flows—a country thickly covered with bush, and given up to the wild animals that infest it. The appearance of the hunter is well described.

"After wandering half the day amidst its lonely scenery, we heard a distant shot and saw the smoke rise, and shortly afterwards the hunter joined us, a thin, spare, bony man, formed for activity, whose sun-scorched countenance and eye of habitual watchfulness bore that expression so frequently to be traced among poachers. His manner was bold and open, as one who felt that in such situations the petty distinctions of society ceased. His quick grey eye glanced from beneath the broad rim of the boor's hat: his powder-horn hung from a black leathern buckled shoulder-belt, to which his pouch was attached: he was mounted on an active, well-formed, small horse, and followed by nine dogs of every variety of the cur and lurcher, that came limping after him, for they had suffered severely from an attack on a wild hog, a side of which hung at the hunter's saddle. From him we heard that he had neither seen elephants nor any trace of them; and after searching for some hours, and consulting with his two attendant Hottentots, we took up our bivouac on the banks of the Fish River, gave our horses to the servants, unpacked our provisions, spread our beds of sheepskin, and lighted our fires. We did full

justice to a dinner of which the flesh of the wild hog formed a principal portion, and my hungry judgment pronounced it superior to any pork I had ever tasted. There were two fires:—round one sat the hunter, a little boy whom he was training to his dangerous trade, my companion, and myself; round the other, the two Hottentot shooters, and our two attendants. Dinner was at last over, and we reclined on our sheepskins, and listened to the adventures of the hunter, to which I must despair of imparting the interest which he gave to them—for you cannot hear them as I heard them, in a wild solitude, and in the calm beauty of an African night."—pp. 209—211.

The life of the hunter had been an adventurous one. He was originally an English settler and a smuggler among the Kaffers. When the trade was permitted, he carried it on at Fort William, but lost the property which he had gained while a smuggler, and became deeply involved: He then turned elephant hunter. The first day of the excursion passed away without the appearance of any elephant, and Mr. Rose has described the manner of their spending the night with his accustomed felicity of expression. The next morning they started with their guns, and traversed a country wild and lonely in the extreme, and the only roads of which, passing through the mighty wilderness, are said to be the work of the elephant. No sound was to be heard but the solemn note of the bell-bird, which tolled at intervals "like an omen of evil," and they traversed the elephant paths swiftly and silently, their conductor occasionally encouraging them, with observing, "we shall soon be among the elephants, and then we can sit down and watch them." As they moved onward, the experience of this man was frequently manifested by his observations on the tracks which they were following. "This is three days old," said he at one time. "This is last night," at another, and so on, till their labour at length appeared to be crowned with success.

"The search was becoming hopeless, when the leader pointed to a distant hill; there was a consultation, in which it was decided that a troop of elephants was passing over it. I looked, and could see nothing. But now we went on with fresh vigour, and gained the hill opposite to that on which they were; we halted and watched; a few words passed between the hunter and Skipper, and we descended silently the ravine that divided us. Again they whispered,—marked from what point the light breeze came; and we commenced the steep ascent in a direction that the wind might come from the animals to us; for we were now so near them, that their quick scent would have discovered us. Skipper led, while we followed in Indian file, threading a narrow rocky path, which skirted one bank of a small hollow, while the huge beasts were feeding on the opposite one. The leader halted, the hunter gave my companion and myself lighted sticks, and whispered directions to fire the bush and grass, and to retreat, in the event of the animals charging. It was a strange feeling to find myself within twenty yards of creatures whose forward movement would

have been destruction; but they stood browsing on the bushes, and flapping their large ears, pictures of indolent security. We were taking our stations when we heard a shot, and then another, and of the eight elephants, seven fled. We went forward to see the effect of the shots. Skipper's had carried death with it; the elephant had fallen, but rose again. I never heard any thing like its groans; he again fell, and we went up to him; the ball had entered behind the shoulder and reached the heart."—pp. 218—220.

After this Mr. Rose was so overcome with fatigue, that he was obliged to remain half an hour behind, while the rest of the party proceeded on the pursuit of more elephants. As soon, however, as he was a little refreshed, he followed his companions, a little boy who had been left with him, being his only guide.

"In half an hour, I again took my gun, which had been changed for one that would scarcely fire, and began to ascend the hill by an elephant path;—the valley we had just left, and the side of the hill, were thickly covered with high dark bush,—on my right so close, as to prevent our seeing any object in that direction. We were slowly rising the ascent, when I heard the heavy gallop of a large animal approaching: my little companion was at some distance from me, blowing a lighted stick: 'Listen,' I said: the boy's eyes looked wild, and he fled from the sound; while I ran up the hill, not doubting that it was a rhinoceros; the heavy tramp was close to me, and I scarcely saw a large dark animal burst through the bush within a few yards of me, in the spot I had just quitted, and in the very path I was following. I did not stop; for, from the glimpse I caught, I believed it to be a rhinoceros: my young companion fired the bush, which I heard crackling, and in a few minutes came up to me. 'What a narrow escape!' he said. 'What was it?—the rhinoceros?' 'Did you not see it close to you?—it turned from the lighted bush.' It was certainly a situation of danger, for the boldest hunter dreads and shuns this savage animal, and troops of lions have been known to fly before him; yet without affecting any particular courage, I trusted rather to my heels than my gun, which, as the event turned out, was fortunate; for when I attempted afterwards to fire, it snapped three times; I do not remember that I felt much fear; nor do I believe that, under similar circumstances, fear is natural;—there is no time for it; every energy is employed in escape. In a gale at sea, on board a small coasting brig, amidst the wild winds and waves of the Cape, though there was probably not one-twentieth part of the real danger, I have felt much more, for there I was a useless being, and no exertions of my own would avail, and memory and thought had time to be busy.

"We at length gained the summit of the hill, and saw the elephants traversing the one before us, their huge backs showing high above the bush; we heard our companions fire, and saw the animals rush away; and one charging towards us: we fired the bush and grass around us, and stood in a circle of flame; we listened, but could hear nothing; and proceeded lighting the bush as we pass-

ed, and tracing the route of the elephant, and the point at which he had been checked by the fire. The effect of the shots we afterwards heard, was the death of a large female elephant, that fell with ten balls in her, each ball a death; but she stood heaving her back in agony, while her young calf went round and moved under her, covered with the blood of its mother. 'Tis savage work!'—pp. 222—224.

We cannot follow Mr. Rose any farther in the interesting narrative of this excursion, except to say, that after a toilsome and perilous journey, he and his little companion found the rest of the party, to whom they recounted their adventures, which had brought them into greater dangers than they had been aware of. We must now take leave of this agreeable and eloquent traveller. We have seldom, if ever, read a book of travels more highly interesting, or fuller of details calculated to engage the imagination. Mr. Rose, indeed, has not taken much pains to describe any thing which did not affect him either by its romantic grandeur or its beauty, but he was wandering amid scenes more calculated to warm the fancy than set reason to work, and his "Four Years in Southern Africa" will be read by every one fond of picturesque description with great delight.

From the Landscape Annual.

ST. MAURICE.

THERE is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own native land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks.

Oh, every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts, and bring around his knees

The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut to scenes like these.

Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears;

And the stern eyes that looked for blood before,
Now melting mournful lose themselves in tears. MOONK.

It will be necessary that the tourist should penetrate a considerable distance into Switzerland, before he can form a correct judgment of the varieties of Swiss scenery, and more particularly of Swiss character. The inhabitants of Geneva and Lausanne can hardly be termed Swissers, in the true sense of the word; so mixed are they with foreigners, and their habits and manners so imbued with foreign association. The character of the sturdy Swiss can scarcely be recognised among the pliant graces of more polished nations. As the traveller passes from town to town in the interior, or rambles with more humility, but with far greater pleasure, from village to hamlet, he will soon discover the marked superiority of the hardy Swiss peasant over the effeminate inhabitant of the city.

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Notwithstanding the desire of gain which so frequently induces them to quit their native hills and valleys in quest of foreign adventure, the Swiss are remarkable for attachment to their country; and after a life spent in hardship and toil, they rarely fail to return with their hard-earned gains to pass the evening of their existence in their native canton. There are few who do not die there. The secret and powerful impulse that sends them abroad to seek their fortune, never fails to reunite them at last. Even when absent from their homes for years, their earlier recollections are liable to be awakened by the most minute circumstance. In the French armies, the air of the "Rans des Vaches," sung by the Swiss cow-herds and milk-maids, was forbidden to be played; the recollections of home which the music created melting the hardy Swiss soldier to tears, and invariably producing desertion.

Pasturage is the chief produce of a Swiss farm. Early in the summer the cattle leave the valleys, and are conducted by the cowherds to the accessible parts of the mountains, while as the snow disappears, they gradually ascend, thus following the productions of nature which are continually springing to life as they proceed. Those who have the care of the cows generally account to the owners for the proceeds, or pay a certain sum for what they can make. A considerable number of swine are supported by the herds of cows, and thus form another source of profit. Scheucher describes, in his "Journey to the Alps," the different productions which the mountaineers make from the milk, which constitute their chief luxuries. The greatest harmony prevails between the cow-keeper and his herd; indeed they may be considered as one family. He conducts them from pasture to pasture, erecting his temporary habitation at each resting place, and thus they pass their lives in constant migration, until the commencement of the winter obliges them to retire into the valleys. Round the necks of the cows are attached bells, which are made to harmonise with the Rans des Vaches, the constant strain of their keepers. The bells are of different sizes, and the merit of each individual cow is distinguished by the size and tone of her bell; indeed it is affirmed, that if by any accident the most meritorious cow (she who bears the bell) has forfeited her rank, and the insignia are transferred to another, all the jealous and angry feelings are exhibited, which a deprivation of honours might be expected to occasion among mankind. In the Pays de Vaud, however, no herds of cattle are seen grazing, and thus one picturesque feature in the country is lost. The farmers of that district know better than to allow them to ramble over their rich pastures, destroying as much as they consume; but keep them in sheds, and supply them with food cut for them without waste.

The road to St. Maurice, after leaving the lake of Geneva, continues along the banks of the Rhone, whose majestic waters glide rapidly along in their course to the lake, shaded by the exuberant foliage of beech and walnut trees, and rendered picturesque by masses of rocks which rise from its banks. The town is ap-

proached by a magnificent stone bridge, which crosses the Rhone where it is very deep and rapid. It is two hundred feet long, and consists of a single arch, having on each side for its foundation an immense rock, which rises on the banks of the river, forming gigantic abutments, known by the familiar name of the Dent de Morcles, and the Dent du Midi. This bridge, independently of its situation, boasts the ancient and honourable distinction of having Julius Cæsar for its founder. At one end is a tower which is now a chapel, and at the other is an ancient castle, through which the road has been made to St. Maurice.

The town of St. Maurice is singularly wild and beautiful. It is situated at the base of a line of rocks, many of which are formed into complete habitations, and almost always form part of the houses of the inhabitants. At a short distance from the town is a spot rendered interesting by tradition as the scene of the massacre of six thousand soldiers, called the Theban legion, by order of Maximian, for their stubborn adherence to the Christian faith.

The abbey of St. Maurice, which yet exists, was founded in commemoration of the supposed event, by Sigismund King of Burgundy, as a catholic atonement for the crimes of fratricide, and the murder of half his family.

Near St. Maurice is the celebrated valley of Chamouni, which, with Mont Blanc and its glaciers, and the still more wonderful Mer de Glace, are the most surprising natural curiosities ever witnessed in this or in any other country.

This extraordinary valley, strange as it may appear, was wholly unknown to the inhabitants of the country till the year 1741, when it was discovered by two adventurous English travellers, who explored the valley, ascended the Montanvert to the Mer de Glace, penetrating those recesses where the human voice was never before heard, and treading the paths before unvisited, except by the chamois and by the goat of the rocks. It was a singular instance of enterprise, and it deserves to be recorded, that although within eighteen leagues of the city of Geneva, it was reserved for the adventure and courage of Englishmen to disclose to the world the hidden wonders of the Alps. An immense block of granite on the Montanvert, on which the adventurous travellers dined, is called, to this day, "*la pierre des Anglais*." Mons. de Saussure some years afterwards visited the valley, and was the first to ascend the Mont Blanc. His great work on the Alps rendered the country so famous that thousands of travellers flocked from all countries to see this hitherto unknown and wonderful territory; and it is now become a regular summer lounge for half the idle tourists of Europe.

The valley of Chamouni is about a mile wide. The base of Mont Blanc forms its southern wall, and Mont Breven, followed by a long chain of hills, is on the opposite side.

The first view on entering the valley is unique and wonderful. The monarch of mountains on the one side, raising his majestic head, and overlooking the world, whose successive ages and changes he has quietly witnessed; the gloomy forests that clothe the base, part-

ly borne down and intersected by immense glaciers, which slowly but irresistibly force their way from the accumulated pressure of snow, and seem, like a skirting drapery to the mountain, of dazzling whiteness; the bursting torrents which force their way through immense fragments of other worlds; and the contrast which these sublime monuments afford to the beautiful and verdant clothing of the smiling valley are all justly calculated to inspire the mind with the most vivid and lofty conception of the works of that great Architect, in comparison with which all efforts of human skill betray their feeble origin and sink into insignificance. The tourist who would wish to view Mont Blanc in all its grandeur, must ascend Mont Bremen on the opposite side. He will then, standing at about half the elevation of Mont Blanc, be fully impressed with the magnitude of the greatest mountain in Europe. By looking upwards from the valley it scarcely seems higher than its compeers, but from Mont Bremen its superiority becomes awfully conspicuous.

The ascent of Mont Bremen is not considered either difficult or dangerous with the assistance of judicious guides, whose directions it is necessary to follow implicitly: a terrible instance which followed the contempt of their advice occurred some years since. A Danish traveller named Eschur ventured heedlessly over the glacier of Druset, and always kept in advance of his guides, vainly supposing that his ideas were equal to their experience. Having preceded them on one occasion more than two hundred yards, to their horror he suddenly disappeared from their sight. The nature of the calamity was too well surmised to require explanation. He had slipped and fallen into one of the numerous chasms which intersect these vast seas of frozen snow. His companion and the guide hastened back for assistance, and on the same evening four men undertook the search for his body. It was at last found at the bottom of a chasm nearly two hundred feet deep. The unfortunate young man must have died instantly. He was lying with his arms over his head, as though for protection, but not a bone in his body was unbroken. There is a monument erected near Lavey to record his melancholy fate.

To visit the Mer de Glace it is necessary to make the ascent of Montanvert, which will amply repay the traveller for his pains. The first object in the ascent that requires notice is the little fountain called le Caillet, from which elevation the view is imposing beyond description. The noisy torrent of the Arve that foams along in the plain beneath looks like the smallest rivulet, and every thing which before appeared stupendous is now dwindled into miniature insignificance, except the mighty mountain, whose grandeur no height that man is able to attain can diminish. The path then becomes more difficult as far as the hôpital de Blair, built by an English gentleman of that name, when the Mer de Glace presents itself. The appearance of this vast mass of ice is so wonderful, that the only idea which at all does justice to it is that of a celebrated traveller, who describes it as a tempestuous ocean whose towering waves have been suddenly rendered

motionless by an all-powerful hand, and converted into solid masses of crystal.

To descend to the margin of this frozen sea there is a path bordered by rhododendrons, which has been constructed for the purpose. The waves, which appear comparatively small from Montanvert, on a nearer inspection are found to be about twenty feet high, and in walking on the surface care must be taken of the chasms which every where present themselves, ready to engulf the unwary traveller. The effect, however, is lost on a near approach, and appears best from a distance, where the whole expanse can be viewed.

Among the various candidates for fame by an ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, the most celebrated is Mons. Saussure, whose object was as much for the advancement of science as for any personal gratification. The narrative of his ascent is interesting, as well as those of many adventurers since that time; but the view which is eagerly anticipated from the summit, after the labour and toil of the journey, is generally hidden from the disappointed traveller by the thick clouds which usually form the monarch's crown. Among the mountains which present the grandest *coup d'œil*, and which yield the greatest recompense to those who have the strength to attain their summit, is Mount Ventoux. This is one of the highest mountains in Europe, and having but few rivals near it of sufficient height to intercept the view, it commands a more extensive prospect than either the Alps or Pyrenees. From its summit may be described the whole south of France, at least as far as the eye can reach, the waters of the Mediterranean, and the vast chain of Alps, which forms the barrier between Italy and the rest of Europe. From the number of narratives of the various ascents we give the following, as much on account of its curiosity and the beauty of its description, as from the interest excited by the narrator himself. It is written by the celebrated Petrarch in a letter to his friend, Father Dennis.

"We went (Petrarch and his brother Gerard) from Avignon to Malverne, which is at the foot of the mountain on the north side, where we slept at night and refreshed ourselves the whole of the next day. The day after my brother and myself, followed by two domestics, began to ascend the mountain with much trouble and fatigue, though the weather was mild and the day very fine. We had agility, strength, and courage; but this mass of rocks is of a steepness almost inaccessible. Towards the middle of the mountain we found an old shepherd, who did all he could to divert us from our project. 'It is about fifty years ago,' said he, 'that I had the same humour with yourselves. I climbed, with infinite labour, to the top of the mountain; and what did I get by it?—My body and clothes torn to pieces by rocks and briars, much fatigue and repentance, with a firm resolution never to go thither again. Since that time I have not heard it said any one has been guilty of the same folly.'

"Young people are not to be talked out of their schemes. The more the shepherd exaggerated the difficulties of the enterprise, the greater the desire we felt to conquer them. When he saw that what he said had no effect,

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he showed us a steep path along the rocks. 'That is the way you must go,' said he.

After leaving our superfluous clothes, and all that could embarrass us, we began to climb with inconceivable ardour. Our efforts, which is not uncommon, were followed with extreme weakness; we found a rock on which we rested some time; after which we resumed our march, but it was not with the same agility; mine slackened very much. While my brother took a very steep path, which appeared to lead to the top, I took another which was more upon the acclivity. 'Where are you going?' cried my brother with all his might: 'that is not the way: follow me.'—'Let me alone,' said I; 'I prefer the path that is longest and easiest.' This was an excuse for my weakness. I wandered for some time; at last shame took hold of me, and I rejoined my brother, who had seated himself to wait for me. We marched one before another for some time, but I became weary again, and sought an easier path; and at last, overwhelmed with shame and fatigue, I stopped again to take breath. Then abandoning myself to reflection, I compared the state of my soul, which aims to gain heaven, but walks not in the way to it, to that of my body, which had so much difficulty in attaining the top of Mount Ventoux, notwithstanding the curiosity which caused me to attempt it. This reflection inspired me with more strength and courage.

"Mount Ventoux, is divided into several hills, which rise one above the other; on the top of the highest is a little plain, where we seated ourselves on our arrival.

"Struck with the clearness of the air and the immense space I had before my eyes, I remained for some time motionless and astonished. At last waking from my reverie, my eyes were insensibly directed towards that fine country, to which my inclination always drew me. I saw those mountains covered with snow where the proud enemy of the Romans opened himself a passage with vinegar, if we believe the voice of Fame. Though they are at a great distance from Mount Ventoux, they seem so near that one might touch them. I felt instantly a vehement desire to behold again this dear country, which I saw rather with the eyes of the soul than those of the body: some sighs escaped me which I could not prevent, and I reproached myself with a weakness which I could have justified by many great examples.

"The sun was going to rest, and I perceived that it would soon be time to descend the mountain. I then turned towards the west, where I sought in vain that long chain of mountains that separates France from Spain. Nothing that I know of hid them from my sight; but nature has not given us organs capable of that extensive view. To the right I discovered the mountain of the Lyonnaise, and to the left the surges of the Mediterranean, which bathe Marseilles on one side, and on the other dash themselves in pieces against the rocky shore. I saw them very distinctly, though at the distance of several days' journey. The Rhone glided under my eyes, the clouds were at my feet. Never was there a more extensive, variegated, and enchanting Museum.—VOL. XVI.

prospect! What I saw rendered me less incredulous of the accounts of Olympus and Mount Athos, which they assert to be higher than the regions of the clouds, from whence descend the showers of rain.

"After having satisfied my eyes for some time with the delightful objects which elevated my mind and inspired me with pious reflection, I took the book of 'St. Augustine's Confessions,' which I had from you, and which I always carry about me. It is dear to me from its own value; and the hands from which I received it render it dearer still. On opening it I accidentally fell on this passage in the tenth book:—'Men go far to observe the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginning and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean, but they neglect themselves.'

"I take God and my brother to witness that what I say is true! I was struck with the singularity of an accident, the application of which it was so easy for me to make.

"In the midst of contemplation I had got, without perceiving, to the bottom of the mountain with the same safety, though with less fatigue, than I went up. A fine clear moon favoured our return. While they were preparing our supper, I shut myself up in a corner of the house to give you this account, and the reflections it produced in my mind. You are my father, and I hide nothing from you. I wish I was always able to tell you not only what I do but what I think. Pray to God that my thoughts, now, alas! vain and wandering, may be immovably fixed on the only true and solid good!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.*

"There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire late he,
'And now,' he said, 'to you I'll tell
A dismal thing which once befel
To a ship upon the sea.'"

THE Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D. and F. R. S., an eminent clergyman of Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book, entitled "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," in which he has exhibited, not only his own, but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been in the language of that period, exposed to "war from the invisible world," during which the inhabitants were afflicted with demons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country, and sometimes another; and the object of the learned and Reverend Doctor's book, is to authenticate the very tragical instances in which they infested the houses and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. "Flashy people," says he, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country, where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, know them

* Dr. Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*.

to be true,—nothing but the absurd and forward spirit of eaducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing, that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena." And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England, during the time of Dr. Mather. We have accounts of trials conducted with all the forms and implements of jurisprudence, in which many persons were convicted of holding communication with demons; and we have, what is still more remarkable, voluntary confessions of parties, acknowledging themselves in league with the devil. So far, therefore, as the records and archives of courts of law can verify the truth of any investigation, we must believe that many of the things which Dr. Mather has set forth, are not only true as historical events, but also naturally incident, however rarely, to the condition and fortunes of men. It is not for us, however, to argue this matter, but many of the Doctor's stories are really striking; reviewing them merely as connexions of fancy, and some of the phenomena which he describes, and boasts of having witnesses to confirm, have in different ages been seen in similar forms, and in countries far remote from New England. The prodigy of the Cross which Constantine and his army beheld in the air, is of this description; and the apocalypse vouchsafed to Godfrey, in the Crusade, is of the same character. Dr. Mather describes noises and hurlings heard in the air, a short time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disquisition concerning these omens and auguries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only premising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related.

A ship called "Noah's Dove," was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for "Old England," when a young man accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for himself and her, as passengers. No one in Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this handsome couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town; but until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the prestigious appearances of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons intending to revisit their friends in the old country, took passages also in the Noah's Dove; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their two questionable fellow-passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Sa-

lem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel, from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last, the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen in Salem; and, moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharves, to see their relations embark,—all were sorrowful, and many in tears. At last, the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, alighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight, was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relations, to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fated vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment, (the ship being cast loose from her moorings,) made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress, until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective homes; and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening, was saddened with presentiments and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wrack of clouds that careered in the heavens, was scarcely less tumultuous than the waves of the angry ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and three nights, the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary, it seemed to increase; for although it was then midsummer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire, and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of the Noah's Dove. Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be within the sweep and phrenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their distraction.

The sun, on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendour—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows, from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt, convinced the pious citizens of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would pre-

went them with any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry, accompanied by a bustling movement, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of a rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she came distinctly in sight, for any wind which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel; insomuch, that an old grey-headed sailor among the spectators, declared that it was impossible she could work into the harbour that night. But, to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yards squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the Noah's Dove.

By this time twilight was much faded, but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her, and upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question, for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been there in the blaze of noon-day, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebbin, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behoved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm, which he himself began, repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

Whilst the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air; the ship at the same time came straight on into the harbour, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something diabolical and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent. The stranger young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, riven by the lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

"Count me not," says the Rev. Dr. Mather, at the conclusion of his narration, "struck with the Luvian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestable proofs."

NANTUCKET.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. DICKSON'S NARRATIVE.

MEXICAN BANDITTI.

[Our readers will recollect in the newspapers, about a twelvemonth ago, the account of an attack made upon a party of travellers proceeding from Mexico to the coast, in which all but one were destroyed by banditti, the survivor, Mr. Dickson, having miraculously escaped with numerous wounds: the following is that gentleman's narrative of his preservation.]

The carriage rolled on through a shaded ravine, on our journey to the coast. All my companions had gradually dropped asleep; I, too, was dozing and waking at intervals. I have some confused recollection of being asleep and dreaming; whatever it was, my eyes were closed in perfect forgetfulness. Suddenly, the discharge of fire-arms in front aroused me. The holster pistols were lying on the cushion at my side; I grasped them instinctively, and sprang from my seat.

One, two, three, half a dozen horsemen, armed and masked, were in a moment round the carriage.

"*Alto! co-jos!*" they vociferated; "surrender, surrender, ye dogs!" "Ha!" cried I, levelling my pistol, and in an instant the foremost of the band staggered forward and fell; his horse bounded past the carriage with an empty saddle. "N—, there goes one!" I exclaimed, "now for the other;" and ere the words parted from my lips a second of the brigands shared his fate.

I saw them for a moment cowering on their saddles—in the next, a second discharge took place, and two more fell on N—'s side. The smoke filled the carriage. I disengaged another pistol from the sash pocket, for we were well prepared—not a word was spoken—a moment of intense interest succeeded, it was but a moment,—when, dashing wildly on, came a whole troop of horsemen, masked and armed, filling the air with horrid yells and imprecations.

"Now!—now, N—!" cried I hoarsely, "we shall have it; but they shall buy us dearly."

"For God's sake, Santiago, fire not," shrieked R—; "we are lost men;" and in the instant came a crashing volley from their carbines, dashing the pannels of the carriage to pieces, and the shouts and tramp of horses, and forms half seen, came rushing upon us.

Again and again were seen the straggling flashes in front, in rear, on every side of our devoted carriage. The air resounded with the

yells, and groans, and shouts of the brigands that encircled us, even as their forms gleamed amid the smoke. Curses were heard, loud and furious, as a comrade fell by our fire. Enveloped in the smoke, unable to see, and half suffocated, I stood with one knee resting on the cushion, my carbine in my hand. All at once there was a hush; not a sound was heard, till the current of air sweeping through the carriage wafted away the smoke which filled it, and displayed their lances and sabres glistening in the sun.

Oh that moment!—I feel it even now: the blood rushed to my heart, retreated, then closed with icy coldness in my veins—my carbine dropped—I raised it again in indecision. I glanced around me—my eye fell on N—; I started in horror and surprise, for the blood was issuing copiously from a wound in his head.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, my carbine falling from my hand. "N—!"—but he spoke not; he seemed dead; and the warm blood was streaming from his countenance: he had fallen back on the seat—he almost seemed smiling—poor fellow! he was quite dead.

I tore my cravat from my neck,—it was the work of a moment—and I tried to staunch the wound in his head. I thought I had succeeded—alas! again the blood came oozing, and gushing through the bandage with increased vehemence. I became very sick and faint, and as I turned in anguish from my friend, I staggered and fell backward—my heart felt icy cold.

"Picaro, *co-jo!*" cried one of the bandits, making a thrust at me through the window with his sabre; "your arms, *co-jo!*"

Mechanically I raised my carbine and handed it to him, for I felt incapable of defence. As I lifted up my arm to give it him, something pressed against my side. I heard the discharge of fire-arms, and a sudden blow against my breast, which sent me bounding up against the roof of the carriage. I staggered on one side, fell against the corner of the cushion, and writhed for a moment in horrid pain.

I then thought I was shot, and imagined that the brigands seeing me still standing up in the carriage would fire again. I had presence of mind left to fall down among the bodies of my companions, where I lay for the time nearly suffocated with shortness of breath and dreadful thrilling pain.

The order to form was now given, and the whole of the robbers came round the carriage in silence: the curtains of the windows were drawn, and the mules moved on: they did so for a few paces, but the road becoming very stony, the carriage paused, unable to proceed. The brigands, finding that the mules were not capable of drawing it over the stones, dismounted, and some of them applying their shoulders to the wheels, tried to proceed: the others got infuriated by the delay, and commenced abusing the positions.

I heard one of them, named Juan, reply in a dogged manner. "Cut him down," cried one; "*Abajo con el co-jo,*" vociferated another; then instantly came the clashing of swords, and the groan of some one wounded.

I saw nothing of it, for I was lying bleeding at the bottom of the carriage, and the curtains were close.

They at length succeeded in extricating the carriage from the stony ground—and away it rolled towards the forest hard by without farther interruption.

I had been hurt in the breast, and the pain seemed concentrated in one part, so that, had I not heard the report of fire-arms, I should have imagined it only a stunning blow from some blunt instrument.

I was completely breathless for a few minutes, so much so, that I panted dreadfully for respiration; however, as the carriage proceeded, my breathing began to feel somewhat alleviated, and the pain became gradually less acute. I now for the first time considered the dangerous position in which I was, and felt an inclination to look cautiously around me.

I glanced upwards at the countenance of poor N—, he was quite dead, and had fallen a little out of his former position, from the motion of the carriage. I turned away my gaze in horror and sorrow to Juan R—; he was breathing heavily, the blood was issuing from seven or eight places of his body, his eyes were quite shut. I remained looking at him in a fixed stare, till soon his breathing became almost imperceptible; his eyes slightly opened, and then he breathed no more. The bottom of the carriage was swimming in blood; my hands and knees were amongst it. My wound was bleeding fast, and in order to staunch it I pressed in part of my dress; in doing so I made a slight movement of my person; in that instant the females with us, who appeared to be unwounded, perceiving it, whispered me for God's sake to keep motionless. I remained so for a moment, listening to their ejaculations of "Ave Maria! audi nos peccador que soy yo.—Senora Guadalupe de nuestros pecados," and running over their paternosters. Then, for the first time, I thought of religion, and I too tried to pray. The words of olden time passed from my lips hurriedly, but my heart was not with them, even as I strove to pray. I found myself beginning over and over again, till I gave it up in despair:—again I resumed—I tried to repeat the Lord's Prayer—the first few words issued from my lips—and then a sudden motion of the carriage sent a thrilling sensation of pain through my body. I stopped instantly in feelings of horror and desperation. "Oh! I cannot, will not, dare not die," groaned I to myself; "impossible! I cannot die!" And then I thought of every mode of escape which I could possibly have a chance of. I thought of all the banditti scenes that I had ever read, but none seemed like this, and I gave up my hope of escape in despair. I even recollected that Gil Blas had joined the banditti he met with, and that I might do so too with these. "But will they spare my life after killing so many of them?—No! but why should they know that you killed them?" and I then thought, or it occurred to me, that if I hid the pistols I had fired they could not distinguish who fired. Full of that idea I slowly raised my arm and grasped the pistols which were lying on the cushion and thrust them one by one among the dead bo-

dies. Again I thought of offering to enlist in their band, but then it occurred to me that being wounded I could be of little service to them, and they too might think so and kill me;—but if they did consent to spare my life on condition of becoming a member of their band, I could retire with them to their haunt in the woods, and, at some future time, contrive to make my escape from them. At that instant I recollected a deep ravine, shaded over by pines, near Rio Frio, and I thought the present banditti might have a cavern in such a place as that, for it had been pointed out to me as the haunt of Gomez's band. I had nearly brought my mind to the resolution of offering my services to enlist amongst them, when a pause in the motion of the carriage took place, and all the preceding scene passed hurriedly through my mind and half defined. The curtains of the carriage were drawn, and a stern voice cried loudly, "Are they all dead?"

"*Si Señor,*" replied the lady, trembling and weeping, "*Si Señor, son todos muertos.* Oh! have mercy, good caballero, and spare our lives!" The curtains were hastily drawn, and the same stern voice commanded them to hasten their pace.

At the instant that the curtains were opened, and I heard the harsh voice inquiring after our death, I felt a cold thrilling sensation spreading slowly but strangely over my body—it came and retreated, leaving, as it passed away, an undefinable feeling of fear and horror and anguish. I trembled like an aspen leaf, for I thought the sword already thrust through my back, and plunged repeatedly into my body, with the demoniacal expression of revenge the robber used, as he looked in amongst us the victims of his rapine.

It was then I felt a fear stealing over me that any hope of admittance to their band would be futile—that they thirsted too eagerly for our blood to spare us; for many of their comrades had fallen. I thought with horror what might be now the fate of the defenceless females; but it was but a passing thought, for selfishness had seized upon me with an iron grasp, and again I tried to cherish a hope of escape. I saw none; and then I felt shame burning within me that I should have for a moment yielded, through base cowardice, to the ignoble idea of saving my life on such terms as mingling with a horde of desperadoes and villains.

But yet the thought of death!—"twas very bitter to die unprepared." I clenched my teeth together in my agony, and felt I would not die. Oh! those dreadful moments—wild, horrid moments!

I tried again to pray, "God have mercy on my soul! Christ Jesus have mercy!"—"twas useless; even as I strove with myself bitterly, I knew my thoughts were not with the expression of prayer I offered up to the Almighty; the words fell like the barbed arrow on the shield of adamant; they touched not my heart, for 'twas busy with my wounds and the anguish of my body. How often I strove eagerly to repent, to offer up my fervent prayer, alas, I know not; but many a moment flew away till I resigned it in horror and de-

spair. Alas, my heart felt cold, and fearful, and desperate. After a time I tried again to think of the danger that surrounded me. "We might be met and rescued; but then, too, the brigands were numerous and well armed. Oh! how ardently I listened for some sound of hope, of rescue; but none appeared. Away we were rolling fast into the forest, and all was gloomy silence save the ominous tramp of the robbers' steeds. "Is there no hope of escape? None! Would to God I had never travelled—that I had never left my native country!" groaned I to myself. "To die thus—to be butchered in cold blood—to have the dagger pointed to my heart—to feel it slowly pressing into it, till at once it burst, and I die horribly—O God! O God! Would that I had died fighting—shot like poor N—. Is there no hope of escape?—alas! none. I would care not, had I but vantage ground and arms, and power to use them, twenty to one. I should at least then die fighting—but to die thus; dreadful! horrid!" and I groaned deeply in anguish and pain.

Farther and farther we rolled into the woods, and I even heard the howling of the blast through the forest, and among the pine-trees. I was perfectly myself. There I lay, the warm blood oozing from my side at every motion of the carriage.

"Yes!" thought I, a sudden idea striking me, "There is one chance yet left me. I must feign myself dead. They may suppose me killed like the others; and after they are gone, I may crawl away for assistance." Grasping at the instant thought, I seized convulsively the cravat still wet with N—'s blood, and steeped it in the gory pool which swam on the bottom of the carriage. I raised and rubbed my face and hands with it.

The blood came gushing from my side with the fresh exertion I had made. I held both my hands close to it, and catching the blood in the hollow of my hand, bathed my face and hair in it. I then paused in a mingled feeling of horror at what I had done—disgust, sickening, and wild at the blood—and joy that I had some hope of escape. Convinced that I had now sufficiently disguised myself, and that the robbers would certainly conclude me dead, I remained motionless, except when trying to staunch the wound by pushing against it part of my dress. In this I nearly succeeded, for afterwards I felt but a few drops trickling away at intervals. I awaited with anxious expectation the moment which was to decide my fate. At last I heard the cry to halt, and then came the heavy tramp of numerous feet as the thieves alighted.

"Place the videttes," cried one loudly; "see if the Captain is returning, and the rest of you form quickly round the carriage to pillage the bodies and equipage." "Now!" thought I, "courage and presence of mind for a moment, and all will be safe." They came in silence to the carriage door, and while it turned on its hinges I fell back as if motionless. I was caught by some one; his hand was thrust and twined among my hair, which was long and in ringlets; he paused for a moment. I remained still and without motion, as if I had been actually dead. It was a hor-

rid suffocating effort; for he grasped my hair with one hand, while perhaps with the other he was ready to plunge his dagger to my heart, if I betrayed the least sign of life.

He seemed on the instant satisfied with his scrutiny, for he raised my body up and commenced searching for doubloons and money. He found a few pieces on my dress, and then searched with his hand round my waist for the belt where travellers generally conceal their treasures. I now found an opportunity for breathing, but so slowly and imperceptibly, that the brigand remained in ignorance. Finding no belt as he had expected, he muttered an imprecation, and with his open hand struck me a severe blow on the face; then grasping me by the limbs, he lifted me up and threw me with violence out of the carriage on the grass.

I fell with a severe blow on my head; but instantly mindful of my stratagem, composed my limbs as if they had lost all power of motion. The brigands came round me as I fell. "*Es un Ingles, co—jo!*" said one, triumphantly, as he turned me over with his foot. "*Un Ingles?*" cried the other inquiringly; "*Mal-dito herege!*"—he seems quite dead—"twill teach him to fire again," observed some of the others, laughing.

As these words were spoken, the bodies of my comrades were heaved out of the carriage, and fell with a severe blow and concussion upon my breast; that of Rodriguez was placed by the fall across my breast, and I lay almost covered by them, while the blood ran streaming from their wounds over my dress and breast.

I now heard the cutting of ropes and traces, the tumbling on the ground of the equipage, as it was cut loose and thrown from the carriage.

"Where is the black box?" cried the same stern voice which before had inquired whether we were dead, when the curtains were drawn on the journey.

"Which?" asked one of the brigands. "A small wooden case, which ought to be somewhere in the carriage, and which contains jewellery and silver." They found it after some search, and by their expressions they seemed to deliver it to one who, vaulting on his horse, galloped off with it into the forest.

"*No podemos romper este co—jo de cajon!*" cried one; "I cannot break the box open—who has got a *machete*?"—"Agui hay," said another, riding forward past us. So they commenced breaking open the trunks with their cleavers, and in a few moments, dress, linen, and camp-beds, &c. were strewed around.

I was still perfectly myself, and now had an opportunity of reconnoitring cautiously. I gazed around me. I started involuntarily on observing the great number of the brigands. Some fifteen or twenty were breaking up the equipage, and narrowly scrutinizing every package. I saw one of them seize a fine double portmanteau of mine, and most unceremoniously hack away at the Bramah lock with his *machete*. He succeeded in making a passage into it through the thick leather; then, grasping at the glittering Mexican dresses, threw them, after examination, upon the ground; while others immediately picked them up; some taking one thing, some another. He

next found some rare specimens of gold, which I had procured at the mines; these he threw away, after once slightly looking at them. He pursued his search: at last he reached the bottom of the second partition, and found but a few dollars. No words can express his rage, or the imprecations of disappointment he made use of, when he found only a small quantity of them; he turned rapidly away to the carriage, lifting up the seat, and examining every part for gold. Some twenty men were lying on the grass, with the lassos of their horses near them, pistols stuck in their belts, and their swords drawn and attached to their wrists by a black thong of leather. Many were stationed in groups on horseback, under the shade of the pine-trees.

In one hollow glade, where a few straggling trees stood forward, on the open space stood about a dozen horses, with the dead bodies of such of the brigands as had fallen, slung over them.

There were four men pacing with drawn swords before two trees, to which they had tied the females, with their faces from the scene of pillage; while some seven or eight were tying up the two young postillions to the wheels of the carriage. Most of them wore masks, though some had taken them off. All seemed to have artificial beards; indeed, their appearance was most stern and ferocious. They at length ceased to pillage, but seemed little contented with the booty they had obtained; seemingly, from the expressions they dropped, they had expected more. Several of the horsemen came riding in from a short distance, and cried out aloud, "Did any one hear the commandant say whether we were to await him here, or disperse to the haunt?"

"No!" cried one, quite close to me, and who seemed to be overlooking the baggage; "we must remain here till his return; he cannot be long now."

"Where is he carrying his brother?" asked he who had spoken first; "was he much wounded?"

"Shot in the forehead—dead by this time—long ago. He went to the nearest hacienda, to see if he could procure assistance; he cannot be long coming now."

"*Ojala!* would he were; this *mal-dito* firing will inevitably bring out the troops from Aca-jete; we shall have the soldiers upon us."

Every thing now resumed its former silence, and I heard nothing but the tramp of the sentinels and the whispering of the brigands. I had closed my eyes when the robbers came near me; but at the instant that I heard their step retiring a little farther off, I again tried to reconnoitre. I looked towards the deep glade where I had seen the dead bodies slung across the horses; and when I perceived the number, I was for a moment surprised to find so many dead, for scarcely as many shot had been fired by our party in the conflict. It seemed to me that they must have wounded each other in the *melée*, and I felt quite delighted for the moment in the idea, and gazed upon them with warm spirit and feeling of revenge. As I looked upon the brigands awaiting in silence the return of their chief, I thought how easy it might be to surprise them and

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take them prisoners. "And then, too," I said to myself, "I would not spare their lives—no, not one." My reverie was interrupted by the rapid riding-in of one of the videttes, who cried, "To horse! to horse! The troops of Acajeate are out and scouring the forest; we must be gone!"

Oh! how eagerly I listened for the moment of their obeying the mandate; and a sudden joy thrilled through me when I heard them vaulting into their saddles on the moment; but they did not otherwise move. "We must wait the Commandant; he will be here soon," cried several voices near me.

"*Bien!*" replied the new comer; "have you pillaged every thing? And what shall we do with these dead bodies?"

"Let them remain there—*que son.*"

"'Tis strange," said one, "that we have found so much less gold on the Ingleses than we expected; they must have it concealed somewhere yet, I think."

"You had better look and see," observed a few of the band, laughing; "you will get little now from them; but remember, fair play—we go shares." One or two of them dismounted. I immediately closed my eyes, and with a palpitating heart, awaited their approach.

"We will make sure that they have nothing about them," said they, lifting up the bodies of N—— and Rodriguez; "let us strip them." They soon performed the office, and I lay trembling, momentarily expecting them to commence with me. I feared now they would discover that I was alive; for my breath was more hurried and short than at first, so that I scarcely hoped to restrain my breathing. One of them, in a few minutes, laid his hands upon me, and tried to pull off my military jacket; but I had got so faint from loss of blood that, as I had feared, I could not refrain from breathing. The brigand, instantly perceiving it, started up with an exclamation of surprise.

Finding by his cry that I was discovered, I now opened my eyes, and saw a wild looking being, with black beard and mustachios, bending over me. "Hola!" cried he, while a fiendish smile gleamed on his countenance, "here is one of the *co-jos* alive yet."

"*Diablo!*" cried the others, starting, and approaching me hurriedly—gazing at me with eyes in which exultation and rage were blended.

I said not a word, but lay quietly expecting instant annihilation. I had become so desperate and hopeless now that I cared little for death; at the same time I knew it a needless effort to ask for quarter.

"Curse the heretick!" said one of them, furiously making a thrust at me with his lance. I started aside to the utmost stretch of my power, and the weapon sunk into the earth at my side.

"*Hombre! hombre!*" cried one; "*no la matas, el pobre!* Do not kill the poor fellow!"

"*Maldito herge!*" exclaimed another; "let us kill him; we have lost too many of our brave comrades through their maldito firing."

"No! *hombre, dejalo;* leave him—'twill be less scandalous; we have killed enough to make the place too hot for us; *dejalo, sera menos escandaloso!*"

The latter exhortation seemed to have some influence with the band, and I almost began to think my life would indeed be spared, when the swift tramp of a galloping horse attracted their attention, and they left me for a moment; while instantly came up the Commandant, whom the banditti were expecting.

"Hola!" cried he, as he rode up; "*vamonos pronto!* quick! let us go; that cursed firing has brought the soldiers out."

"Here is one of the Ingleses alive yet," said one of the band; "what shall we do with him?"

Oh! that moment! how my heart palpitated, as I turned my eyes from one brigand to another to discern some traces of a merciful feeling; but I met along the ferocious glances which seemed each a dagger pointed to my heart. "Alive!" repeated the captain in surprise, and dismounting from his horse; "who is he?"—"*No sabemos.*"

I saw him approaching—he drew his botaknife from his deer-skin boot—he paused for a moment as he passed the female attendant who was tied to one of the trees, and asked her fiercely, "if I was one that fired?"—"Si, Senor!—yes, Sir," cried she, terrified, and quailing under the glance of the brigand.

"Ha! the *co-jo!*" muttered he fiercely; then he sprang towards me, and in an instant was at my side.

"For God's sake, give me quarter—*quartel por el amor de Dios!*"

"Ask quarter from hell!" said the brigand, aiming a stab at my breast. I tried to rise, but staggered back and fell on my side, crossing my breast with my arms and hands. In a moment, his knee was on my chest, and the knife passed through my right hand deep into my breast. I saw the knife draw back my hand—it glittered before my eyes—one stream of blood gushed out, and then the murderous blade descended again and again. I have some faint recollection of a struggle, and then all became darkness and confusion—I fainted away.

A long forgetfulness was varied only by dim recollections, which came and went like the fitful dreams of delirium. Slowly and gradually I regained my senses, but a long time must have ensued. At first, strange fleeting images of darkness and light flashed before my mind—then a confused recollection of horrid forms struggling with me and overpowering me, and fearful cries and shouts were ringing in my ears—I felt a heavy, overpowering sensation oppressing me, then all seemed chaos and darkness.

How it came to pass that I first awoke from this state of insensibility I could never recollect, nor could my memory ever distinguish the cause of my first opening my eyes; but I remember well the confused vacant stare with which I gazed around me. It was long ere I could penetrate through a sort of film which enveloped my vision with an obscure haze. At length I was slowly able to distinguish surrounding objects; I looked upwards, and saw some dense body above me; but so confused were my ideas, that it was long ere I recognised the carriage. Still undecided as to where I was, I gazed around me as I lay mo-

tionless, and then espied the pine-trees, and the gloomy recesses and dark glades of the forest. In an instant the whole of the horrid scene flashed across my memory, and I lay panting for breath; my respiration seemed abandoning me.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed I to myself, "what dreadful sensation is this I feel," experiencing, for the first time, a burning thirst, which seemed to consume my very mouth with fire; and, in the eagerness of the moment, my lips moved tremulously, as if to ask for water, but my voice failed me. I essayed to move, but could not—I seemed chained to the earth—my arms, head, limbs, all refused the usual offices.

It might have been a moment only, to me it seemed an hour, when hearing nought but the shrill cry of the coyote, and judging by the silence that the banditti had departed, I tried again to speak; the words died away upon my lips, and I gave myself up to despair. I thought of nothing but the awful scorching thirst that oppressed me. I heard a rustling sound—I listened—but it was only the sweeping of the blast as it passed through the trees. I at length felt able to articulate, and I murmured out an indistinct prayer for water.

"Hombre!" said I, slowly pausing between each word; "hombre—give—me water—for the sake of the Virgin!" No one replied.

"Is there—no one to give me water?" moaned I again bitterly.

"Callate, be silent!" whispered a voice close to me; "they are not gone yet."

"No! that we are not," cried some one sternly, and a trio of the brigands stepped out from behind the carriage and asked who spoke.

"Twas I," replied the same voice which had whispered me silence.

"No! there was some other: speak—pronto."

"'Tis only one of the Inglooses moaning."

"What!" cried they, "still alive? *El co—jo tiene mas vidas que un gato*,—he has more lives than a cat."

One of the men came close to me; I thought he was going to stab me again from his threatening attitude, so I murmured out to him to spare my life.

"Leave me to die—I cannot live long now—take all, take every thing," said I, imploringly. "Oh! leave me to die in quietness."

"Why did you defend yourself, madman?"

I did not answer. One of them said quickly, "You must have more doubloons somewhere? where did you hide them?—we know you had more—speak—tell me, or I stab you."

In the instant it occurred to me that I had distributed my money, the gold and silver, in different portions of my equipage, in case of accident, that some might escape; and so I had placed some five-and-twenty doubloons in a carpet travelling bag; I thought, perhaps, these might have escaped the plunder of the carriage. I accordingly hinted that there was more gold.

"Where? where?" cried they eagerly. "*Adonde esta?*"

"But will you spare my life?"

"Si, si, si," said the brigands, "quick—where is the gold?"

"Swear by the Virgin you will spare my life."

"We swear."

They went, and after some difficulty found the bag, and tumbled out its contents; but could not find the gold. "Where is it, you rascal?—you have deceived us," said they in a threatening manner.

"No!" murmured I, "the doubloons are in a rouleau."

They seized their prize, and, instantly vaulting on their saddles, they bade me "*adios*," and "*a buen viaje a los infernos*." They rode rapidly off, and the sounds of their horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance.

Partly reassured by the departure of these the last of the brigands, I again, after a short pause of anxiety, cried out for water to quench my burning thirst; it was with difficulty I could utter a few words expressive of my desires, when the same voice that had before addressed me, and which I now found to be one of the postilions speaking, who had been tied to the wheel, replied hastily, "I cannot assist you, for I am tied by the arm to the spoke of the wheel; we must wait till the military come up; the robbers have gone off, because they were afraid of remaining longer."

I was at that moment lying with my breast underneath the hinder wheel, so that if the carriage moved it would have passed over my body and soon terminated my existence, and thus a new cause of anxiety crossed my mind.

"Good God!" said I, "if the mules move, I shall be killed; can you not remove me?"

"No," replied he, "I cannot aid you; be silent, and there is no fear that the animals will move."

Finding that patience was my only remedy, I lay still and motionless in the fear that the slightest movement of the carriage would cause instant destruction to me, and suffering dreadful agony from the consuming thirst which burned within me. Oh! that long, almost eternal seeming period, when moments passed as years, and minutes as ages, till the tramp of horses sounded on the ground approaching nearer and nearer.

My hurried breath I drew more quickly, and my heart palpitated more violently; an indescribable feeling of hope and joy shot through my frame, and flushed with pleasure my languid features. "Ha!" exclaimed I to myself, "I am not to die yet!—No, the troops of Acate will soon come up. They will find me—carry me to the village—bind up my wounds; I shall recover, and then, my own dear England, I shall see you again."

So powerful now was the tide of recollection that rushed in one overwhelming stream over my memory, that it drove away for the time all thoughts of my dangerous situation, or even of the excruciating thirst which still held its sway over me.

But suddenly the sound ceased—I heard no longer the former sounds—minute after minute, time after time passed away, and no one came: cold, and thirst, and fear, and despair, now held possession of me, and my firmness and presence of mind were fast ebbing away.

Already had the shadows of evening come on, and my eye rolled over the obscurity in which the glades were wrapped in vain search for the coming aid. It was then I felt the

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awful bitterness of hope springing and still delayed. All at once, I heard again the tramp, and the shouts, and discharge of fire-arms ringing in the air; and presently a numerous troop of desultory soldiery and Indians came dashing on into the open space where we were lying, and a carriage whirled rapidly amongst us.

"*Carrai!*" shouted the foremost, as they came in view of the slaughter. "What the devil is this?"

"What is this? *Que es este?*" cried the soldiery, leaping from their horses, and some of them untying the postilion and the females. "Who are these? and how has it happened? Oh! they are Ingleses; they were fools enough to defend themselves, and so—"

"They have all been killed," said one of the troop, interrupting him. "Had they much money with them?"

"Did the Ingleses kill any of the ladrones?"

"Yes:—*han matado algunos*—but their comrades have carried off the bodies."

I had at the moment of their approach remained silent, for I was not altogether sure whether they were the banditti themselves come back to finish me, on hearing from their comrades that I was still alive; but when I heard the many voices inquiring into the affair, I took courage, and tried to speak; but the numerous exclamations of "Capital booty!"—"Lucky fellows!"—"Paid handsomely for it!"—and sundry laughs and expressions of "*Eos Ingleses han peleado como diablos*—These English have fought like devils,"—rendered it impossible for me to make known my existence for a considerable time. At last, taking advantage of a sort of pause in the noise, I called out for aid to remove me from under the wheel.

No one moved. I cried again, but no attention was paid. "Well, then," said I to myself in despair, "I will try if this does not make them;" and I murmured out for a Padre.

"Hola!" cried one, "some fellow is alive, and calls for a priest."

"Impossible," said the other; "the English are all pagans."

"No," remarked another, "they are heretics."—"Well," replied the other, "all pagans are heretics."

I cried again for a priest. "He must be a Cristiano," said they, communing with each other: "let us pull him out from under the carriage."

Two or three then came around the wheel.

"*Curdado!*" said I to them imploringly:

"Take care—softly—for I am badly wounded." They lifted me up softly in their arms, and conveying me a little way off, tried to place me on my feet; but I was too weak, and besought them to put me down, and give me some covering, for it was very cold. They wrapped me in a serrape, and carried me towards a pine-tree, and placed me on the ground with my back to it. My head fell down upon my breast—I implored them to hold it up, for it nearly suffocated me; and then I prayed for water. They had none with them, but went to search for it in the wood.

I had now time to look at a carriage with them which contained some females. They told me they were the G—. They were

weeping very much, for they thought we were all killed. One of the military approached the carriage, and told them that one of the Ingleses was alive and asked for a Padre.

"It will be poor Santiago," said they, addressing a priest who had found his way into the carriage. "You had better go and see him, Senor."

"*No puedo!*—I cannot," said the Padre, refusing to go.

"We will take him into the carriage, and will carry him to Acajeto now," said the ladies.

"That cannot be," replied the soldiers; "he must not move from hence till the Alcalde comes up and takes the depositions."

"Good God!" thought I, "what barbarians! I shall bleed to death." I then entreated them to take me away from the spot; but it could not be.

The Padre was again applied to by the Indians, "telling him that one of the English was a Cristiano, and wished to confess."—"I want none of your confession; I only wish to get to the village," murmured I to myself. The Padre still refused, and I must say I was glad he did; for I had little inclination to be kept any longer where I was. In a few moments, the G—, perceiving that they could be of no farther service, drove away in the carriage through the forest. An Indian woman now returned from the wood, and brought me some water in the hollow of a gourd. She knelt down by my side, and put it to my lips. "Drink," said she, "*pobrecito*—here is water."

I took a long draught, but interrupted by my hard pantings for breath. The water passed over my throat without cooling the thirst I felt. It seemed to me like drops of water on a red hot iron. I eagerly emptied the gourd, and asked for more. She told me there was none; that this she had brought along with her when her husband joined the soldiery in the search.

"Oh, for God's sake, put the gourd to my lip once more—only one drop of water to quench my thirst!" I again tried, as she put it to my lips, but I had drained it empty. I turned away in angry, feverish disappointment.

Oh, that dreadful horrid thirst! But those alone who have felt its power on the battlefield can have an adequate conception of a fire which seemed to scorch the very brain. It is too deeply imprinted on my memory ever to forget that awful, consuming sensation.

The poor Indian woman, after I had in vain tried the gourd, rose up and stood gazing at me with expressions of commiseration. "*Pobrecito Ingles!*—and so young too—to die—*Pobre Inglesito!*—and you have a mother among the Europeans," said she, bending over me and arranging the serrape: "your poor madre, what will she say of this, when she hears that you died a cruel death in a far country?"

"Mother!" ejaculated I, bitterly, as I thought of all I held dear—and I felt that burning scorching of the eye, when no tear presses from the parched eyelids—"Mother!" repeated I in anguish—it was as if an arrow had pierced my soul. I hung down my head in

bitterness of spirit, for the darkness of despair and desolation oppressed me.

The painful current of my thoughts was turned aside by the hasty arrival of the Alcalde, or magistrate of the village, who, riding up, dismounted near me.

"Where have the ladrones gone?" said he; "disperse and follow them." "Twill be too late now—too long since they are gone," replied the younger of the postillions.

"Which road did they take?"

"That which leads towards the mountain; but they rode off rapidly—'tis impossible to find them now—and the evening is approaching; 'tis almost sunset now."

"Let some of the military follow you, and go upon their traces," said the Alcalde. The troops rode hastily off, and the magistrate inquired who we were. Being told we were English, and that one was alive, he came to where they pointed me out, and thus addressed me:

"Where are you wounded?"

"Every where—side, breast, arms—*todo el cuerpo*."

"*Tiene Vm. Balazos?*"

"*Si Señor*—a ball has entered my right breast, but I am dreadfully cut, and bleeding about my shoulders."

I looked at my right hand—it was covered with coagulated blood, and swollen greatly; as I gazed at it mournfully, "'Twill have to be cut off," said I coolly; "'twill have to be cut off."

"I hope not," said the Alcalde; "you must try and keep up your courage a little longer, while I take the evidence and depositions of the affair."

"But I shall bleed to death," remonstrated I, hoarsely and imploringly; "can I not be carried to the village? I shall bleed to death if I remain long here."

"No, no!" said he hurriedly; "you cannot bleed any more now; 'tis too cold—the blood has clotted over your wounds—I must fulfil my duty. *Paciencia*, for a moment. Here!" cried he, turning himself away, "look after the *Indegles*, and you others come and give your evidence that I may put it on paper."

I felt very cold, and I shivered much, for as I was seated under the shade of the pine tree, the wind came blowing past me with a piercing coldness. I saw that the last rays of the sun were shining on the opposite side of where I was, and entreated them to carry me there. They lifted me up and placed me, as I requested, near a small tree of the acacia mimosa, two of the Indians sitting down by my side, and sustaining me in their arms.

I now had a full view of the scene before me. The sun was setting clearly and coldly behind the lofty volcanic mountain of Puebla, while its lower disk seemed resting on its snow-clad summit. The last gleams of the sun were glistening on the forest of the Pinal. I gazed long on the sunset, with the troubled eye of a man taking the last look of his friend when the grave is closing over him; and as the brilliant orb sunk slowly down, I felt a sensation of bereavement heavy and keen.

"And is this to be the last sun I am to look upon? Alas! am I never to see another?"

Little did I think last night when mingling in the dance at Puebla, that the next night-fall would find me dying, weltering in my blood." I turned away my gaze in wild, heartfelt sorrow, and threw my eye on the fitful gleam of light which fell around me. "Oh! 'tis hard to die—alone, without friends, consolation, or religion; 'tis hard to die in the spring of life! To die so young—unprepared—oh! God have mercy on me!" murmured I, as a fleeting faintness thrilled through my frame. "Oh! God have mercy!" I recovered once more to gaze around me. I now found myself asking, why should I die? What is in a wound? many have recovered, I may too; *coragio*, defy the body, my spirit? I may yet live long to remember the forest of the Pinal."

Gradually fortifying myself by the hope of soon leaving the place, I remained watching the hasty effort of the postilion to arrange the coach and tie the traces together. The Alcalde soon finished his investigation, during which they examined the bodies of N— and R—, whom they found quite dead. I had now begun to suffer less from the thirst that before tormented me; perhaps my hope of soon getting to the village made me feel it less.

At length I heard the joyful news that the cavalcade was going on to Acajete, and the Indians immediately raised me up to carry me towards the vehicle. They lifted me on my feet, and dragged me slowly towards the carriage. Just as they were assisting me in, they made me stand upright for a moment; one of my supporters was hastily called away, and, thinking I might be strong enough, he let me go. Unable to support myself, I staggered upon the other Indian, and, had he not hastily supported me, I should have fallen to the ground.

To such a state of weakness had the vast loss of blood reduced me, that the movement had a great effect on my nerves; so much so, that when they raised me up again, my eyes began to swim round and round; blue and green shades flashed before them; at first the persons, then the trees, became indistinct, and floated before me.

"Dreadful!" thought I at the moment, "if I faint now, 'tis all over. I shall never recover. I shall die;" and in the strong convulsive energy of a last moment, I gnashed my teeth, and strained my eyes on an object.

I succeeded—again I beheld distinctly everything around me. The moment I appressed my panting for breath, I tried to speak to implore them to stop a moment. I found it impossible to give utterance; but I fixed my eyes on the countenance of the Indians; they seemed to understand my wishes. I remained motionless for a short time, and having regained sufficient strength and recollection, I was placed within the carriage, and away it rolled to Acajete.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. FEMANS.

Thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams—ah! thou hast fled!
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful:
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
Are done and said in the world and mighty earth,
In vesper low or joyous orison,
Lifts still her solemn voice—but thou art fled!

No tears for thee!—though light be from us
gone
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless
one!

No tears for thee!
They that have loved an exile must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne.
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
Breathed but the language of another sphere,
Unechoed round;
And strange, though sweet, as midst our weep-
ing skies,
Some half-remembered song of Paradise
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd? Thou that from
the night,
And from the voices of the tempest's might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of Man's destiny
Forth on the blast.

Hast thou been answer'd?—thou that through
the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
A cry didst send,
So passionate and deep, to pierce, to move,
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend.

And hast thou found where living waters
burst?
Thou that didst pine amidst us in the thirst
Of fever-dreams!
Are the true fountains thine for evermore?
Oh! lured so long by shining mists that wore
The light of streams!

Speak! is it well with thee? We call as thou,
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled brow,
Wert wont to call
On the departed! Art thou blest and free?
Alas! the lips earth covers, ev'n to thee,
Were silent all!

Yet shall our hope rise, fann'd by quenchless
faith,
As a flame foster'd by some warm wind's
breath,

In light upsprings.
Freed soul of song! Yes! thou hast found the
sought,
Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought,
On morning's wings.

And we will deem it is thy voice we hear,
When life's young music, ringing far and clear
O'erflows the sky:

No tears for thee! the lingering gloom is ours
—Thou art for converse with all glorious
powers,

Never to die!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WEST INDIA TRADE.

UNDoubtedly, Mr. Canning in his celebrated letter to Mr. Gallatin, the American minister, placed the Colonial Question upon its proper basis. The attempt, on the part of the American Government, to have the colonies considered in the light of portions of the United Kingdom, and to claim the same privileges in trading to the West Indies, that they enjoyed by treaty in the ports of this country, was dextrously conceived. It was, however, as clearly seen through,—indeed, it was impossible to put forward the pretension without, at the same time, suggesting the recollection of the fact, that the colonies have, from the date of their plantation, been indebted to the mother-country, and that all the produce which they remit to her, is but in payment of the interest of the debt, or in reduction of the debt itself. To have opened, therefore, the trade with them without an equivalent to indemnify the mother-country for the risk she run of that remittance going into other channels, would have been inexpedient, and most unwise. At least, this is the view which many have taken of the subject, and it is not unsound. For if the West India trade be so desirable to the Americans, surely it is worth their while to pay for the use of the privilege.

But another tale besides this hangs to the question, and of far more importance to the general interests of the empire than the value of any equivalent in the power, or likely to be long in the power of the United States, to give. We shall not raise any argument on this head, but simply state two facts.

The first is, that the United States, within their own territories, are rapidly cultivating all sorts of West India productions; and probably not many years will elapse until they have an abundance of every thing within themselves, which at present they require from the West Indies. The "boom," therefore, which may be granted to them, under existing circumstances, will assuredly be no longer considered as such, than until the period we anticipate arrive.

The second fact is,—that the question, as now stated by the American Government, with reference to some concession which may be made in their tariff, is one in which the West India interest has very little concern. It is a question that much more affects the manufacturing interests at home, and we must be insensible to the relative condition in which our manufactures stand with those of the United States, if we can flatter ourselves that any advantage which may be obtained by an alteration in their tariff, will be otherwise than temporary. It will not be felt longer in Glasgow and Manchester, and their neighbours, than until the Floridas, Louisiana, and the other southern states, are able to undersell the importers from the West Indies in the American markets, for about that time their own manufacturers will be able to supply all their wants.

Under this impression, we should regret exceedingly to see any treaty framed on the principle of equivalents, with reference to the tariff.

It may be said, that as every treaty which can be formed with relation to the Colonial Question, must, of necessity, be temporary, seeing that, sooner or later, the Americans will be independent of us, both as to manufactures and West Indian produce, the matter at issue is really but of minor importance. This is not, however, a just estimate. For, by opening the West India trade to the Americans, we open a competition against our own North American colonies.

Under the existing state of things, these colonies can supply the West Indies with every thing they would take from the United States; and to bring a competition against them, would be to inflict permanent damage on a great and growing interest of our own, without any advantage to the West India interest. And for what? Some transient advantage which our manufacturers might derive from a modification of the American tariff.

We are therefore persuaded that our proper way of viewing the Colonial Question, now in negotiation between this country and the United States, is not with relation to reciprocal benefits, but by considering it primarily, with reference to British interests exclusively. Let us first obtain a clear idea of the interests we have at stake, and then we will be better able to judge whether the *proposal* of the Americans is one which should be the subject of negotiation, or should even be entertained at all.

To revert to the simple form of reasoning by statement,—we claim it to be received as a fact, that our North American provinces are capable of furnishing every article to the West India markets which the United States can furnish; and therefore the only point which can create any difference of opinion as to the expediency of letting the Americans share the trade with them, must relate simply to the price of the articles; for, except with relation to price, the additional length of voyage, upon which no much stress is laid as an ingredient of price, is deserving of no consideration. We have no disposition to conceal that the Americans at present, by being more accustomed to the trade, are able to embark their lumber, &c., for the West Indies, at perhaps a cheaper shipping price than our own colonists; but, be the fact recollected, that every day the inhabitants of our American provinces are becoming more expert in their forest labours, are extending their agricultural improvements, and are increasing in population,—in a word, are treading closer and closer on the heels of those who are before them in the business. At the same time, also, let it be recollected, that it is no less true that the Americans are becoming less and less able, owing to their agricultural improvements, to compete with their British rivals. Lumber is becoming scarcer amongst them; and had it not been for their recently-formed canals, and other facilities in their inland navigation, it would perhaps have been a question at this very time, whether, with all the advantages of the shorter voyage, and their superior dexterity, they could have competed with our North American colonists in any one article which they can supply to the West Indies.

We also claim attention to the fact, that the resources of our North American provinces for supplying the West Indies, can scarcely be said to be well opened; and therefore, if in this early stage of the trade there is any justice in the opinion, that the difference in the cost to the planter of lumber, &c., obtained from them, is not of essential consequence, as compared with those from the United States, it should follow, that, by giving a preference to them, we are really ensuring to the planter supplies at a cheaper rate, inasmuch as experience will obviate that difference of price which is at present the only plea against them.

Moreover, it is of importance to the planters to know, that, with respect to the consumption of their produce, our North American provinces draw all their supplies from them unmixed with any article of a similar kind raised within themselves, whilst even already the Americans only take from the West Indies so much produce as supplies the deficiency in their own crops.

It is true, and we believe the fact will surprise the West India interest, that the peasantry of Upper Canada make nearly as much sugar as they consume; but the very fountains from which they draw the material are literally hourly diminishing. The lands on which the sugar maple-tree grows, are those most preferred for the cultivation of what is emphatically called "bread stuffs." A reason why the lumber and flour of the Canadas should be encouraged by the West India interest, as the progress of agricultural improvement in those provinces will have the effect of bringing new customers for their commodities. These circumstances sufficiently show that a great British interest exists in our North American provinces, entitled to protection in all its bearings, before any question now should be entertained as to placing the United States in competition with them.

Moreover, there is another most important correlative circumstance connected with the preference that should be given to our own interests. The trade between our North American provinces and the West Indies is entirely British, and we shall show how it works exclusively as such.—The colonists engaged in it are, like all colonists, indebted to the mother-country; there may be, and we know there are, individuals among them who are not so, but speaking in the comprehensive sense in which the question must be discussed, our North American colonies are indebted to the United Kingdom. By sending their lumber and produce to the West Indies, they obtain an additional market,—they dispose of their articles there, either for produce or for bills of exchange,—they take cargoes to the United Kingdom, or they return with cargoes back to their own ports. In this operation profit is realized, and they are in consequence in a better condition either to reduce their debts to the mother country, or to extend their colonial improvements, by which their capacity to reduce them is enlarged.

Now, what is the case with the same trade in the hands of the Americans? Is it not the fact, that the United States are so far ad-

vanced as a people that they have great masses of opulence amongst them entirely independent of any British connexion? Is it not also the fact, that almost their whole coasting trade, and that which is most immediately connected with their West Indian commerce, belongs almost exclusively to that interest which is independent of British connexion? Of course the profits arising from it are employed to fructify, if the expression may be allowed, that special interest,—these profits, which would otherwise go so directly and entirely into the pockets of our fellow subjects.

But let us look to the manner in which the West India interest, the primary perhaps in the question, is affected by the trade we have described, supposing the Americans to have access to their markets. In doing this we shall again deal only with plain facts. Would not the obvious and natural effect of opening an intercourse between the West Indies and the United States create mercantile connexions between them? Undoubtedly: and it is not an invidious remark to make in a general topic of this sort, that the American traders are, above all others in the world, prone to speculation. Is it then not reasonable to expect, that those mercantile connexions would lead on to speculations, which, considering the comparative value of American and West India produce would soon have the effect of accumulating a great balance in the hands of the Americans? Assuming, then, the planters to be independent of British creditors, would not such a result have the effect of exposing them to far greater perplexities than those in which they are at present so distressingly involved? It may be said, this is only a possible contingency; but it is so natural—so necessary a consequence of all trade, where the article in return is of greater value than the thing imported—that it cannot be prevented from taking place. No means exist by statute or by treaty to check it, and all the excitements of commerce—the very spirit of trade—are calculated to hasten it into effect. We would, therefore, ask if, in the face of so undoubted a probability, any British statesman, who rightly understands colonial interests as they bear on commerce, could facilitate the inevitable certainty of such a result being brought to pass?

But there is one point, and a most important one, touching the interests of our manufacturers, which must not be passed unnoticed. It is perfectly evident, that the United States have nothing to offer us as an equivalent for the privilege of allowing them to trade with the West Indies, but some abatement in the tariff, which they have imposed in order to have something to offer in compensation. Now, we think it is worthy of being ascertained, after the fact we have stated, viz. that the American manufacturers are so rapidly coming into competition with the British in the American markets as to render it not likely that any abatement on the tariff can be of much value, or of long duration. Whether for any abatement in the tariff the privilege should be granted—we have shown that by giving the monopoly of the lumber and provision trade to our own North American provinces, it would have the effect of enriching them, and thereby

making them better customers to our manufacturers; so that the whole question as to this point resolves itself briefly into,—Whether for the abatement that may be made on the American tariff, our manufacturers would be more benefited by that abatement, than by the advantage of the increased demand which would arise from our own colonists? At present the question must be answered in the affirmative. But taking into view that the Americans will daily become less and less our customers, and that our colonies will become more and more so, we contend that, in a general estimate of the business, it is better policy to forego the immediate advantage for the remoter.

Altogether we are much inclined to regard any negotiation on the Colonial Question with the United States as very idle. LET WELL ALONE, as much as possible in all matters of trade and national intercourse, is a maxim that should never be lost sight of. The Americans have committed an error, and it is not for us to help them out of the scrape. Moreover, in its effects it can only be productive of temporary inconvenience even to them; the prosperity of their Southern States and of their manufactures will soon indemnify them for their present temporary privations; because the very effect of the suspended intercourse and prohibitions operates as encouragement to that prosperity, by causing less competition with them in their own markets. In a word, there is more of petulance than wisdom in the pertinacity with which the Americans cling to the desire of having the West India trade again opened, and in this opinion we shall not be surprised to find the enlightened spirit that now pervades their councils soon concurring.

It is probable that some of the readers of these sketches may say,—Would you have no commercial arrangement with the United States? Far from it. We think something of the kind greatly wanted, but we regard the Colonial Question, in its present relations as obtaining too much attention.

We see year after year the amazing progress of the United States westward. We are also aware of the progress of our Canadian empire in the same direction; it has already reached a point so far from the natural outlet—the St. Lawrence, that the right early secured by treaty to navigate the Mississippi, is fast becoming an object of serious attention. Were the impediments to the navigation between the Lakes and the Mississippi removed—and they are in process of being removed—the voyage from any part of the Canadian territory, on the Erie or the Huron, might be performed to Jamaica in fourteen days. In fact, this voyage, as far as New Orleans, is not greater, considering the current of the Mississippi, than to Quebec. The writer of these sketches has travelled on Lake Erie with persons who have been only thirteen days from New Orleans, against the current of the Mississippi and the Ohio. However, we have said, that the free navigation of the Mississippi is secured to the British by treaty; and as the point is curious, and seems to be none thought of, we shall here quote our authorities.

According to the treaty of peace of 1783, by the eighth article it is stipulated, that "the navigation of the river Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall for ever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States." It may be alleged against this, that the stipulation was nugatory, inasmuch as the mouth of the Mississippi was at the time in the hands of other parties, who were not consenting to this specific agreement. But the answer removes all doubts. If one party engages to give to another a certain property of which he is not at the time possessed, but which he afterwards acquires, he is bound by all law to fulfil his engagement. And this is the state of this matter at this moment.—But that is not all. By the 3d article of the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, concluded between this country and the United States in 1794, when the Americans were probably contemplating the acquisition of New Orleans, the free navigation of the Mississippi was again acknowledged. "The river Mississippi," says that treaty, "shall, according to the treaty of peace, be entirely open to both parties."

Here, then, is a point for negotiation between the two countries far more important, as respects their permanent interests, and the welfare of mankind, than any commercial point that has yet been discussed between them. The privilege of the British to navigate the Mississippi, is, at it stands, a dead letter. Unless communications are made by canals into it, and to its great eastern feeders, it can never be of any value to British interests. Such canals are projected, and are in process of being made. We apprehend, however, that, without the consent of the government of the United States, the permission of the particular States, through which these canals run, could not be given to us to use them. At least, it is our opinion, that the use of them is a question that can only be decided by the supreme government, in agreement with the British government; for the same rule which denies to provinces the power to negotiate treaties, applies to the individual States of the Federal Union.—But there is no great difficulty in the way of a very admirable accommodation of this important matter.

The Americans have not the privilege of navigating the St. Lawrence to the sea; nor have they the right to navigate the Canadian canals. Here, then, we have a valuable equivalent in our power to give for free access to the Mississippi. We have been told, it is true, that an American vessel has passed down the Canadian Welland Canal; and we know that a vessel, bearing the British flag, has sailed on the Erie Canal; but no stress can be laid on these circumstances; as, we presume, they were mere holiday courtesies. It argues, however, but little political discretion in the authorities of Upper Canada, to have permitted it to be held out as inducements to obtain subscribers to the Welland Canal, that their profits would be augmented by the Americans using it.—But to proceed with our own immediate argument.

It may be contended, that the navigation of the St. Lawrence, considering how much it is

interrupted by rapids, would not be an equivalent for that of the Mississippi. This we allow.—But it is not the freedom of the Mississippi that we ask; for we have *that* by treaty already. It is but access to it from the lakes. The Americans, however, are not aware of the power which we possess in the waters of the St. Lawrence. They have supposed that they got the main channel of the St. Lawrence, when they got Barnhart's Island; but they are likely to learn another tale. By Barnhart's Island, they have got what they well know the value of—great water privileges. As to the main channel, as ancient Pistol would have said, "A fiao for't!" The truth is, that the possession of Barnhart's Island is of very little consequence as to the navigation of the river. It lies in that space of the St. Lawrence in which the greatest interruptions to the navigation exist, and which have suggested the plan—that we do not despair of seeing carried into effect—of a canal parallel to the river. This, however, may be made on the American side as well as on ours. The matter to which we allude, however, in speaking so lightly of Barnhart's Island, has reference to the practicability of forming a canal in another direction, and which has only been lately conceived. We shall give some account of it here.

The town of Prescott, in Upper Canada, is some eight or ten miles higher up the St. Lawrence than all the rapids. It is at the head of what may be called the drag navigation, and at the bottom of the sailing navigation. About seven miles below this town, immediately above the Galoup rapids, is a small bay in the river called Humphrey's Bay, very near to which the head of a stream called the "Black Creek" rises, a feeder of the Petite Nation river. In wet seasons, there have been instances of canoes passing from Humphrey's Bay, when the waters were high, into the Black Creek, thence down it into the river Petite Nation, and thence into the great Ottawa. This circumstance suggested to a correspondent of ours the practicability of making the Petite Nation river navigable. The original idea went no farther than to open a navigation for boats between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa; but larger views expanded when it came to be considered, that the rapids in the Ottawa were already overcome by a canal recently constructed, called the Grenville Canal, and those immediately above the island of Montreal, by the La Chine Canal; and in consequence it was thought possible to convert the Petite Nation river by lockage into a channel capable of receiving the same sort of vessels that pass through the La Chine and the Grenville Canals, by which the navigation between Montreal and Prescott might be rendered practicable at a very small comparative expense. It is needless here to trouble the reader with a diagram of the adjacent country and the scheme, because it would of necessity be on too small a scale to be satisfactory; but the writer of this sketch caused the levels to be run from the St. Lawrence to the Petite Nation, and the result was exceedingly interesting—suggesting nothing less than the practicability of changing the course of the

mighty St. Lawrence, at the expense of a few thousand pounds—the most magnificent plan of an inland navigation that has ever been suggested, when the magnitude of the St. Lawrence is considered. The report alluded to is as follows. We give it entire, not only on account of the subject, but as a geographical description of an important tract not previously described.

"Sir,—Agreeably to your request, and having obtained the assistance of —, deputy provincial surveyor, I have proceeded to survey the ground between the St. Lawrence and the Petite Nation River.

"After consulting with such of the most intelligent of the inhabitants, as were best acquainted with the local situation of the country between these rivers, for fear of being misinformed, I personally explored such parts of the ground, regarding which I could possibly be misled by any incorrect information.

"After which I feel confident in stating, that the most eligible route for a canal between the river St. Lawrence and the Petite Nation River is from Humphrey's Bay, above the Galoup rapids, about seven miles below Prescott, at the foot of the steam-navigation, from Lake Ontario by Black Creek. The accompanying rough sketch, drawn from the personal knowledge that I have of the local situation of the country myself, and the best information that I could derive from others, may convey a better idea of this part of the country, as to its local situation, than perhaps I could be able to give in writing.

"Commenced taking the level from the surface of the waters of the St. Lawrence in Humphrey's Bay, fronting lot No. 13, in the 1 Con. of the township of Edwardsburgh—following the lowest ground N.E. and northerly to Black Creek, a distance of 3 1-8 miles nearly, I found the summit to be in a cedar swamp, at the distance of a little better than two miles and a quarter from Humphrey's Bay, and not exceeding thirty feet above the level of the waters at that place—from the summit northerly to Black Creek, a distance of less than one mile, found a descent of 5½ feet. Thence following Black Creek near ¾ of a mile farther, found the descent to be about 9-10ths of a foot. It may here be remarked, that, from the place at which we came to Black Creek, a distance of three and 1-8 miles, nearly from Humphrey's Bay, in the fall of the year, two men in a log canoe, with a barrel of pork, and two quintals of flour, went down the Black Creek to the Petite Nation River; and that, in the spring of the year, from the place before mentioned on Black Creek, there is sufficient water to take a loaded boat (say of ten or fifteen tons burden) the same distance.

"From Humphrey's Bay, following the proposed route about seven-eighths of a mile, nearly one-half is cleared land, gradually rising to a swamp, out of which a small meandering stream runs into the St. Lawrence; thence, about a mile and a half farther, in a swamp, bordered to the east and west by high lands to a small brook, designated Froom's Creek—thence, about half a mile farther, open tamarack swamp and beaver meadow, free from

brush—thence, ash and alder swall to the open meadow at Black Creek—following Black Creek, as far as I went on, there is an open meadow, from two to three chains wide, bordered on both sides by banks from four to eight feet high.

"From the preceding description and accompanying rough sketch, it would appear that the route here described, is not only the most eligible, but particularly designed by all-bountiful Nature to form a communication between the Ottawa river and the St. Lawrence, from which might be derived advantages that are now perhaps little thought of.

"I have the honour, &c."

This report was followed by a second to the subjoined effect:—

"Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, that I on yesterday evening got through with taking the level from Humphrey's Bay, to the junction of Black Creek, with the south branch of the Petite Nation River, a distance of about thirteen and a half miles.

"From the summit northerly to Black Creek, found the descent to be about 5½ feet—thence, generally following the serpentine windings of Black Creek, a distance of about 10 3-8 miles to its confluence with the south branch of the Petite Nation, found a descent of about 28½ feet. The ice got so bad, and the land on each side overflowed in consequence of a sudden thaw, that I could not proceed down the south branch; but from what information I could obtain, I am of opinion that from the junction of Black Creek with the south branch, to that of the south branch with the Petite Nation River at the forks, a distance of five or six miles, that there must be, at the least, a farther descent of four feet.

"Black Creek runs in a serpentine course through a flat of land from two to four chains wide, bordered on both sides with banks from four to eight feet high, until within about two and a half miles of its confluence with the south branch, thence in a more direct course in the form of a river within its banks, from three to seven rods wide, and from four to six feet deep, with its confluence with the south branch of the Petite Nation River, in which distance the descent is little more than three feet.

"The ground through which Black Creek passes, is clay and loam, apparently free from stone, is in several places entirely free from timber and brush, and in no part of it more than thinly wooded. The distance of 10 3-8 miles abovementioned, might be much diminished by cutting across narrow necks or points of land. The summit height from Humphrey's Bay is thirty feet, the descent thence to the south branch (of Petite Nation) thirty-four feet, and the whole distance is about thirteen miles and a half, from which it would seem that nature has done much towards a grand design that might be completed by art, at no great expense.

"I am, &c."

We have quoted these reports to show that the Petite Nation river runs in a valley lower than that of the St. Lawrence, and—that the extreme cutting requisite to allow the waters of the St. Lawrence to flow into it, is little more

than thirty feet, not one-half of the depth of what is called the deep cut of the Welland Canal, to bring down, not the waters of Lake Erie, but those of the river Chippewa. In short, to show the scientific practicability of completing the navigation of the St. Lawrence by a chain of canals with what has been already done, at comparatively small expense.

But independent of any thing being done by the route just pointed out, the great military canal, farther back in the country, between Kingston and the Ottawa, known by the name of the Rideau Canal, is in a state of great forwardness, inasmuch, that government is already placed in a condition to offer, not only an adequate equivalent, by the St. Lawrence and its chain of communications, for access to the Mississippi, but even to constitute a ground of negotiation for the freedom of navigating the Erie Canal from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Albany on the Hudson, with which the navigation is free to New York.

The importance of opening the navigation of the Erie Canal to the Canadians, may not appear very obvious at first sight; but a few words will make it so. Were New York made, what is well understood in this country, a landing port, and goods allowed to be sent from it under lock and seal, as bonded goods are sent in canals through this country, the European supplies for that extensive portion of Upper Canada above the Falls of Niagara, could be easily, and with many advantages, sent on to Buffalo on Lake Erie. An opportunity was taken to discuss this subject with that distinguished character, De Witt Clinton, the late governor of the state of New York, the father of the Erie Canal, and he was favourable to the suggestion. But he saw that the West India Trade Question, which was then in discussion between Mr. Canning and Mr. Gallatin, presented a great difficulty to the proposition being entertained of opening the canals to foreigners, especially to the British, or even by contract to individuals. We have before us a letter of the 24th February, 1827, in which he says, with relation to this point—"As the subject involves a great many questions, some of them complex in their nature, and intricate, if not doubtful, in their policy, it cannot be sufficiently matured for a considerable time. Congress will adjourn before this letter reaches you, and it does not reassemble until December next. *The interdiction of the Colonial Trade has caused the introduction into that body of a RETALIATORY bill.* If this collision, which may present an insuperable bar to your views, could be settled diplomatically, PERHAPS ARRANGEMENTS MIGHT BE MADE ADAPTED TO YOUR PLAN."

At the time of this correspondence the extent of equivalent that was then in the power of the British government to offer for the freedom of the inland navigation of the state of New York, was not what it has become. We can treat now on a fair principle of equality; and it is well deserving the consideration of the enlightened spirit which animates the councils both of Great Britain and the United States, whether the establishment of a fair system of reciprocal intercourse by their in-

land navigation, is not a subject of quite as much importance to their respective interests, as the Colonial Question, of which the discussion has hitherto led to no beneficial result.

AGRICOLA.

From the Quarterly Review.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, F.R.S. &c., particularly in the Government of Java, 1811-16, and of Bencoolen and its Dependencies, 1817-24. By his Widow. London. 1830.

WE rise from the perusal of this "Memoir" with feelings of the most gratifying nature. It is delightful to meet with such a book, concerning a part of the world from whence we are more accustomed to hear of crimes, cruelties, tyranny, and misrule, than of such disinterested philanthropy, active benevolence, and unceasing exertions for the moral and religious improvement, and consequent happiness, of the human race as are herein displayed. In this respect, we know of hardly any work worthy of being compared to the volume before us, unless it be that of Bishop Heber, recently published, by the side of which it may be placed as a fit companion. There are, in fact, many points of resemblance between the two characters, though developed under widely different circumstances. Heber was a man of brilliant genius, improved by all the advantages of learning, and embellished by a highly refined taste. Raffles, born in a humble sphere of life, received only a common education at one of those suburban schools called academies. But, unlike as they were in the circumstances of birth and education, we find in both, with very extraordinary talents, the same benevolent disposition—the same kindness of feeling—the same cheerfulness of temper and buoyancy of spirits—and the same unweariedness in doing good. That warmth of affection and strength of attachment, which enliven and unite the domestic circle, through all the relations of husband, father, and friend, equally distinguished both of these memorable men.

By far the greater portion of this volume consists of letters from Sir S. Raffles to various friends; the originals having been collected by his widow, from those to whom they were addressed; but all his own papers, of every description, relating to his government in Sumatra, were destroyed when the ship was burnt in which he was returning to England. Those collected as above, Lady Raffles has placed in order, and connected by short explanatory notices and observations, in the manner and style of which modesty and ability are equally visible. On the whole, then, Sir Stamford Raffles is his own biographer. There is this disadvantage, that these familiar letters had most of them been written on the spur of the moment, as opportunities occurred, and evidently were never intended to meet the public eye. They are, therefore, not to be looked at in the light of studied compositions, in which words are weighed and sentences measured. The compensation is that, in the full and free

scope of familiar correspondence, we have all the freshness and warmth of friendship, expressed in sentiments poured forth directly from the heart. We much regret that the letters of love and affection addressed by Sir Stamford to his lady, during their occasional separations, have not been preserved like those of that kind which charm the reader of Heber's correspondence—these all perished in the same catastrophe with the whole of their property.

We are fully convinced, that no individual, before or since his time, has possessed so extensive a knowledge of the commerce, resources, laws, language, and customs, of the varied population of the great eastern Archipelago, and more particularly of the two magnificent islands of Java and Sumatra, as did Sir Stamford Raffles. All his views and conceptions with regard to them appear to be sound and statesman-like; indeed, his talents and acquisitions were evidently such as constitute a great man;—but how useless, comparatively, would these have been had he not also happened to be a good one! The ease with which he was accessible to all classes, his placid temper and persuasive manners, appear to have gained all hearts, and to have enabled him to mould them to his own measures. Such, indeed, was evidently the influence he possessed over all ranks, that, with the aid of missionaries of enlightened minds, whom he eagerly sought after, we have very little doubt he would have succeeded in bringing the four million inhabitants of Sumatra, half Mahomedan, half pagan, within the pale of Christianity, in the space of a very few years.

Yet the kindness of his nature, his active beneficence, and constant efforts to improve the minds and morals of the people, were not sufficient to secure him against the hostility of certain persons, both in public and private life; there were not a few among the servants of the Bengal establishment, who could never forgive his being put over their heads—and there were persons of higher influence, whom he had galled by daring to act occasionally on his own responsibility. It would appear, indeed, that his ardent mind urged him on irresistibly to the speedy accomplishment of whatever he had once convinced himself ought to be done for the public good, and the improvement and prosperity of the country and people committed to his management. His zeal in such cases far outstripped the tardy acquiescence or disapproval of the authorities at home; so that his plans were sometimes carried into full operation long before he could receive any kind of answer to what he submitted. But this has been the case in all the great and important events and transactions in our Indian empire. The court of directors have complained, but taken no effectual steps to remedy the evil—if it be one, of which, considering the superior knowledge of their servants, and the necessity of acting on that knowledge, we are by no means convinced. The delay in receiving communications, on account of the distance—the delay of the directors in coming to a decision—that arising from the consultations with the Board of Control—the necessity of this Board obtaining the sanction of the cabinet—and the difficulty, at certain periods of the

year, of assembling a cabinet—and, after all this, the long passage out to India—these delays might render the suspension of a measure dangerous to the safety of the country.*

We cannot but rejoice that lady Raffles has been able to collect and publish, from the wreck of her deceased husband's papers, a "Memoir" that redounds so greatly to his fame and honour. His meritorious conduct and services, as therein exemplified, cannot fail to operate forcibly on the minds of those placed in similar situations, and induce them, while pursuing their exertions for the good of the public service, not to lose sight of the welfare and happiness of the millions entrusted to their charge; while his successful career, from a very humble to a high station in life, holds out an example to friendless young men like himself, how much may be gained by a steady and zealous attention to their respective duties, by devoting their leisure hours to the acquirement of useful knowledge, and by so conducting themselves in the various relations and situations of life, as to attract the notice and merit the approbation of their employers. How many generous minds are likely to be stimulated and sustained by the contemplation of such a career as is here depicted! We must add, that it is, indeed a proud thing for the much-calumniated East India Company, that two such books as this and the Life of Sir Thomas Munro should come out at the same time. Raffles had, in some instances, not a little to complain of; but, on the whole, nobler encouragement was certainly never held out to zeal and talent than in that service.

Thomas Stamford Raffles was born at sea on the 5th of July, 1781. He was the only surviving son of Benjamin Raffles, one of the oldest captains in the West India trade out of the port of London. His paternal grandfather held a situation in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons; but little beyond this is known of his family. In his childhood and in early youth, he is said to have displayed a thoughtfulness and a closeness of application above his years. The chief part of the education he received was at an academy at Hammersmith, from whence, at the early age of

* The time, probably, is not very distant, when a more speedy communication with India will become essentially necessary. When steam-packets are established, as we believe is intended, to carry the public mails to Malta, the East India Company may take up the conveyance from that island to Egypt, across the Desert to Suez, thence the Red Sea, and thence to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. From Falmouth to Bombay, at five or six miles per hour, (exclusive of stoppages,) the time would not exceed forty-eight days; at seven miles an hour, thirty-eight days. To Madras, at five or six miles, fifty-five days; at seven miles an hour, forty-four days. To Calcutta, at five or six miles an hour, sixty-two days; at seven miles an hour, forty-eight days. From Falmouth to Latakia, or Iskanderoon, by Aleppo to the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, the time would be pretty much the same, but less certain, on account of the half-savage Arabs between Aleppo and the river.

fourteen, he was removed to the situation of an extra clerk in the East India House. Many years after this, he thus writes to his cousin, the Rev. Dr. Raffles:

"The deficiency of my early education has never been fully supplied; and I have never ceased to deplore the necessity which withdrew me so early from school. I had hardly been two years at a boarding-school, when I was withdrawn, and forced to enter on the busy scenes of public life, then a mere boy. My leisure hours, however, still continued to be devoted to favourite studies; and with the little aid my allowances afforded, I contrived to make myself master of the French language, and to prosecute inquiries into some of the branches of literature and science; this was, however, in stolen moments, either before the office hours in the morning, or after them in the evening. I look back to these days of difficulty and application with some degree of pleasure. I feel that I did all that I could, and I have nothing to reproach myself with.

"This statement will account for my deficiencies in education: all I ever presumed to consider myself was—a lover and admirer of all that I could reach in literature and science. The varied, important, and incessant duties of my public life have always deprived me of that calm and retirement which I have desired, and to which alone I look as the ultimate end of my ambition on earth. To qualify myself for the enjoyment of such a state, I omit no opportunity. The high stations which I have held have enabled me to foster and encourage the pursuits of others; and if I have any merit, it has rather been as the patron of science, than in any other capacity."—pp. 2, 3.

Chained down to the desk at the above-mentioned early age, and doomed, as it then appeared, to obscurity and drudgery—without friends to aid him, and without the hope of promotion—the natural bias of his mind, and the talents which he must have been conscious of possessing, had but little scope. His attention to the dull routine of copying was, however, most patient and unremitting: he worked early and late, and, by his extra labour, earned a small addition to his salary. His parents were in difficulties, and all his little gains were carried home for their relief. "His affection to his mother," says Lady Raffles, "was always one of the strongest feelings of his heart. At this time with that self-denying devotion to the happiness of others, which was his distinguishing quality through life, he deprived himself of every indulgence, that he might devote to her his hard-earned pittance; and in after days of comparative affluence, he delighted in surrounding her with every comfort."

His youth appears to have been strongly characterized by innocence and simplicity. Lady Raffles observes, that—

"As a schoolboy, his garden was his delight: to this was added a love of animals which was perhaps unequalled. It has been observed, that it is one of the characteristic properties of a great mind, that it can contract as well as dilate itself; and the mind which cannot do both, is not great in its full extent: this observation was forcibly realized in him;

he spent hours in fondling and domesticating those objects of his care and attention. He entered with the most child-like simplicity into occupations and pleasures which many would consider beneath their notice.—A mountain scene would bring tears into his eyes; a flower would call forth a burst of favourite poetry; it was perhaps peculiar to himself to be able to remark, on his last return to England, that he had never seen a horse-race, never fired a gun."—p. 4.

Mr. Raffles possessed through life an extraordinary facility of acquiring languages, and the "further East" afforded him abundant scope for the exercise of this talent. His studies at home were desultory; but he was always acquiring something which he had the happy faculty of retaining in his memory. His abilities were taken notice of in the office, and mentioned to those who had the power to reward them; and, on a vacancy occurring, he was put upon the establishment, over the heads of several others. In 1805, the Court of Directors determined to form an establishment on Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island. India was the field for which the ambition of Raffles most panted; and Mr. Ramsay, the secretary, aware of his peculiar fitness for that sphere, recommended him to the notice of that excellent man; the late Sir Hugh Inglis, who gave him the appointment of assistant secretary to the new government, and ever afterwards watched his progress with an almost paternal interest.

In September, 1805, Mr. Raffles arrived at Penang. The progress he had made in the Malay language, on the passage, gave him an immediate and decided advantage over the rest of the establishment. By intense application, he speedily acquired a general knowledge of the history, government, and local interests of the neighbouring states and islands. "He conversed," says Captain Travers, "freely with the natives, who were constantly visiting Penang, many of whom were found to be sensible, intelligent men, and greatly pleased to find a person holding Mr. Raffles's situation, able and anxious to converse with them in their own language." On the elevation, in 1806, of Mr. Pearson to the council, he was appointed secretary; and, about the same time, registrar to the new court of judicature. But the fatigue and responsibility of organizing a new government, in a climate which, in a very short period, proved fatal to two governors, the whole of the council, and many of the new settlers, brought on an alarming illness, which made it advisable he should proceed to Malacca for the recovery of his health. Here he had an opportunity of observing, and mingling with, the varied population congregated from all parts of the archipelago, and from the more distant countries of Asia—from Java, Amboyna, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Papua, China, Cochinchina, &c.; and the knowledge he obtained from these strangers of the nature and extent of their several resources, of their trade, their customs, manners, and feelings, became of infinite service to him in the high and responsible situations he was shortly destined to fill.

Happy for Malacca that this visit was made!

Orders had been issued for demolishing the fortifications, and destroying the public buildings, with the view of deterring Europeans from establishing themselves there, and of transferring the trade and population to Penang. This Dutch kind of policy accorded so ill with Raffles's feelings, that he made a strong remonstrance against so cruel a proceeding. He represented that the population far exceeded twenty thousand souls—Dutch, Portuguese, and their half-caste, Chinese, Arabs, Javanese, &c.; of whom more than three-fourths were born in Malacca, where their families had been settled for centuries. Here they felt they were at home: their peculiarities were attended to, their rank respected, and their wants supplied. Many were proprietors of the soil, or attached to those who were so: their gardens produced pepper, vegetables, and all kinds of fruit in abundance; and from these and the fisheries they derived comfort and independence. That they were strongly bound to the soil was proved by their not accepting the offers made of a free passage to Penang, in one single instance. On these representations, the orders were countermanded, and the government thus escaped a heavy and needless load of obloquy and indignation.

Shortly after his arrival at Penang, Mr. Raffles made an acquaintance with that extraordinary young man, the late Dr. Leyden, on whose return to Calcutta, where he was established in the household of Lord Minto, a correspondence ensued on Malayan language and literature, and other subjects connected with the eastern archipelago. The letters of Raffles were shown to the Governor-General, who was so much pleased with the talent and intelligence they displayed, that he commissioned Leyden to say to his friend, that he should be gratified in receiving directly from himself any communications respecting the eastern parts of the Indian seas. This led to a regular correspondence; and so satisfied was his lordship of the superior knowledge possessed by Raffles, that he hinted at placing him in the government of the Moluccas, which, in the year 1810, had fallen into our hands. This suggestion determined Mr. Raffles to proceed to Calcutta, where he was received with great kindness and marked attention by Lord Minto, who, from this moment, appears to have reposed in him the most unreserved confidence. About this time, the annexation of Holland to France had placed at the disposal of Buonaparte all the valuable and extensive possessions of the Dutch in the eastern seas, of which Java was the great central point, and from which operations were likely to be most successfully directed against the political ascendancy and the commercial interests of England. "I at once," says Raffles, in a letter to his cousin, "drew his lordship's attention to Java, by observing, that there were other islands worthy of his consideration besides the Moluccas—Java, for instance. On the mention of Java, his lordship cast a look of such scrutiny, anticipation, and kindness upon me, as I shall never forget. 'Yes,' said he, 'Java is an interesting island: I shall be happy to receive any information you can give

me concerning it.' This was quite enough,—the information had already been collected,—and the result was, his lordship's determination to undertake, without delay, and on his own responsibility, the reduction of Java and its dependencies. Mr. Raffles was despatched, forthwith, to Malacca, in the capacity of agent to the Governor-General. Here he was instructed to prepare the necessary arrangements; to open communications with the several native chieftains of the archipelago, with the view of obtaining information as to their feelings with regard to the Dutch; and to facilitate the extension of the British influence in the eastern seas.

On the 9th of May, Lord Minto arrived at Malacca, when Mr. Raffles put into his hands a minute of all the information he had collected, and which is certainly one of the most wonderful specimens of what assiduity, energy, and talent are capable of accomplishing. It occupies nearly sixty pages of the "Memoir," is full of information respecting every part of the archipelago, and takes a most statesmanlike view of the whole subject. A difficulty had been started as to the choice of a passage for the expedition among the islands and through the narrow straits. The alternative of two routes presented itself: the direct route along the south-west coast of Borneo, which was represented as very difficult and uncertain, if not altogether impracticable; the other round the north and east coasts of Borneo, and through the straits of Macassar, which, though considered practicable, was stated to be imminently dangerous, as well as tedious. But Raffles had solved the problem; he had sent a vessel to examine the supposed difficulties, and to perform the passage; he, therefore, stated boldly, that "he did not hesitate to stake his reputation on the success which would attend the expedition, if the route he pointed out should be followed." The naval authorities were all opposed to the attempt of a new passage with so many transports; but Lord Minto, in full confidence in the judgment of Raffles, embarked with him in his Majesty's ship *Modeste*, commanded by his own son; and, in less than six weeks after quitting Malacca, the fleet, consisting of upwards of ninety sail, was in sight of Batavia, without accident to a single vessel. Lord Minto observes—"If I had yielded to the predicted difficulties of the passage, the expedition must have been abandoned for the present year."

The result of this expedition is well known. On the reduction of this grand island, or, as Lord Minto announces it to the authorities at home, "an empire, which, for two centuries, had contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe,"—its government, though partly pledged to another, Lord Minto declared "he could not conscientiously withhold from him who had won it;" and therefore, "as an acknowledgment of the services he had rendered, and in consideration of his peculiar fitness for the office," his lordship performed a noble act of justice, equally honourable to the giver and receiver, by immediately appointing Mr. Raffles to the situation,

under the title of "Lieutenant-Governor of Java and its Dependencies."

Lady Raffles observes,—

"An event occurred at this time to interrupt the satisfaction and humble the heart that might have been too much elated at the success which had crowned the expedition. Dr. Leyden was seized with a fever a few days after he reached those shores, on which he hoped to *stake his ardent thirst for knowledge*, and expired in the arms of his friend. This loss was deeply mourned by Mr. Raffles, who had anticipated the happiness of having, as an inmate of his family, one with whom he could take counsel both in public and private; whose judgment would aid, whose affection would cheer, and whose society would brighten the care and troubles of the responsible situation he was about to undertake."—p. 97.

We are now to contemplate the young extra clerk of the India house in his capacity of governor over some five or six millions of people. His first care was, to ascertain the quantity and quality of the materials he had to work upon. For this purpose, he sent English residents to the native courts, to institute statistical inquiries in every district; to cause a survey to be made of the whole island; to obtain detailed information of the lands attached to each village, and the tenure by which they were held; to discontinue many expensive and useless establishments; to reform the departments of revenue, commerce, and judicature; and, in short, to collect such a body of materials as might enable him to carry into effect that thorough change of a vicious system, which he considered indispensable, no less for the interests and honour of the British government, than for the happiness and prosperity of the island itself. It is highly creditable to the skill and judgment of Mr. Raffles, that, in totally subverting the establishments, by means of the very persons who had fattened on the abuses which beset them all, he seems to have incurred no personal animosities. So judiciously, indeed, was the change introduced, that not a single individual, high or low, felt aggrieved by it; the native population—chiefs, subordinates, and people—with one accord hailed the new order of things as a boon conferred upon them by British philanthropy; and entered on the enjoyment of its advantages with confidence and increased industry. "His mild, conciliatory, and unassuming manners," says Captain Travers, "obtained for him the respect and confidence of the Dutch; whilst the natives, who had been led to form the highest possible opinion of his character, looked with anxious hope for that amelioration in their condition which they afterwards experienced, and which will make his memory adored on the island of Java for ages to come." We will go further, and say, that so oppressive, unjust, and tyrannical has the conduct of the Dutch been towards the Javanese, since the restoration of the island, that if, at any future period, hostilities should unfortunately be resorted to against that nation, the first English man-of-war that shows her colours before Batavia or Suribaya, will be the signal for a general rising of the natives to drive out their oppressors.

It should be observed, that the British government succeeded to Java at a moment of the greatest public distress, when the Dutch had been unable to pay even their lowest establishments, when the funds of the public charities had been appropriated to the necessities of the state, and the finances of the colony were in a condition of bankruptcy. A depreciated paper currency inundated the whole island. The revenues were paid in this paper that could not be reissued. There was therefore no option left but to withdraw this paper from circulation, and the only means of doing so was by the sale of the public lands, which Lord Minto approved of, as an *able expedient* in a case of *great emergency*; though the directors of the East India Company thought fit to disapprove it. The change of system was, however, universally felt as a blessing by the people of Java.

"If I look forward," observes Mr. Raffles, 'to its effects as it may contribute to the happiness of the people, the improvement of the country, and the consequent increase of the public revenue; the result is incalculable. Let the present wretched state of the Dutch metropolis of the East be contrasted with the flourishing state of the British establishments, wherever they have been formed, and it will speak a volume in favour of the change. Desolation and ruin would seem to have tracked the steps of the Dutch power wherever it has extended; individual prosperity and national riches have accumulated under the English. The principles of their governments are radically different, and with such experience before us, can it be a question on which side we shall rely?

"The mass of the population, snatched as they are at a favourable moment, from the destructive grasp of Mahomedan despotism and indefinite exaction, and established in the possession of property, to be secured by impartial justice, administered to them in a simple and prompt mode, adapted to their peculiar sentiments and institutions, afford a wide scope to the philosopher as well as to the statesman. A new people, still advancing in civilization even under the former restraints, with what accelerated progress will they not proceed, when their natural energies have fair play?"—pp. 220, 221.

The measures which Mr. Raffles carried into effect were, extensive revenue and judicial arrangements; reforms of the courts of justice, and the establishment of a magistracy; the institution of trial by jury, and of laws for the abolition of slavery; the prosecution of statistical surveys, by a committee; the establishment of a Benevolent Society, and of schools for the natives;—the revival of the Batavian Society, and the holding out of great encouragement for researches and making collections of natural history. But that which raised the condition of the great agricultural population, was the abolition of forced deliveries of produce, and conferring the privilege of bringing it to a free and open market. By these judicious measures, the revenue, "which at no time under the Dutch exceeded four millions of rupees, was not less, in the year he left it, than thirty millions." Mr. Raffles ap-

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pears, from the first moment, to have been anxious to abolish that dreadful scourge, slavery, throughout the Dutch possessions, and he had the satisfaction to find that the leading inhabitants expressed their concurrence in his views; but the Bengal authorities refused their sanction, under the plea of its not being known whether the government was permanently to be administered by the king, or by the company. When it was proposed that all the slaves on the island should be registered, a native chief, the Penambahan of Samunap, proudly declared, "I will not register my slaves; hitherto they have been kept such, because it was the custom, and the Dutch liked to be attended by slaves, when we visited the palace; but as that is not the case with the English, they shall cease to be slaves; for long have I felt shame, and my blood has run cold, when I reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Samarang, where human beings were exposed for public sale, placed on a table, and examined like sheep and oxen." When Raffles mentioned this noble trait to Mr. Wilberforce, on his first return to England, he was commissioned to carry out a seal, to be presented to this chief, as an acknowledgment of his liberal act; and the latter, in return, requested Mr. Wilberforce's acceptance of a handsome cres.

The blessings which Mr. Raffles had conferred on the inhabitants of Java were not attained without difficulties, and the occasional occurrence of events of a disagreeable nature. The public tranquillity was speedily disturbed by some of the native powers of Java, particularly the Sultan of Djococarta, who vainly imagined he could succeed in driving the Europeans from the island; but Raffles was aware of the confederacy he was endeavouring to establish; and by a force, under Colonel Gillespie, crushed the whole of the malcontents in detail. The proceedings of the Sultan of Palembang, a dependency situated in the island of Sumatra, next required his prompt attention. A commission being sent to this sultan, to have the right of British dominion acknowledged, he not only disdainfully refused to hear of such a claim, but formed the diabolical plan of murdering the commissioners, and all the Dutch inhabitants of the place. Such atrocities determined Mr. Raffles to take immediate and decisive measures; and for this purpose, Colonel Gillespie was sent, with a commanding force; but bad weather, and the currents of the river, retarded his progress. As he proceeded, intelligence was brought that the sultan had fled,—that confusion, plunder, and murder prevailed, not only within the interior of the fort and palace, but in many parts of the city; and that a massacre, by the sultan's adherents, was meditated the very next night, on the wealthy Chinese and other inhabitants, whose property was to become the prize of the assassins. Gillespie, on hearing this, proceeded, with the Arab chief who had brought the intelligence, in his canoe, accompanied only by Captain Meares and a Spanish gentleman; in it and another small canoe were distributed seven grenadiers of the 59th regiment, and they were followed by two men of war's boats.

"The canoes, in one of which the colonel

was, had gained much on the other two boats, and were now completely out of sight, when the report of a signal-gun, fired by the enemy, not a little alarmed them, and increased the anxiety for the rest of the party; the more so, as every thing around tended to excite suspicion of some treacherous design being in agitation. A dreadful yell, and shrieking in all directions, was next heard, and lights and conflagrations were seen throughout the whole extent of this large tract of population, which stretched along both banks of the river for upwards of seven miles. By the redoubled exertions of the crews, the boats in the rear were brought up to the support of the little band, and thus happily formed in time an important junction.

"To paint the horrors of the scene that presented itself in their true colours, or to attempt an expression of the sensations it was calculated to excite, would be a difficult task; and the undaunted act which gained the possession of the fort, the palace, and its batteries, may be credited, when the name of the leader is recollected. Undismayed in the face of numerous bodies of armed men, Colonel Gillespie boldly stepped on shore, at eight o'clock at night, and with those who had accompanied him in the canoe, and the seven grenadiers, he marched, with a firm step, through a multitude of Arabs and treacherous Malays, whose missile weapons, steeped in poison, glimmered by the light of torches.

"Huge battlements, with immense gates, leading from one area to another, presented the frightful spectacle of human blood still reeking and flowing on the pavement. The massive gates closed upon the rear, and the blood-stained court-yards through which the party were conducted, appeared as if they were the passage to a slaughter-house.

"A Malay, who had pressed through the crowd, approached the colonel, and was walking by his side, when a large double-edged knife was secretly put into his hands by one of his countrymen. It was a dark stormy night, and a ray of lightning, at the very instant when the man was pushing the knife up his long loose sleeves to conceal it, discovered the weapon. The colonel's eye caught the object, and instantly turning round, he had the fellow seized, totally regardless of the crowd: thus fortunately frustrating, by his firmness, the murderous design. The weapon was found as described; but the man contrived to steal away in the crowd, and escaped.

"The palace exhibited a melancholy picture of devastation and cruelty. Murder had been succeeded by rapine; and while the place was completely ransacked, the pavements and floors were clotted with blood. In every direction, spectacles of woe caught the sight, and were rendered peculiarly awful by the glare of the surrounding conflagration, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, and loud peals of thunder.

"The flames, which continued to spread destruction, notwithstanding the rain that poured down in torrents, had reached the outer buildings of the palace, and threatened the part where the colonel with his party, had taken up their temporary abode. The crack-

ing of bamboos, resembling the discharge of musketry; the tumbling in of burning roofs with a tremendous crash; the near approach of the fire, in the midst of an immense hostile multitude and assassins; altogether gave to their situation a most appalling prospect.

"The little band, consisting only of seventeen British grenadiers, with the officers naval and military already mentioned, and a few seamen belonging to the gig and barge, had to secure possession of the fort, and to provide for their safety, in the determined resolution of selling their lives dearly, should any attack be made before the arrival of reinforcements. Having carefully reconnoitred, by the light of torches, the interior of the palace court, and ordered all the entrances, except one, to be shut and barricaded, Colonel Gillespie stationed the grenadiers at the principal entrance, and the strictest guard was kept up. Soon after midnight they had the satisfaction of hailing the welcome arrival of Major Trench, with about sixty men of the 89th regiment; and the remaining part of the ordered advance, under Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod, joined the little garrison early the next morning.

"Thus an act of daring enterprise, conceived with judgment and executed with intrepidity, gained possession of the fort and batteries defended by two hundred and forty-two pieces of cannon, without the loss of a man. This formidable position could not have been carried under any other circumstances of attack, but by the sacrifice of many lives, and by hazarding altogether the safety of the little armament."—pp. 116—118.

Alluding to the previous massacre, Colonel Gillespie observes, in his report to the Lieutenant-Governor, that "the unwary and confiding Dutchmen, unsuspecting of evil intentions, were speedily surrounded, without the hope of escape; the guns were all seized by parties on the ramparts, and the unfortunate garrison were dragged to a scene of cold-blooded cruelty, which can never be contemplated but with sentiments of horror and abhorrence."

"There was one European woman among the unhappy victims thus sacrificed by the sultan. She was embarked on the boats, and after suffering every violence and pollution her abandoned murderers were capable of offering her, she was inhumanly butchered, and thrown into the river, with the rest of the garrison. The remaining women were sent as slaves up the country, and the relation of distress, starvation, and misery they encountered in their bondage, is calculated to excite such sentiments of horror and indignation against the whole race, that at times I can with difficulty hold intercourse with people allied to such monsters of barbarity. There was no punishment too severe, no persecution too considerable, no degradation too humiliating for these unhappy women. The Resident's wife was pregnant at the time of her seizure, and although I should consider few men capable of refusing pity and assistance to women thus situated, they were unmindful of her claims to compassion, and they left her in the jungle, without nourishment, support, or shelter."—pp. 120, 121.

On deposing the monster who had fled, the brother was placed on the throne, to the great joy and satisfaction of the people. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the Dutch had no sooner resumed possession of Batavia, than they rejected our treaty made with the new sultan, commenced machinations against him, seized and sent him a prisoner to Batavia, recalled the old villain who had so inhumanly butchered their own countrymen, and replaced him on the throne, in consideration of the payment of four hundred thousand dollars! But the whole conduct of the Dutch in the east was marked with the deepest ingratitude to this country, from the moment their possessions in the Archipelago were restored to them. Whether it was from ignorance, or a superabundance of generosity on the part of England, or for their services in the last war, which were so other, that we are aware of, than drawing out "Oranje boven" at the eleventh hour, that we not only showered upon them those territories which they once held, but allowed them to usurp others they had no right to—it were useless now to inquire. On this point Mr. Raffles says,

"The instructions to Lord Minto, which authorized the conquest, directed, that after dismantling the fortifications, the country should be given up in independence to the native chiefs. Holland at that time did not exist as a nation, and the prospect of transferring Java to France was not to be contemplated. The humane and benevolent mind of Lord Minto revolted at the idea of suddenly transferring back to the natives a colony which had been in the possession of the European authority for two centuries. If such a policy were to be pursued, he conceived that it ought to be gradual; and while he took upon himself the responsibility of suspending, pending the reference to Europe, the rigid enforcement of the orders he had received, he did not hesitate to say that he had done so, and publicly to assure the natives that they would, in the meantime, be allowed every degree of rational liberty and independence consistent with the safety of the provisional government he had established. On this principle was my government regulated; and you may judge with what surprise we received a copy of the convention for the unconditional transfer of the country to the Dutch, as the first and only communication from Europe. The Dutch no sooner obtained possession, than it became an object with them to lower the character of the British provisional administration, to displace those in whom we had confidence, and to obliterate, as far as possible, all recollection of our rule. Of this I do not complain; if our ministers, in the zenith of their magnanimity, chose to sacrifice the interests of five millions of people, and to cast them aside without notice or remembrance, it was not, perhaps, to be expected from the Dutch that they should be very nice. Gratitude is not among the list of national virtues; it is, perhaps, inconsistent with them; at least it is at variance with national pride and vanity. I am willing to leave the Dutch to the full enjoyment of all the improvements they are inclined to make in Java and the Moluccas; to give them the full advantage of all they can

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fairly claim, and to put up patiently with all the ingratitude, rivalry, and even hostility, that is naturally to be expected; but I wish them to be confined to their proper ground. I wish them to leave us in possession of the advantages of that trade which we enjoyed in the year 1803, previous to the last war. Not satisfied, however, with the possession of those places which, at that date, were occupied by the European power, we find them grasping at the sovereignty of the whole of the Archipelago, taking a mean advantage of our generosity and forbearance; and, profiting by the reduction of our naval establishment, they have sent out to Batavia a force, both military and naval, of an alarming extent. The European troops in Java alone exceed 10,000 men, besides what are at the Moluccas and other out-stations. A large colonial army is raised; while a navy, consisting at present of one ninety gun ship, one seventy-four, three frigates, eight corvettes, and innumerable smaller vessels, manned with upwards of 1,700 Europeans, strikes terror through all the adjacent countries."—pp. 390, 391.

The instructions to Lord Minto, which, previously to the capture, he communicated in confidence to Mr. Raffles, were, "the expulsion or reduction of the Dutch power, the destruction of their fortifications, the distribution of their arms and stores to the natives, and the evacuation of the island by our own troops." But his Lordship adds, in a spirit of philanthropy which is honourable to his memory, "I conclude, however, that the destructive and calamitous consequences of this plan to so ancient and populous an European colony, the property and lives of which must have fallen a sacrifice to the vindictive sway of the Malay [Javanese, who are not Malay] chiefs, if transferred suddenly and defenceless to their dominion, have not been fully contemplated; and I have already stated my reasons for considering a modification of their orders as indispensable."

Unjustifiable it certainly would have been to pursue this line of conduct, on the conquest of the island, and leave the European settlers to the mercy of a race whom they had injured and exasperated; but we cannot but consider that, instead of surrendering six millions of people to the iniquitous tyranny of the Dutch, after giving them liberty and freedom of trade, and improved their morals and condition, we should have better served the interests of humanity at the conclusion of the war, by removing the Dutch population altogether, or such as might choose it, destroying all the fortifications, and leaving the island to be governed by the native princes, than by surrendering it to a power who had not the sense to follow up the system that had been proved to work so well. And what has been the result?—their line-of-battle ships, frigates, and corvettes, with their ten thousand men, have long since disappeared, and many thousands more, both Europeans and natives, have been swept from the face of the earth. To Holland, we suspect, the gross mismanagement of Java has proved a loss of blood and treasure far beyond any profit she can ever hope to derive from the possession of this beautiful island.

Lord Minto had foreseen that the island of Java was likely to be given up, and, anxious to secure to Mr. Raffles an honourable retreat, appointed him provisionally to the residency of Fort Marlborough, in Bencoolen, if Java should pass into other hands, notwithstanding the orders he had received to place a civil servant of the Bengal establishment in that office. When the time appointed for surrendering the island to the Dutch arrived, Mr. Fendall was appointed to make the transfer. Mr. Raffles, before he took leave, made a strong appeal in behalf of those for whose welfare he had so anxiously laboured; but this was not attended to, and the island was transferred without one stipulation in favour of the natives. The events that have followed afford a melancholy comment on the sinfulness of this omission, though some may doubt whether any conditions would have been observed by persons so little regardful of good faith. To show the absurdity of the conclusion come to by the Court of Directors, that the alienation of the lands had alienated the affections of the people, we have only to glance at the circumstances under which Mr. Raffles took his final leave of Batavia. When it became generally known that he was obliged to proceed to England, as the only hope of preserving his life, the European and native inhabitants united in expressing their deep regret at his departure, and in acknowledging, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for the benefits which he had conferred upon them during his administration. A magnificent service of plate was given to him, and "On the morning of his embarkation, the Roads of Batavia were filled with boats, crowded with people of various nations, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect within their power to one for whom they entertained the most lively affection. On reaching the vessel, he found the decks filled with offerings of every description—fruits, flowers, poultry, whatever they thought would promote his comfort on the voyage. It is impossible to describe the scene which took place when the order was given to weigh the anchor; the people felt that they had lost the greatest friend whom Java ever possessed; and perhaps they anticipated, as too near, their redelivery to the Dutch power, and the consequently too probable revival of the scenes of misgovernment, from which, under the administration of Mr. Raffles, they had been relieved for five years, and ought to have been relieved for ever."—p. 272.

On his arrival in England, Mr. Raffles soon discovered that much ignorance prevailed, where it ought not, as to the value of Java and the Dutch possessions, which determined him to write the history of that splendid island, a work full of information, which he completed, with his usual rapidity, in a few months. In the early part of 1817, he married Sophia, daughter of T. W. Hull, Esq., of the County of Down, an amiable and accomplished lady, the editor of the present Memoir. "About this time he was presented to His Majesty, then Prince Regent, and received the honour of knighthood. During the fifteen months he remained in England, Sir Stamford Raffles, by his affable manners and superior intelli-

gence, made a host of friends, and was a welcome guest in the very best society; among others, he became acquainted with the late Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, who honoured him with proofs of sincere regard; and on his taking leave, on returning to India, the Princess bestowed on him a ring, as a mark of her esteem. It deserves to be mentioned, as an instance of that active benevolence for which his character was distinguished, that, before his departure for his new government of Fort Marlborough, Sir Stamford resolved to proceed to Holland, to demand an audience of the king of the Netherlands, to lay before him some representations in behalf of the native inhabitants of Java, and some of the Dutch whom he conceived to have claims on his attention. The king, whose personal character all who know any thing of it must venerate, received him with marked civility, and invited him to dine with him; but he found, that though the leading ministers seemed to mean well, "they had too great a hankering after profit, and immediate profit, for any liberal system to thrive under them." The king himself promised that the new system should be continued, but kings are not always permitted to make good their promises.

In October, 1817, Sir Stamford with his family embarked for Sumatra, the Court of Directors having conferred on him the title of "Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen." On his arrival at Bencoolen, he thus writes to his friend, Mr. Marsden:

"This is, without exception, the most wretched place I ever beheld. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced, in repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the government-house a den of ravenous dogs and polecats. The natives say that Bencoolen is now a *tdna mati* (dead land). In truth, I could never have conceived any thing half so bad. We will try and make it better; and if I am well supported from home, the west coast may yet be turned to account. You must, however, be prepared for the abolition of slavery; the emancipation of the country people from the forced cultivation of pepper; the discontinuance of the gaming and cock-fighting farms; and a thousand other practices equally disgraceful and repugnant to the British character and government. A complete and thorough reform is indispensable, and reductions must be made throughout."—p. 293.

To this miserable establishment he found from two to three hundred slaves attached, the children of African negroes originally purchased by the East India Company; and he was assured they were much happier than free men. He soon discovered, however, that they were a most dissolute and depraved set of beings. The following extract is from his letter to the Court of Directors.

"It has been but too common an opinion, and,

I regret to say, the authorities which sanction it are most respectable, that the Malayan character is too despicable to be entrusted with personal freedom, and that the degree of restraint exercised over them on this coast is not only wholesome, but necessary. That indolence and vice prevail among the Malays on this coast, and to a considerable extent, I am not prepared to deny; but I apprehend they are rather to be attributed to the effects of the system hitherto prescribed, than to any original defect of character.

"My own experience of twelve years, in different parts of the Archipelago, enables me to assert that there is no radical defect in the character of the common people, however bad their Mohamedan government may be. They are alive to the same incentives, have the same feelings, and, if once allowed, would as rapidly advance in civilization as their fellow-men; once relieved from the oppression and disabilities under which they labour, and placed under an honourable protection, there would be no want of energy or enterprise; the temptations to vice by which they are surrounded, once removed, they would be amiable and trustworthy. Of some of the oppressions and disabilities under which they labour, I have already spoken; of the temptations to vice by which they are surrounded, I need only observe, that the principle of local revenues of government, both at Bencoolen and at the different residencies, are in the gaming and cock-fighting farms. Of the first, I shall not at present speak, as it is connected with the revenues of Bengal; but of the latter, which are entirely local, it is incumbent on me, as chief magistrate, to point out, that the continuance of the farms is destructive of every principle of good government, of social order, and the morals of the people.

"The forced services, and forced deliveries at inadequate rates, must be abolished. The labourer must be allowed to cultivate pepper or not, at pleasure, and such radical changes made throughout, as will enable the people to distinguish the political influence of the British government from the commercial speculations of the Company and their agents. I am aware that the task is difficult, if not invincible; but under the confidence placed in me, and having at heart the honour and character of the nation, and of the East India Company, I shall not hesitate to undertake it.

"My first public act must be the emancipation of the unfortunate Caffre slaves: when I have done this, and abolished the gaming and cock-fighting farms, I may, with some conscience, call upon the chiefs to assist me in the general work of reform, amelioration, and improvement."—pp. 297, 298.

Too zealous to carry into effect the reform he contemplated, without waiting orders from home, which would occasion the loss of a year, and conscious that no improvement could take place until he had cleared away the rubbish at Fort Marlborough, he commenced at once by liberating all the slaves. He then classified about five hundred convicts, which had been sent hither from Bengal, into three divisions, according to their character; and he states that, in a very short time, "a large body of

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people, who had been living in the lowest state of degradation, became useful labourers, and happy members of society." He next assembled the native chiefs, and, finding them reasonable on all points connected with their privileges, he made with them a provisional treaty, by which, 1st, All former treaties were annulled; 2d, It was provided, that in the name of the Company he should administer the government of the country according to equity, justice, and good policy; and 3d, That the cultivation of pepper should be declared free, the people being at liberty to cultivate that article or not, as they might think fit. They were particularly anxious, however, to be freed from the disgrace which had been attached to their character, by a prohibition against wearing their crees, according to an ancient custom of the country, which Sir Stamford immediately and without hesitation granted. The prohibition had originated in the murder of Mr. Parr, in 1801, who, as governor, had made himself obnoxious, by endeavouring to force upon the people the culture of coffee in addition to that of pepper; besides which, an arbitrary interference with the native courts of justice, without the concurrence or advice of the chiefs, had excited their fears for their ancient customs and institutions. The measures taken on this catastrophe were highly impolitic: several of the natives were blown from the mouths of guns; an order was issued to burn and destroy every village within a certain distance, and the work of devastation was carried on, as if the future security of the settlement depended on surrounding it with a desert. "The fruit trees, venerable by their age, that surround a Malay village, are the protecting deities of the place, and are regarded with reverence; their destruction is looked upon as little less than sacrilege—yet the axe was laid to their roots; and whatever could afford shelter or protection was levelled with the ground, and the whole population of the suspected villages turned loose upon the country."

On Sir Stamford's first arrival, no one thought of living out of the settlement, and no one servant could be induced to venture three miles after sunset, such was the desolate state of the country by which Fort Marlborough was surrounded. Sir Stamford conceived the best way to repeople the country was, to set them an example, by building a house twelve miles out of the town. In a letter to the late Duchess of Somerset, he says—

"I ascended the first range of hills, and, having taken up a position on the Hill of Mists (Bukit Kabut), which commands a most extensive view of the surrounding country, and on which no European had before set foot, I determined to make it our country residence, and accordingly gave orders for clearing the forest, &c. In this I have already made considerable progress, a comfortable cottage is erected, and, as far as we can yet judge, the thermometer is at least six degrees lower than at Benecoolen. The only inconvenience will arise from the tigers and elephants, which abound in the vicinity; one of the villagers told me, that his father and grandfather were carried off by tigers, and there is scarcely a

family that has not lost some of its members by them. In many parts, the people would seem to have resigned the empire to these animals, taking but few precautions against them, and regarding them as sacred; they believe in transmigration, and call them their *nene* or grandfather. On the banks of one of the rivers of this coast, upwards of a hundred people were carried off by tigers during the last year. When a tiger enters a village, the foolish people frequently prepare rice and fruits, and placing them at the entrance as an offering to the animal, conceive that, by giving him this hospitable reception, he will be pleased with their attention, and pass on, without doing them harm. They do the same on the approach of the small-pox, and thus endeavour to lay the evil spirit by kind and hospitable treatment. I am doing all I can to resume the empire of man; and, having made open war against the whole race of wild and ferocious animals, I hope we shall be able to reside on the Hill of Mists without danger from their attacks."—p. 314.

Lady Raffles had an instance of these superstitious fears of the natives, on a journey into the interior.

"The coolies, in passing through the forest, came upon a tiger, crouched on the path; they immediately stopped, and addressed him in terms of supplication, assuring him they were poor people, carrying the *tuau basar*, great man's luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they implored permission to pass quietly and without molestation. The tiger, being startled at their appearance, got up and walked quietly into the depths of the forest; and they came on, perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety."—pp. 322, 323.

In five years from the building of his house on the Hill of Mists, the whole intermediate space was chequered with villas, and surrounded with plantations. At this time, out of 190,000 nutmeg-trees, which had been planted by Sir Stamford, one-fourth were in full bearing. "The clove-trees," says Lady Raffles, "as an avenue to a residence, are, perhaps, unrivalled; their noble height, the beauty of their form, the luxuriance of their foliage, and, above all, the spicy fragrance with which they perfume the air, produce, in driving through a long line of them, a degree of exquisite pleasure only to be enjoyed in the clear, light atmosphere of these latitudes." In another place she observes, that, at this time,

"The appearance of the settlement was greatly changed. On Sir Stamford's first arrival, in 1815, he found that every tree and shrub had been cut down (from fear of the natives) around the residence of the chief authority, which had in consequence a most desolate appearance: he immediately formed a garden, and surrounded the government-house with plantations. As a proof of the luxuriance of vegetation in these islands, it may be stated, that during his absence of eleven months, the casuarina-trees had grown to the height of thirty and forty feet; and he had the pleasure, on his return, to see the house encircled by a shrubbery of nutmeg, clove, coco, and cassia

trees, and of driving through an approach of alternate nutmeg and clove trees; the place seemed to have been converted almost by magic from a wilderness into a garden. The nutmeg-tree is exceedingly beautiful; it bears in profusion, spreads its branches in a wide circle, and the fruit is perhaps the most beautiful in the world; the outside covering, or shell, is of a rich cream colour, and resembles a peach; this bursts, and shows the dark nut, encircled and chequered with mace of the brightest crimson; and, when contrasted with the deep emerald green leaf, is delightfully grateful to the eye."—pp. 404.

The same system of excluding respectable natives from the society of Europeans had been pursued in this settlement, as is but too much the case in most other parts of India. Sir Stamford at once broke down this barrier, and opened his house to the chiefs and higher class of natives on all occasions; and this practice he continued during the whole period of his residence in Sumatra. His house was rarely without some of them,—in short, he had constant opportunity of studying their feelings, sentiments, and manners; and such was the confidence they placed in him, that in his measures for the good of the community, they were at all times ready to give their cordial co-operation. Both chiefs and people were soon brought to consider him their best friend and adviser, yielded to his opinion upon all occasions, and harmony and goodwill prevailed throughout the settlement.

Having procured from Bengal a young man, brought up in the principles and practice of our national schools, with a fount of types in the Roman and native characters, he appointed a committee, and established a plan of schools for educating the whole of the native population. In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, detailing the progress made in these and other institutions, he thus expresses himself:

"I must now carry you to a more extensive field, and endeavour to obtain all the aid of your powerful patronage and support for an institution, which is to operate on a more enlarged and still more important scale, and which is intended to complete the design I had in view: it is the key-stone to the arch, and when once this is constructed and well cemented, holier and better men may raise upon it such a superstructure as their duty to God may require. All that I attempt is, to pave the way for better things; and, although I am far from lukewarm towards higher ends, I am content to confine all my views to the enlargement of the human mind, and the general spread of moral principles. In the present state of these countries, these are the first to be attended to—to prepare the mind for religious truth and Christian discipline. It is true the people of these islands are distinguished by the absence of that spirit of intolerance and bigotry which prevails on the continent of India, and that they place the fullest confidence in the benevolence and liberality of our government and institutions; but we as yet only see them as the sea in a calm. I write these remarks to you, my dear Sir, without reserve, knowing that in your kindness and liberality they will meet with every indul-

gence. I am far from opposing missionaries, and the more that come out the better; but let them be enlightened men, and placed in connexion with the schools, and under due control.

"I must, however, return to my institution, which is intended to be a native college, for the education of the higher orders of the natives, and to afford the means of instruction to ourselves in the native languages, and of prosecuting our researches into the history, literature, and resources of the further East. When I tell you, that the effect of this institution is intended to be felt among a population of not less than thirty millions, and that its influence may eventually, and perhaps at no very distant date, extend over ten times that number, it is not necessary to say more on the extent and importance of the field; of its nature and interest, I need only refer you to the map of the world, and request you to consider all those countries lying to the east and south of the Ganges, as included within our range."—pp. 403, 409.

Sir Stamford was here as indefatigable, as he had been in Java, in his exertions for making a complete collection of specimens of natural history, particularly in the animal and vegetable creation, and in this he was most cheerfully assisted by the natives. He had, besides, the able assistance of Doctors Wallich, Horsfield, and Jack, and of two French naturalists, one a nephew of Cuvier, whom he engaged to collect specimens exclusively for the East India Company's museum. He thus writes to the Duke of Somerset:

"Your Grace would, I think, be amused, were you to overlook our present occupations. Were it not for the Dutch, I should have little in politics to interest me; and as it is, I should have much leisure if I did not devote my time to natural history, in which we are daily making very important discoveries—the lower part of our house, at this moment, is more like the menagerie at Exeter Change, than the residence of a gentleman. Fish, flesh, and fowl, alike contribute to the collection; and, above stairs, the rooms are variously ornamented with branches and flowers, rendering them so many arbours. There are no less than five draftsmen constantly employed, and with all our diligence we can hardly keep pace with the new acquisitions which are daily made. I can assure your grace, that while directing these various departments, we often think of the days that are to come, when quietly in Park-lane, or in the country, I may attempt to display to your domestic circle some of the riches and beauties with which nature has adorned these islands; but when will that day come? A year has nearly elapsed since we landed on Indian ground; that year has not been spent in idleness; but yet I must look through three or four more still longer years before I think of home—would that they were past too!"—pp. 378, 379.

In another letter he observes, "I have thrown politics far away; and since I must have nothing more to do with men, have taken to the wilder, but less sophisticated, animals of our woods. Our house is on one side a perfect menagerie; on another, a perfect flora;

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here a pile of stones, there a collection of seaweeds, shells, &c." To the Duchess of Somerset he says:

"Your Grace will, I doubt not, be happy to hear that our prospects, even at Bencoolen, are improving; the place no longer has that gloomy and desolate appearance of which I first complained. Population and industry are increasing; the inland merchants begin to bring down the gold and cassia from the interior, and a stranger would hardly know the place again, so much is it changed from what it was two years ago. We have a good many comforts about us, and shall really regret any political necessity which obliges us to remove from what has now become our second home. We have a delightful garden, and so many living pets, children, tame and wild; monkeys, dogs, birds, &c., that we have a perfect *regne animals* within our own walls, to say nothing of the surrounding forests now under contribution. I have one of the most beautiful little men of the woods that can be conceived; he is not much above two feet high, wears a beautiful surcoat of fine white woollen, and in his disposition and habits, the kindest and most correct creature imaginable; his face is jet black, and his features most expressive; he has not the slightest rudiments of a tail, always walks erect, and would I am sure become a favourite in Park-lane."—p. 447.

Another letter, written about the same time, shows the happy state of mind enjoyed by this good man, in contemplating the progressive improvement, moral and physical, of all around him.

"Nothing very particular has occurred since my last, except the birth of another boy. My dear little Charlotte is, of all creatures, the most angelic I ever beheld. She has those in-born graces which, as she expands, must attract the admiration of every one—but she has a soft heart, and is so full of mildness and gentleness, that I fear she will have many trials to go through in this unfeeling world. Her brother Leopold, however, will take her part, for he has the spirit of a lion, and is absolutely beautiful; but I will not tire you with any more family details: it will be sufficient to add, that we are all well, and as happy as absence from dear and relative friends will admit. My life is at present rather monotonous, not however unpleasantly so, for I have all the regular and substantial employment of domestic comfort in the bosom of a happy and thriving family; and in the daily pursuits of agriculture and magisterial duty I find abundance to interest and amuse—but I am no longer striding from one side of India to another, overleaping mountains, or forming new countries—I am trying to do the best I can with a very old and nearly worn-out one, in which I hope, by infusing a new spirit, and encouraging habits of industry, and motives of enterprise, much may be done. I am busily engaged in taking a census of the population, and inquiring into the process of husbandry, and the village institutions; and I think you would be amused to see me amid my rude and untutored mountaineers, collecting the details, and entering into all the particulars, as if they were the peasants of my own estate. I am becoming so

attached to these pursuits, and find them so much more satisfactory than political discussion, that I believe I shall be sorry to change this mode of life. Allow me, therefore, to indulge my whim for a short time longer, and then I shall be able to carry home such a weight of experience, as may perhaps bring all your barren lands into cultivation. If am not rich enough to have a farm of my own, I shall wish to become a farmer on your lands, and then . . ."—pp. 450, 451.

We cannot resist the beautiful picture which Lady Raffles has sketched of their mode of life at this happy period, when every want and every wish appear to have been gratified.

"Perhaps this was one of the most happy periods in Sir Stamford's life; politically he had attained the object which he felt so necessary for the good of his country (the establishment of Singapore). He was beloved by all those under his immediate control, who united in showing him every mark of respect and attachment; and many were bound to him by ties of gratitude for offices of kindness, for private acts of benevolence and assistance, which he delighted to exercise towards them. The settlement, like many other small societies, was divided into almost as many parties as there were families, on his first arrival; but these differences were soon healed and quieted, and a general interchange of good offices had succeeded. The natives and chiefs appreciated the interest which he took in their improvement, and placed implicit reliance upon his opinion and counsel.

"The consciousness of being beloved is a delightful, happy feeling, and Sir Stamford acknowledged with thankfulness at this time that every wish of his heart was gratified. Uninterrupted health had prevailed in his family, his children were his pride and delight, and they had already imbibed from him those tastes it was his pleasure to cultivate: this will not be wondered at, even at their early age, when it is added, that two young tigers and a bear were for some time in the children's apartments, under the charge of their attendant, without being confined in cages; and it was rather a curious scene to see the children, the bear, the tigers, a blue mountain bird, and a favourite cat, all playing together, the parrot's beak being the only object of awe to all the party.

"Perhaps few people in a public station led so simple a life; his mode of passing his time in the country has been already described. When he was in Bencoolen, he rose early, and delighted in driving into the villages, inspecting the plantations, and encouraging the industry of the people; at nine, a party assembled at breakfast, which separated immediately afterwards; and he wrote, read, studied natural history, chemistry, and geology, superintended the draftsman, of whom he had constantly five or six employed in a verandah, and always had his children with him, as he went from one pursuit to another, visiting his beautiful and extensive aviary, as well as the extraordinary collection of animals which were always domesticating in the house. At four he dined, and seldom alone, as he considered the settlement but as a family of which he was

the head; immediately after dinner, all the party drove out, and the evening was spent in reading, and music, and conversation. He never had any game of amusement in his house. After the party had dispersed, he was fond of walking out with the editor, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the night land-wind, and a moon whose beauty those only who have been in tropical climates can judge of; so clear and penetrating are its rays, that many fear them as much as the glare of the sun. Though scarcely a day passed without reptiles of all kinds being brought in, and the *Cobra de Capello* in numbers, the editor never remembers these pleasures being interrupted by any alarm.

"Amidst these numerous sources of enjoyment, however, Sir Stamford never forgot that the scene was too bright to continue unclouded, and often gently warned the editor not to expect to retain all the blessings God in his bounty had heaped upon them at this time, but to feel that such happiness, once enjoyed, ought to shed a bright ray over the future, however dark and trying it might become."—pp. 451, 452.

Sir Stamford having made his arrangements for the conduct of his government, determined on making a journey into the interior, to examine the state of the country and the condition of the people, and, at the same time, to add to his collection of subjects of natural history. Lady Raffles accompanied him, being the first European lady that had ever been seen beyond the confines of Bencoolen. An interesting account is given of this journey: in the course of which was discovered the largest and most extraordinary flower, perhaps, that exists in the whole creation—the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, called by the natives the "devil's betel-box," and of which Sir Stamford says,—

"The most important discovery throughout our journey was a gigantic flower, of which I can hardly attempt to give any thing like a just description. It is perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world, and is so distinct from every other, that I know not to what I can compare it; its dimensions will astonish you—it measured across from the extremity of the petals rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep—estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; and the weight of the whole flower fifteen pounds."—p. 316.

But the whole vegetable part of the creation is here on a magnificent scale.

"There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation: the magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees, contrasts strikingly with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our forest trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching a hundred and sixty to two hundred, feet in height. One tree that we measured was, in circumference, nine yards! and this is nothing to one I measured in Java."—p. 317.

An occurrence is related, which, while it shows the simplicity of the natives, was rather of a vexatious nature, though quite pardonable, and even amusing. At a place where felspar, granite, quartz, and other minerals of primitive formation, were found, mixed with a variety of volcanic productions,—

"Dr. Horsfield got specimens of these, which he gave in charge to some coolies who attended him: after the day's journey, he wished to examine this collection; the men produced their baskets full of stones; but on the Doctor's exclaiming they were not what he had given them, and expressing some anger on the occasion, they simply observed; they thought he only wanted stones, and they preferred carrying their baskets empty, so they threw away what he gave them, and filled them up at the end of the day's journey, and they were sure they gave him more than he collected."—p. 357.

Sir Stamford had been told that the people of the Passama country were a savage, ungovernable race; he found them every thing the reverse:—an agricultural people, reasonable and industrious, more sinned against than sinning. The villages were large, many of them having more than five hundred inhabitants. At one of these villages he says,—

"The utmost good-humour and affection seemed to exist among the people; they were as one family—the men walking about holding each other by the hand, and playing tricks with each other like children. They were as fine a race as I ever beheld; in general about six feet high, and proportionably stout, clear and clean skins, and an open, ingenuous countenance. They seemed to have abundance of every thing; rice, the staple food of the country, being five times as cheap as at Bencoolen, and every other article of produce in proportion. The women and children were decorated with a profusion of silver ornaments, and particularly with strings of dollars, and other coins, hanging two or three deep round the neck. It was not uncommon to see a child with a hundred dollars round her neck. Every one seemed anxious for medicine, and they cheerfully agreed to be vaccinated. The small-pox had latterly committed great ravages, and the population of whole villages had fled into the woods to avoid the contagion."—p. 319.

He also made another and a longer journey to the capital of Menangkabu, from whence all the Malayan governments acknowledge themselves to have derived their power. The account he gives of this journey,—of the extensive population and the high state of cultivation in this distant and retired portion of Sumatra,—the innumerable towns and villages that succeed each other, and shaded by the cocoa-nut and other fruit-trees,—the remains of buildings and inscriptions, that proved a remote antiquity,—the beautiful and majestic scenery, which, Sir Stamford says, more than equalled any thing he ever saw in Java, while the population is equally dense, and the cultivation equally rich,—will be read with great interest. He estimates the population within a range of fifty miles round Pagerayong, at not less than a million, spread over a fine undulating surface, with a lake in the centre, sur-

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rounded with towns and villages, and shut in by volcanic mountains, one of which is stated to be fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Our limits will not permit us to give any details of this highly interesting tour,—we must content ourselves with extracting the following passage, contained in a letter to Sir Robert Inglis:—

"We here found the wreck of a great empire, hardly known to us but by name, and the evident source whence all the Malayan colonies now scattered along the coasts of the Archipelago first sprung, a population of between one and two millions, a cultivation highly advanced, and manners, customs, and productions in a great degree new and undescribed. I can hardly describe to you the delight with which I first entered the rich and populous country of Menangkabu, and discovered, after four days' journey through the mountains and forests, this great source of interest and wealth. To me it was quite classical ground, and had I found nothing more than the ruins of an ancient city, I should have felt repaid for the journey; but when, in addition to this, I found so extensive a population, so fertile a country, and so admirable a post whence to commence and effect the civilization of Sumatra, the sensation was of a nature that does not admit of description. Instead of jealousy and distrust on the part of the natives, they received us with the utmost hospitality; and though their manners were rude, and sometimes annoying, it was impossible to misunderstand their intentions, which were most friendly. They had but one request, namely, that I would not allow the Dutch to come to Padang—for in the twenty-three years that the place had been in our possession, great changes had taken place, new interests had arisen, children then unborn had become men, and those who had been friends to the Dutch were now no more." I pacified them by receiving an address, which they wrote in public to the King of England, soliciting his attention to their interests; and as I found, on subsequent inquiry, that the Dutch influence had never extended inland beyond the mountains, but had been expressly limited to the western side of them, I did not hesitate to enter into a conditional treaty of friendship and alliance with the Sultan of Menangkabu, as the lord paramount of all the Malay countries, subject, of course, to the approval of Lord Hastings."—p. 388.

Among the variety of people who inhabit the different portions of Sumatra must be mentioned one—the Battas—among whom the horrible custom of cannibalism unquestionably prevails.

"Now do not be surprised," says Sir Stamford to the Duchess of Somerset, "at what I shall tell you regarding them, for I tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. To prepare you a little, I must premise that the Battas are an extensive and populous nation of Sumatra, occupying the whole of that part of the island lying between Acheen and Menangkabu, reaching to both the shores. The coast is but thinly inhabited, but in the interior the people are said to be "as thick as the leaves of the forest;" perhaps the whole nation may amount to between one or two millions of souls. They

have a regular government, deliberative assemblies, and are great orators: nearly the whole of them write, and they possess a language and written character peculiar to themselves. In their language and terms, as well as in some of their laws and usages, the influence of Hinduism may be traced, but they have also a religion peculiar to themselves; they acknowledge the one and only great God, under the title *Dibata Assi Assi*, and they have a Trinity of great Gods, supposed to have been created by him. They are warlike, extremely fair and honourable in all their dealings, most deliberate in all their proceedings; their country is highly cultivated, and crimes are few.

"The evidence adduced by Mr. Marsden* must have removed all doubt from every unprejudiced mind, that, notwithstanding all this in their favour, the Battas are strictly cannibals; but he has not gone half far enough. He seems to consider, that it is only in cases of prisoners taken in war, or in extreme cases of adultery, that the practice of man-eating is resorted to, and then, that it is only in a fit of revenge. He tells us that, not satisfied with cutting off pieces and eating them raw, instances have been known, where some of the people present have run up to the victim, and actually torn the flesh from the bones with their teeth. He also tells us, that one of our residents found the remains of an English soldier, who had been only half-eaten, and afterwards discovered his finger sticking on a fork, laid by, but first taken warm from the fire: but I had rather refer your Grace to the book; and if you have not got it, pray send for it, and read all that is said about the Battas.

"In a small pamphlet, lately addressed to the Court of Directors, respecting the coast, an instance still more horrible than any thing related by Mr. Marsden is introduced; and as this pamphlet was written by a high authority, and the fact is not disputed, there can be no question as to its correctness; it is nearly as follows:—A few years ago a man had been found guilty of a very common crime, and was sentenced to be eaten according to the law of the land; this took place close to Tappanooly; the resident was invited to attend, he declined, but his assistant and a native officer were present. As soon as they reached the spot, they found a large assemblage of people, and the criminal tied to a tree, with his hands extended. The minister of justice, who was himself a chief of some rank, then came forward with a large knife in his hand, which he brandished as he approached the victim. He was followed by a man carrying a dish, in which was a preparation or condiment, composed of limes, chillies, and salt, called by the natives *Sambul*. He then called aloud for the injured husband, and demanded what part he chose; he replied the right ear, which was immediately cut off with one stroke, and delivered to the party, who, turning round to the man behind, deliberately dipped it into the sambul, and devoured it; the rest of the party then fell upon the body, each taking and eating the part most to his liking. After they had cut off a considerable part of the flesh, one man stabbed him to

* Vide History of Sumatra.

the heart; but this was rather out of compliment to the foreign visitors, as it is by no means the custom to give the *coup de grace*.

"It was with a knowledge of all these facts regarding the Battas, that I paid a visit to Tappanooly, with a determination to satisfy my mind most fully in every thing concerning cannibalism. I had previously set on foot extensive inquiries, and so managed matters as to concentrate the information, and to bring the point within a narrow compass. You shall now hear the result; but, before I proceed, I must beg of you to have a little more patience than you had with Mr. Mariner. I recollect, that when you came to the story of eating the aunt, you threw the book down. Now, I can assure your Grace, that I have ten times more to report, and you must believe me.

"I have said the Battas are not a bad people, and I still think so, notwithstanding they eat one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they write and read, and think full as much, and more, than those who are brought up at our Lancasterian and national schools. They have also codes of laws of great antiquity; and it is from a regard for these laws, and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other. The law declares, that for certain crimes, four in number, the criminals shall be eaten ALIVE. The same law declares also, that in great wars, that is to say, one district with another, it shall be lawful to eat the prisoners, whether taken alive, dead, or in their graves. In the four great cases of crimes, the criminal is also duly tried and condemned by a competent tribunal. When the evidence is heard, sentence is pronounced, when the chiefs drink a dram each, which last ceremony is equivalent to signing and sealing with us. Two or three days then elapse to give time for assembling the people; and in cases of adultery it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect, unless the relations of the wife appear and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake with his hands extended. The husband, or party injured, comes up and takes the first choice, generally the ears; the rest then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking. After all have partaken, the chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle for purposes of witchcraft, &c. In devouring the flesh, it is sometimes eaten raw, and sometimes grilled, but it must be eaten upon the spot. Limes, salt, and pepper, are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh, but never drink toddy or spirits. Many carry bamboos with them, and, filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh of man is prohibited to the females: it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then.

"I am assured, and really do believe, that many of the people prefer human flesh to any

other; but, notwithstanding this *penchant*, they never indulge the appetite except on lawful occasions. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, are the delicacies of epicures! On expressing my surprise at the continuance of such extraordinary practices, I was informed that formerly it was usual for the people to eat their parents when too old for work. The old people selected the horizontal branch of a tree, and quietly suspended themselves by their hands, while their children and neighbours, forming a circle, danced round them, crying out, "When the fruit is ripe, then it will fall." This practice took place during the season of limes, when salt and pepper were plenty; and as soon as the victims became fatigued, and could hold on no longer, they fell down, when all hands cut them up, and made a hearty meal of them. This practice, however, of eating the old people has been abandoned, and thus a step in civilization has been attained, and, therefore, there are hopes of future improvement. This state of society you will admit to be very peculiar. It is calculated, that certainly not less than from sixty to one hundred Battas are thus eaten in a year, in times of peace.

"I was going on to tell your Grace much about the treatment of the females and children, but I find that I have already filled several sheets, and that I am called away from the cabin; I will, therefore, conclude, with entreating you not to think the worse of me for this horrible relation. You know that I am far from wishing to paint any of the Malay race in the worst colours, but yet I must tell the truth. Notwithstanding the practices I have related, it is my determination to take Lady Raffles into the interior, and to spend a month or two in the midst of these Battas. Should any accident occur to us, or should we never be heard of more, you may conclude we have been eaten.

"I am forming a collection of skulls; some from bodies that have been eaten. Will your Grace allow them room among your curiosities?"—pp. 425—428.

It must be observed, that Sir Stamford did not himself witness the ceremony of eating a living human being—ocular proof by an European appears to be still wanting; but from the most intelligent of the Batta chiefs, assembled in the presence of Mr. Prince and Dr. Jack, he obtained information, of the truth of which none of them had the least doubt—nor have we. We must, however, confess we are somewhat sceptical about the choice of the tit-bits—the ears, the palms of the hands and feet, &c. The hanging up the old people on branches of trees to let them grow tender is merely traditional; but of the main fact there cannot exist a doubt; and we only regret that ill health and family affliction prevented Sir Stamford, as he had intended, from throwing himself into the very heart of the country. Mr. Ward, however, and Mr. Burton, two missionaries, made an excursion into the country, from the former of whom we have the following extract of a letter.

"Four days after my arrival at Tappanooly, I commenced an excursion into the Batta country with Mr. Burton. The district of

Silindang so highly gratified us, that we were tempted to remain a few days. Three thousand people, who had never beheld a white face, received us in a manner, perhaps similar to what we read of, respecting the first appearance of the Spaniards in America. We were kept for four hours, on an elevation of twelve feet, exhibiting our persons; and not an hour passed for several days, during which we were not surrounded with crowds from various parts of the country. Some venerated us as gods; all paid us much respect; and in point of treatment, we had nothing to complain of. To an assembly of the chiefs the objects of our mission were explained; several tracts were read, and the future introduction of books was proposed, to all of which they listened with interest and pleasure, and frankly invited Mr. Burton to take up his abode with them; and we may view the result as a pleasing prospect for his future labours. Our notions relative to the Batta character and habits have been much corrected. We found them quiet and harmless, and much more under the influence of civil order than had been supposed, although their government appeared of a singular nature. The practice of cannibalism was general and frequent."—pp. 436, 437.

The island of Sumatra, large as it is, was far too confined a sphere for the eager mind of Sir Stamford Raffles, especially whenever an object presented itself where the interests of his country or of humanity were concerned. The island of Nias, opposite the settlement of Tapanooly, was considered to be an object of this description. He had learned what dreadful ravages this little island was exposed to from the operation of an active slave trade. A commission of inquiry was sent to collect information. From this mission, he learnt that the population was not less than 230,000 souls; that they could export 12,000 bags of rice annually; and that the number of slaves sent from the island in each year exceeded 1500. The following is a brief description of this interesting island.

"The island is in sight of Sumatra, and seen by most ships passing. I find on a surface of about 1500 square miles, a population of about 153 to the square mile; the country most highly cultivated, the soil rich, and the people the finest, without exception, that I have yet met with in the East. They are fair, and a strong, athletic, active race; industrious, ingenious, and intelligent, and forming a striking contrast to their neighbours on the opposite coast of Sumatra. What has most astonished me, is the high degree (comparatively) of civilization to which they have attained, without communication from without. We have no trace—no idea, whence or how the island became peopled. The people themselves say, a man and woman were first sent from heaven, from whom they are all descended. Their language, their habits, their character, and institutions, are strikingly different from all others with which we are acquainted. Hinduism never found its way to their shores; and only a few Mahomedans, traders, are here and there to be found on the coast, but the religion itself has made no way.

They dwell in excellent and commodious houses, the interiors of which are laid out with neatness, not devoid of elegance; streets are regularly formed and paved, with avenues of trees, and stone stairs to the pinnacles of the different hills, on which their villages are mostly situated, embosomed in the richest foliage imaginable. The slopes of the hills and valleys are covered with one continued sheet of the richest cultivation, and there is not a forest tree standing on the island: all have disappeared before the force of industry. To each village are attached stone baths, appropriated to the different sexes, which remind us of Roman luxuries. They wear a profusion of gold and other ornaments, than which nothing can be conceived more original. We have discovered an excellent harbour, and made two military stations, merely on account of the flag; and hereafter I hope to have much satisfactory employment."—p. 426.

Eager to protect and encourage the people in habits of industry, Sir Stamford took effective measures to put a stop to the slave trade, as the first step to the further civilization of the island. He had never doubted that this humane measure would be approved of by the authorities at home; but here he was disappointed—the Court of Directors "had no hesitation in declaring, that his proceedings in regard to Polo Nias were deserving of their decided reprehension,"—"they were inclined to visit him with some severe mark of their displeasure, for the steps he had taken,"—"and they even threatened to remove him from his government. Had, however, the result been otherwise, the benefit to the unhappy islanders would not long have continued. Since the transfer of Bencoolen to the Dutch, the Nias slave-trade has been carried on with more vigour than ever, and Batavia and Bourbon are the chief places at this day supplied with its victims.

Sir Stamford Raffles had, very soon after his arrival on Sumatra, occasion to witness the avaricious and grasping policy of the Dutch.

"When I look around, and feel that, by the last treaty with Holland, we are left with only one spot upon which we can raise the British flag, as a mart for commerce between the Mauritius and China, and that spot Prince of Wales' island, to which port but a very small portion of the trade of the Archipelago can be brought; when, in the instance of Palembang, I find the Dutch choose to reinstate the man on the throne who has been guilty of treacherously murdering, in cold blood, the Dutch factory at that station, rather than permit the sultan whom the English raised, in consequence of the atrocity of his predecessor, to continue on the throne; when I likewise discover that they lay claim to all the territory in the Lampong country, and oppose our forming any settlement in Samangka bay, for the purpose of affording succour or refreshment to our ships passing through the Straits of Sunda; and that they even object to the continuance of the post station between Java and Sumatra, by which alone communication can be kept up with the eastern islands and Europe; I feel it to be my duty to submit to the governor-gene-

ral a statement of the injury which must necessarily arise to us from tacitly submitting to such a course, not only as affecting our interests in Sumatra and its neighbourhood, but also throughout the whole of the eastern Archipelago and China. My knowledge of the previous principles which actuated the Dutch in Java, and of the vast benefit to be derived to British enterprise in so extensive a field, leads me to hope that I shall meet with approbation for the line of conduct I pursue."—p. 311.

The governor-general, Lord Hastings, took the same view of their proceedings, and saw the necessity of some speedy interference. His lordship stated that

"The proceedings of the Netherlands authorities, since the arrival of the commissioners-general to receive charge of the Dutch colonies, had been actuated by a spirit of ambition, by views of boundless aggrandizement and rapacity, and by a desire to obtain the power of monopolizing the commerce of the eastern Archipelago, and of excluding the English from those advantages which they had long enjoyed, and which they only wished to share in common with other nations of the earth; and that this spirit of aggrandizement, and their manifest endeavours to establish an absolute supremacy to our exclusion, made it necessary for us to adopt precautions, with the view to arrest the injury and degradation which could not fail to ensue, from a listless submission to the unbounded pretensions displayed on the part of the Netherlands authorities."—p. 304.

The fact was, that the Dutch had possessed themselves of the only passes through which ships could sail into the great archipelago and the China seas—the straits of Sunda and Malacca; and such was the situation of Great Britain, that, after having, through a mistaken generosity, lavished every thing upon this ungrateful people, she had not left herself an inch of ground to stand upon, in the whole track between the Cape of Good Hope and China, nor a single friendly port at which her ships could water, or obtain refreshments. Sir Stamford conceived that a personal communication with the governor-general might be useful, and, with his usual decision and zeal, immediately set out, in a miserable and crazy bark, for Calcutta. Here it was arranged that, as the straits of Sunda were completely in possession of the Dutch, Sir Stamford, as an authorized agent of the governor-general, should endeavour to find out some central station, for the benefit of commerce, within the Archipelago, so as to secure a free and uninterrupted passage with China through the straits of Malacca. This was quite enough to stimulate his enterprising spirit. Sir Stamford had, in fact, already fixed in his own mind the position that would answer every purpose. In his own words—"he neither wanted people nor territory; all he asked was, permission to anchor a line-of-battle ship, and hoist the English flag, at the mouth either of the straits of Malacca or of Sunda, and the trade of England would be secured, and the monopoly of the Dutch broken." Singapore, at the mouth of the straits of Malacca, was

the spot to accomplish this, and there he accordingly, in February, 1819, hoisted the British flag. In June of the same year, he says, "my new colony thrives most rapidly. We have not been established four months, and it has received an accession of population exceeding five thousand, principally Chinese, and their number is daily increasing. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East; and, as far as naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of much higher value than whole continents of territory." In 1822, he says, "My settlement of Singapore continues to prosper. The total tonnage in two years and a half has been upwards of 161,000 tons, and the estimated value of imports and exports 2,000,000l. sterling." "At Bencoolen, the public expenses in one month are more than they are at Singapore in twelve. The capital turned at Bencoolen never exceeds 400,000 dollars in a year, and nearly the whole of this is in Company's bills on Bengal, the only returns that can be made. At Singapore, the capital turned in a year exceeds eight millions, without any government bills or civil establishment whatever." To his relation, the Rev. Dr. Raffles, he thus writes:—

"The progress of my new settlement is, in every way, most satisfactory, and it would gladden your heart to witness the activity and cheerfulness which prevail throughout: every day brings us new settlers, and Singapore has already become a great emporium. Houses and warehouses are springing up in every direction, and the inland forests are fast giving way before the industrious cultivator. I am now engaged in marking out the towns and roads, and in establishing laws and regulations for the protection of person and property. We have no less than nine mercantile houses (European), and there is abundant employment for capital as fast as it accumulates."—pp. 532, 533.

For this flourishing settlement Sir Stamford framed a code of laws and regulations, grounded on the simplest principles of equity and justice. He sets out with this declaration—"That the port of Singapore is a free port, and the trade thereat open to ships and vessels of every nation, free of duty, equal and alike to all." Here, also, as at Bencoolen, he immediately prohibited all gambling and cock-fighting; and persons found to have conducted a gaming-table or cock-pit were liable to the confiscation of their property, and banishment from the settlement. He provided, that no gaming debts could be recognised by the magistrates; but winners were to be compelled to restore the amount to the losers: and the concluding enactment does him immortal honour.

"As the condition of slavery, under any denomination whatever, cannot be recognised within the jurisdiction of the British authority, all persons who may have been so imported, transferred, or sold as slaves or slave debtors, since the 29th day of February, 1819, are entitled to claim their freedom, on application to the registrar, as hereafter provided; and it is hereby declared, that no individual can hereafter be imported for sale, transferred, or sold as a slave or slave debtor, or having his or her

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fixed residences under the protection of the British authorities at Singapore, can hereafter be considered or treated as a slave, under any denomination, condition, colour, or pretence whatever."—pp. 543, 544.

The Bengal government highly approved of Sir Stamford's regulations in the government of Singapore, and more particularly of his suppression of gaming and cock-fighting. Mr. Crawford, however, whom he had placed in charge of the settlement, anxious to raise a revenue at any cost, broke in upon the regulations, in so far as to license indulgences in both these pernicious vices, which were in consequence farmed out to the highest bidder. But the grand jury, highly to their honour, presented them as nuisances, stated them to be so at common law, and indictable as such; in consequence of which, this demoralizing system, fostered by one of the noisiest of our Indian reformers, has been given up, and Sir Stamford's original regulations strictly enforced.

The interest which Sir Stamford Raffles took in promoting the welfare and the moral and intellectual improvement of this "child of his own," as he calls it, will appear from the following letter to his accomplished friend, Dr. Wallich:—

"I have just established an institution which will, I am sure, give you satisfaction. The particulars I shall hereafter communicate, not having time at present. The object is, the cultivation of Chinese and Malayan literature, with the improvement of the moral and intellectual condition of the people. The Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca is to be removed here, and united with a Malay college, and both form parts of the institution, which has a scientific department, and places for professors in natural philosophy, &c. &c. We have about twenty thousand dollars in funds, and have voted fifteen thousand for the buildings; the site is fixed upon near the beach, and the plan and appearance will be very respectable.

"I trust in God this institution may be the means of civilizing and bettering the condition of millions: it has not been hastily entered into, nor have its possible advantages been overrated. Our field is India beyond the Ganges, including the Malayan archipelago, Australasia, China, Japan, and the islands in the Pacific ocean—by far the most populous half of the world! Do not, my dear friend, think that I am led to it by a vain ambition of raising a name—it is an act of duty and gratitude only. In these countries has my little independence been gained; in these countries have I passed the most valuable, if not, perhaps, the whole period of my public life. I am linked to them by many a bitter, many a pleasant tie. It is here that I think I may have done some little good; and, instead of frittering away the stock of zeal and means that may yet be left me in objects for which I may not be fitted, I am anxious to do all the good I can, *here*, where experience has proved to me that my labours will not be thrown away. Ill health forces me to leave Singapore, before even the material arrangements are made for its prosperity; but in providing for its moral

improvement, I look to its more certain and permanent advance. Would that I could infuse into the institution a portion of that spirit and soul by which I would have it animated, as easily as I endow it with lands, &c. It will long be in its infancy, and to arrive at maturity will require all the aid of friends and constant support. It is my last public act, and, rise or fall, it will always be a satisfactory reflection, that I have done my best towards it. I pray you befriend it."—pp. 539, 540.

Having thus established this "child of his own" on the firm basis of freedom and equal rights, he now took his final departure, amidst the deep regrets of the whole settlement. Thus was established this most important commercial station, which, in spite of its being shackled in the same government with Penang on one side, and Malacca on the other, not only continues to maintain its ground, but to advance in population, commerce, intelligence, and prosperity. Should the merchants of Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull, unfortunately for themselves and the country, succeed in their object of throwing open the sole port of China to which foreign ships are admitted, and rush thither in such shoals as to induce the jealous government of Peking to close it, it may afford us some consolation that we should still get a certain supply of tea through the medium of Chinese junks, at Singapore.

It is not to be supposed that such incessant activity of body and mind, in a latitude within a few degrees of the equator, could long be continued with unimpaired health. Three years had scarcely expired, when Sir Stamford began, at intervals, to experience serious attacks of fever. Lady Raffles, too, suffered much from illness; and these continuing for two years more, a much longer residence in such an enervating climate could not be advisable, and his thoughts naturally began to turn towards home. Blessed with three lovely children, a most affectionate wife, and a moderate competency, he ventured to look forward to years of that domestic happiness in his native country, the blessings of which, with every drawback of climate, fatigue, and responsibility, he had so fully experienced here. But how uncertain are all human affairs,—how soon are sometimes clouded the brightest prospects,—how vain the most sanguine hopes,—and how often the moments of supreme felicity are changed into those of the deepest affliction! So fared it with this interesting family. "Upwards of three years," says Lady Raffles, "had passed in uninterrupted health and happiness; but a sad reverse took place at this period: the blessings most prized were withdrawn; the child most dear to the father's heart, whose brightness and beauty were his pride and happiness, expired in all the bloom of infancy, after a few hours' illness; and from this time until his return to England, sickness and death prevailed throughout the settlement, and in his own family." Sir Stamford thus writes to a friend:—

"My heart has been nigh broken, and my spirit is gone: I have lost almost all that I prided myself upon in this world; and the affliction came upon us at a moment when we least expected such a calamity. Had this dear

boy been such as we usually meet with in this world, time would ere this have reconciled us to the loss—but such a child! Had you but seen him and known him you must have doated,—his beauty and intelligence were so far above those of other children of the same age, that he shone among them as a sun, enlivening and enlightening every thing around him. I had vainly formed such notions of future happiness when he should have become a man, and be all his father wished him, that I find nothing left but what is 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' My remaining children are, I thank God, rather superior to the ordinary run; and Charlotte is every thing we could wish her. How is it that I feel less interest in them than in the one that is gone?—perhaps it is in our nature."—pp. 502, 503.

Within a few months this loss was followed by the death of two other children.

"You will, I am sure, grieve to learn what has befallen us. My last letter announced to your Grace the loss of my dear Leopold. I have now to add, that during the last month, and within a few days of each other, we have been successively deprived of my only remaining boy, and of Charlotte, your god-daughter. We have now only one left, an infant, the little Ella; and that we may not run the risk of a tropical climate, we send her home by the present opportunity, under the charge of our good old nurse. Such severe trials in a climate by no means congenial to an European constitution, and broken down as we were by former afflictions, have had their effect in producing severe illnesses. I have had two of the most severe attacks I ever suffered; the last a fever, which fell on the brain, and I was almost mad. I am still an invalid, and confined to my room. How different are these communications to those I was so happy as to make during our first three years' residence! We were then, perhaps, too happy, and prided ourselves too highly on future prospects. It has pleased God to blight our hopes; and we must now lower our expectations more to the standard of the ordinary lot of human nature. God's will be done!"—p. 508.

"In a day or two," he adds, "we shall be left without a single child! What a change! We who had recently such a round and happy circle! All our fears were once that we should have too many;—all our cares are now to preserve one—our only one. I cannot say any more: my heart is sick, and nigh broken."

An interesting anecdote is mentioned by Lady Raffles, on the occasion of the death of their first child.

"Whilst the editor was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of this favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day,—humbled upon her couch, with a feeling of misery,—she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uneducated native woman, of the lowest class, (who had been employed about the nursery,) in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. 'I am come because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most

beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of every body? Did any one ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him; and instead of letting this child continue in this world, till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame! leave off weeping, and let me open a window.'"—p. 500.

Broken down by sickness and affliction, all their friends, day after day, dying around them, Sir Stamford resolved at once to embark for England, and took his passage in the *Fame*. The fate of this ship will be seen from the following letter, dated Bencoolen, 4th February, 1824:—

"We embarked on the 2d, inst., and sailed at daylight for England, with a fair wind, and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was every thing we could wish; and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy; for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of fire, fired us from our calm content, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames! I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats. Where is Sophia?—Here. The children?—Here. A rope to the side. Lower Lady Raffles. Give her to me, says one; I'll take her, says the Captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard. It cannot be got at; it is in the magazine, close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Skuttle the water-casks. Water! water! Where's Sir Stamford? come into the boat, Nilson! Nilson, come into the boat. Push off, push off. Stand clear of the after part of the ship.

"All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off, and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin-window, and the whole of the after part of the ship was in flames. The masts and sails now taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were now coming out of the main hatchway; and seeing the rest of the crew, with the captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off; we hailed her: have you all on board?—Yes, all, save one. Who is he?—Johnson, sick in his cot. Can we save him?—No, impossible. The flames were issuing from the hatchway. At this moment, the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon the deck. I will go for him, says the captain. The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat, which was overlaid. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe?—Yes, we have got the man: all lives safe. Thank God! Pull off from the ship.

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Keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford.—There's one scarcely visible.

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass, but we had no light except from the ship. Our distance from Benecoolen, we estimated to be about fifty miles, in a south-west direction. There being no landing place to the southward of Benecoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow, in a N. N. E. course, as well as we could: no chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship; for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. There goes her mizen-mast: pull away, my boys: there goes the gunpowder. Thank God! thank God!

"You may judge of our situation without further particulars. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames. There was not a soul on board at half past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

"My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out the long-boat, or to make a raft. All we had to rely upon were two small quarter-boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident; and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies! Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper; neither shoes nor stockings. The children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things. Can the ship be saved?—No. Let us save ourselves, then. All else was swallowed up in one grand ruin.

"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, which she had on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that ever was seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others most horrible. She burnt and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke.

"Neither Nilson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; but the tail of mine, with a pocket-handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again. The night became serene and star-light. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully: they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit; and never did poor mortals look out more for daylight and for land, than we did.

Not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what has often befallen others; but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of our coast, I felt perfectly convinced we were unable to undergo starvation, and exposure to sun and weather, many days; and aware of the rapidity of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

"At daylight, we recognised the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits; and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected, and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine, we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads. They had seen the flames on shore, and sent out vessels to our relief; and here, certainly came a minister of Providence in the character of a minister of the Gospel, for the first person I recognised was one of our missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment, and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock, we landed safe and sound; and no words of mine can do justice to the expressions of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting, that my administration had been satisfactory here, we had it unequivocally from all. There was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of "God be praised!"

"But enough; and I will only add, that we are now greatly recovered, in good spirits, and busy at work, getting ready-made clothes for present use. We went to bed at three in the afternoon, and I did not awake till six this morning. Sophia had nearly as sound a sleep, and, with the exception of a bruise or two, and a little pain in the bones from fatigue, we have nothing to complain of.

"The loss I have to regret beyond all, is my papers and drawings; all my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history, not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and almost every other island of note in these seas,—my intended account of the establishment of Singapore,—the history of my own administration,—eastern grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies,—and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra, on which I had been employed since my arrival here, and on which, for the last six months, I had bestowed almost my whole undivided attention. This, however, was not all: all my collections in natural history,—all my splendid collection of drawings, upwards of two thousand in number,—with all the valuable papers and notes of my friends, Arnold and Jack; and, to conclude, I will merely notice, that there was scarce an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board;—a living tapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasants, &c., domesticated for the voyage: we were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's ark.

"All, all has perished! but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine."—pp. 566—569.

In stating his misfortunes to the court of directors, in a firm and manly tone, free from all murmuring or complaint, he thus continues, after describing the loss of the ship:—

"It however pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to temper his judgments with mercy, and to allay the storms and currents which so constantly prevail in these seas during the present monsoon; and through the steady and great exertions of the men in the boats, we had the satisfaction to make the land in the morning, within about fifteen miles from Bencoolen. The flames from the ship, which had served to assist us in keeping a direct course to the land, had likewise been seen on shore, illumining a circumference of not less than fifty miles, and boats had been sent out in every direction to our assistance. By the aid of one of these we reached Bencoolen about four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, after having had to contend with an unfavourable current, and latterly, a turbulent sea and adverse wind, for upwards of sixteen hours, every moment of which, under our destitute circumstances, and the boisterous nature of this coast, was pregnant with a degree of anxiety and apprehension not to be described. The state both of lady Raffles and myself, already worn down, by illness and affliction, to the last stage of existence, was ill calculated to support the privations and exposure to which we were subjected; and long before we reached the harbour, she had fallen into a succession of fainting-fits, from which we with difficulty recovered her.

"It may, however, be satisfactory to state, in concluding this melancholy account, that no lives have been lost, and that the whole of the ship's company and passengers have reached this port in safety, thankful to the Almighty for his mercies.

"Submitting, as it is my duty to do, with patient resignation to this awful dispensation of Providence, I make the following statement, not in the spirit of complaint, for I repine not, but simply as illustrative of my personal circumstances and prospects, as they stand affected by this dire and unlooked-for calamity.

"After a service of nearly thirty years, and the exercise of supreme authority as a governor for nearly twelve years of that period, over the finest and most interesting, but perhaps least known, countries in creation, I had, as I vainly thought, closed my Indian life, with benefit to my country, and satisfaction to myself: carrying with me such testimonials and information as I trusted would have proved that I had not been an unprofitable servant, or a dilatory labourer, in this fruitful and extensive vineyard.

"This lovely and highly interesting portion of the globe had, politically speaking, long sunk into insignificance, from the withering effects of that baneful policy, with which the Hollanders were permitted to visit these regions, when it fell to my lot to direct the course of the British arms to the island of Java; and there, on the ruins of monopoly, torture, and oppression, in all its shapes, to re-

establish man in his native rights and prerogatives, and reopen the channel of an extensive commerce. Political events required our secession from that quarter; but the establishment of Singapore, and the reforms introduced on this coast, have no less afforded opportunities for the application and extension of the same principles.

"In the course of those measures, numerous and weighty responsibilities became necessary. The European world—the Indian world—the continental part of it at least—were wholly uninformed of the nature of these countries, their character, and resources. I did not hesitate to take these responsibilities as the occasion required them; and though, from imperfect information, many of my measures in Java were at first condemned, I had the satisfaction to find them, in the end, not only approved but applauded, far beyond my humble pretensions, and even by those who at first had been most opposed to me. I need refer to no stronger case than that of the Marquis of Hastings.

During the last six years of my administration, and since I have ceased to have any concern in the affairs of Java, the situations in which I have been placed, and the responsibilities which I have been compelled to take in support of the interests of my country, and of my employers, have been, if possible, still greater than during my former career; I allude to the struggle which I have felt it my duty to make against Dutch rapacity and power, and to the difficulties that I had to contend with in the establishment of Singapore, and the reforms which have been effected on this coast.

"In addition to the opposition of avowed enemies to British power and Christian principles, I had to contend with deep-rooted prejudices, and the secret machinations of those who dared not to act openly; and, standing alone, the envy of some, and the fear of many, distant authorities were unable to form a correct estimate of my proceedings. Without local explanation, some appeared objectionable; while party spirit and Dutch intrigues have never been wanting to discolour transactions and misrepresent facts.

"It was at the close of such an administration that I embarked with my family in the *Fame*, carrying with me endless volumes and papers of information on the civil and natural history of nearly every island within the Malayan archipelago, collected at great expense and labour, under the most favourable circumstances, during a life of constant and active research, and in an especial manner calculated to throw light, not only on the commercial and other resources of these islands, but to advance the state of natural knowledge and science, and finally to extend the civilization of mankind.

"These, with all my books, manuscripts, drawings, correspondence, records, and other documents, including tokens of regard from the absent, and memorials from the dead, have been all lost for ever in this dreadful conflagration; and I am left single and unaided, without the help of one voucher to tell my story, and uphold my proceedings, when I ap-

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pear before your Honourable Court."—p. 570—572.

And, never forgetful of those who were at any time placed under his care, he adds:—

"In expressing my deep-felt gratitude to the inhabitants of this settlement, for their sympathy in our sufferings, and genuine hospitality, I can only say, that having been thrown back on their shores most unexpectedly,—we were naked, and they clothed us—hungry and athirst, and they fed us—wearied and exhausted, and they comforted and consoled us;—and I pray to God that your Honourable Court, as the immediate guardian of their interests, will bless this land of Sumatra in return, even for their sakes."—p. 574.

So heavy a misfortune was enough to have overwhelmed in deep despondency any ordinary man; but Sir Stamford rose superior to all such calamities. Lady Raffles observes that neither murmur nor lamentation ever escaped his lips; and on the ensuing Sabbath, he publicly returned thanks to Almighty God for having preserved the lives of all present under circumstances from which there appeared no human probability of escaping. His active mind was neither depressed nor damped, but instantly resumed its wonted ardour. After this irreparable loss of all he had been collecting for so many years, and which, we are told, filled one hundred and twenty-two cases, the very next morning he recommenced sketching out the map of Sumatra; set all his draftsmen to work in making new drawings of the most interesting specimens of natural history; despatched a number of people into the woods to collect animals; and though, by death, or absence, he was deprived of all his scientific assistants, in the course of two months he succeeded in getting together a very respectable collection, part of which now forms the most valuable portion of the Zoological Museum. Indeed it was he who first suggested, and, in co-operation with another star of our country still more recently lost to our view, Sir Humphry Davy, planned and established that society as it now exists.

On the 8th April, he embarked in the *Mariner*, and arrived at Plymouth on the 23d August. It was not till April, 1826, that Sir Stamford could obtain from the Court of Directors an opinion of his services, which at length they gave, under the three heads of Java, Sumatra, and Singapore, cautious and qualified enough. They thus conclude with regard to his general services:—

"The government of Sir Stamford Raffles appears with sufficient evidence to have conciliated the good feelings of, at least, the great majority of the European and native population; his exertions for the interests of literature and science are highly honourable to him, and have been attended with distinguished success; and although his precipitate and unauthorized emancipation of the Company's slaves, and his formation of a settlement at Pulo Nias, chiefly with a view to the suppression of a slave traffic, are justly censured by the Court, his motives in those proceedings, and his unwearied zeal for the abolition of slavery, ought not to be passed over without an expression of approbation."—p. 599.

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Sir Stamford had vainly indulged in the hope of passing a few years in the tranquillity of domestic life, and with this view purchased a small estate at Hendon; but a sudden attack which his friends fondly hoped was not apoplectic, had evidently shattered him. "My attack," he says, "was sudden and unexpected, but fortunately was not apoplectic, as was at first feared;" he felt, however, that, as he says in one of his letters, "it had shaken his confidence and nerves;" and that his "head was not quite what it should be." A very few weeks more, and the final blow came. His amiable relic thus concludes this interesting and instructive Memoir:—

"The few letters which have been introduced in the last pages are sufficient to prove that the death-blow had been struck—the silver cord was broken at the wheel. His sense of enjoyment, indeed, was as keen as ever, his spirit as gay, his heart as warm, his imagination still brighter, though his hopes in this world were less. He was contented with the happiness of the present moment, and only prayed for its continuance. That his prayer was not granted is his everlasting gain. Yet even here, and after so many trials and privations, he enjoyed no common pleasures: the delight of being united to friends from whom he had been so long separated; the charms of society; the interests of literature and science; the general improvement of man; and, above all, the nearer charities of domestic life, all combined to engage and occupy his mind. His heart was full of enjoyment; and in the retirement for which he had so long sighed, and surrounded by all the ties which it had pleased God to spare to him, he indulged his happy spirit. In the midst of all these best of worldly treasures, in the bosom of his family, that spirit which had won its way through a greatly chequered course, was suddenly summoned to the throne of God, on the day previous to the completion of his forty-fifth year, the 5th of July, 1826."—p. 600.

A great man said, some fifty years ago, what has been repeated by fifty other persons,— "our empire in India hangs by so frail a thread, that the touch of chance may break it, or the breath of opinion may dissolve it." Chance and opinion are unquestionably two powerful agents for good or for evil; but we cannot help suspecting, that, considering the placid and pliant materials to work upon in that empire, if a Raffles were placed at the head of each of the three Presidencies, and of a fourth, or central one, which ought, as we think, to be established, "chance" would be less liable to injure, and "opinion" the influence most likely to strengthen, the "frail thread," which binds to a foreign yoke from eighty to a hundred millions of human creatures.

From the United Service Journal.

A BURMAN ADVENTURE.

During the late service in Ava, my favourite amusement of an evening was to paddle about in a canoe made out of the trunk of a tree, and to visit any interesting objects that

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presented themselves on the banks of the majestic Irrawaddi, which in part of its course winds through beautiful wooded hills, the scene of many a skirmish, and afterwards rolls over golden sands to the Bay of Bengal. One lovely evening I was gliding down the gentle current, and was admiring the luxuriant foliage of the tropical trees dipping their pendant branches into the stream, their leaves glittering with gold, and amongst which insects of the richest colours and of singular appearance were sporting themselves. Below an aged trunk lay two alligators crouching down, and seemingly enjoying the last rays of the sun. As my skiff approached, they turned a suspicious eye towards me, and then plunged their serrated backs under water. I held on my course, and saw at some distance in the jungle the gilded spire of a temple conspicuous over the dark green leaves.

So secluded a fane had an inviting air about it, and thinking that the enemy was at a distance, I pushed my canoe on shore, and shouldering my paddle, wended my way through the entangled wood. The air was cool and refreshing, and I felt myself in high health and spirits.

With gentle murmur comes the breeze,

Just kissing as it passes by

The shutting flowers and leafy trees;

A twilight gloom pervades the woods,

Through all their darkening solitudes.

And neither were they silent; for besides the hum of myriads of insects, many curious little green parrots, about the size of a sparrow, chattered in a small and angry tone from the branches, and woodpeckers ran up the decayed stems, and chirped merrily, whilst transfixing their prey with their filiform tongues. On the ground, the occasional rustling of the withered leaves indicated the retreat of a striped snake.

I arrived at an open spot, and on a gentle eminence the pagoda rose before me. The tall spire, surmounted by its gilded *tee*, or umbrella of fillagree iron-work, rested on its circular base, in which was a small dark shrine, with a grotesque door-way, to which a few broad steps led; the bells, with their leaf-shaped tongues, which hung round the *tee*, were agitated by the breeze, and emitted a wild and mournful chime. Those only who have lain awake amongst the Burman pagodas, and listened to their tinkling bells of different sizes and tones, can know the extraordinary sensations which they occasion. They always powerfully affected my feelings, and on this occasion, as heretofore, the spirit went wandering in a mournful reverie. All at once I was roused to a sense of my situation by a slight female scream; and a maiden in silk attire, with a few white flowers twisted in her hair, who had been beating rice at the door of a wooden building with a triple roof, ran into the jungle on perceiving me. I called to her to remain, but she disregarded me; so I entered the Poonghoe, or Priest's house, near the pagoda, to examine it.

The principal room, raised on piles, some distance above the ground, was large and clean. Here and there mats were spread on

the floor: at the upper end were antique-looking chests, covered with glass of different colours, and a profusion of gilding; on these were models of pagodas, also richly gilt, and alabaster images of the Boodh, in a sitting posture, with their large ears resting on their shoulders, and their legs crossed under them. The chests contained the sacred writings on slips of ivory; and books in the vernacular characters, written with an iron style on palm leaves, lay on the mats. I was continuing my scrutiny of the apartment, when I heard rough voices outside; and as it struck me that it might be some stragglers from the army, I climbed up on a shelf, and there enaoned myself behind an idol, to observe who might enter. Presently three stout Burmans came in; their checked clothes thrown across their left shoulders, bound round the waist, and hanging to the knee, exactly the old Highland costume. On their feet they wore sandals, and showed formidable calves to their legs, and the muscles of the right arm were very conspicuous: on their heads were white and red cloths, tied in a knot in front: and cigars were stuck through an orifice in the ears. Two of them had dhars in their hands, or curved swords, with the handles as long as the blades, most powerful weapons in decapitating or taking off an arm. The third carried on his shoulder a spear, ornamented with the tail of a Thibet cow.

It was evident that they wanted to make my acquaintance, and for no friendly purposes; most likely to do my head the honour of being presented to his Majesty of the Golden Feet, and to impale my body by the river's side. I felt if I had by chance brought any weapon; I found nothing but my paddle, and was annoyed with myself for indulging my propensity for adventures in so defenceless a state. Quietly I remained watching the Burmans, who looked narrowly round; cursed me for being out of the way, and then went out to look for me elsewhere. I remained in my elevated position for some time, and beginning to tire, thought I might venture to look after my canoe; so, tucking up my sleeves, and pulling my trousers over my knees, with a handkerchief round my waist, I prepared for a run, and descending from my shelf, looked out at the door, and finding the coast clear, I was making towards the jungle, when, as ill-luck would have it, in crossing the open space in front of the pagoda, I saw my three friends near it. Like a good soldier, I sprang into a bush, and commenced a rapid retreat, as if the great enemy of mankind had been behind me. The moment they saw me, they set up a shout and dashed after me; away we went through the brushwood, in spite of thorns and snakes, opening a way through the branches, and scaring the birds which were settling themselves for the night. I heard my pursuers at some distance behind me, and was beginning to think that I had the best of the race, when at the edge of a ravine, which I had not seen before, I stumbled and fell over a fallen trunk. The foremost of the three was at my back in a moment, but fortunately I recovered myself in time to lend him a blow with my paddle, and then jumped over the bank. I expected them to come tumbling

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down after me, but they did not; and quickly regaining my canoe, I pushed off into the middle of the stream, and like Crusoe, "I saw them no more."
St. Petersburg, June, 1829. J. E. A.

From the United Service Journal.

AN INCIDENT AT NAVARINO.

THE firing having ceased at Navarino, Sir Edward Codrington sent a Lieutenant on board Moharem Bey's ship, to offer any medical or other assistance they might want. This vessel, with a crew of probably more than a thousand men, had but one medical officer on board, and he had, unfortunately, been almost the first man killed in the action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed their wounded to the cockpit, and the decks presented a most horrible scene of gore and mangled bodies. Amidst this frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the principal Turkish officers, superbly dressed, sat in the cabin upon crimson ottomans, smoking with inconceivable apathy, whilst slaves were handing them their coffee. Seeing the English uniform approach the cabin, they ordered ottomans and coffee for the Lieutenant, who, however, quickly told them that he had more important business to attend to. He gave the Admiral's compliments, and offered any assistance. The Turk, with a frigid composure, calmly replied, that they stood in need of no assistance whatever. "Shall not our surgeon attend to your wounded?" "No," gravely replied the Turk; "wounded men want no assistance; they soon die." Returning to the Asia, and communicating this scene, Sir Edward, after some meditation, said, "Did you observe among them a remarkably fine, handsome man, with a beard more full and black than the rest?" "Yes, I observed him; he was sitting next to the Admiral." "Return then on board, and induce him, or compel him, to go with you on board the Genoa, and keep him there until I see him. He is the Admiral's Secretary. I must have a conference; and take with you any persons he may wish to accompany him." The Turk repaired on board the Genoa without any difficulty, accompanied by several persons whom he requested our officer to take with him. Sir Edward was closeted with him for a very long time, when he ordered the Lieutenant to put the Turkish Secretary and his companions on shore at day-break, wherever they might choose to land. Rowing on shore, they saw the wreck of a mast, on which about a score of wounded or exhausted Turks were endeavouring to save themselves. "I must rescue those poor fellows," said the Lieutenant anxiously. "They are only common soldiers, and will soon die; never mind them," said the Turk, with the most grave composure. "It is my duty, and, if I did not help them, I should disgrace the service, and be reproved by the Admiral;" saying which, the Lieutenant pulled towards the mast, and succeeded in saving about a dozen of these unhappy wretches. As soon as they were stowed in the bottom of the boat,

the Turk, after a short, but apparently profound meditation, suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "What is the matter?" cried the astonished Lieutenant; "Good heavens, what is there here to laugh at?" "Laugh!" exclaimed the Turk, with bitter sarcasm, "laugh!—by Allah! you English are a singular people: yesterday you came into the Bay whilst we were quiet at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, killed or mangled all our men till the fleet is one vast slaughter-house, and this morning you pretend to be so humane, that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them." The Lieutenant was astounded, and having no reply to offer to this odd view of the case, they proceeded to shore in profound silence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TEA-TABLE.

'Tis there all meet,
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred.
Blair's Grave.

THOUGH all unknown to Greek and Roman song
The paler Hyson, and the dark Souchong;
Though Black nor Green the warbled praises share

Of knightly Troubadour, or gay Trouvèr,
Yet scorn not thou, as alien quite to numbers,
That friend to prattle, and that foe to slumbers,
Which Kien Long, imperial poet, praised
So high, that cent per cent its price was raised;
Which Pope himself would sometimes condescend

To place, commodious, at a couplet's end;
Which the sweet bard of Olney did not spurn,
Who sung the music of the "hissing urn:"
Let her, who bade me write, enact the Muse,
Inspire my genius, and my Tea infuse:
So shall my verse the hovering Sylphs delight,
And critic Gnomes relinquish half their spite.
Clear, warm, and flowing as my liquid theme,
As sweet as sugar, and as soft as cream.
May it awhile engage the gentle fair,
Then gambol gaily in the morning air,
Twined in the tendrils of her nut-brown hair!

Who has not read in chronicle or fable,
Of good King Arthur and his famous Table,
Where Kay and Tristrem talk'd by fits and starts

Of love and murder, broken heads and hearts?
Like this the modern talk at time of tea,
Of the Round Table and its chivalry,
Who speak, with even voice and equal zest,
Of hearts ensnared, and heads absurdly drest.
'Tis true, a softer race the board environ,
Who corsets wear indeed, but not of iron;
Who play—but seldom combat by the card,
And drink—but drink not through the helmet barr'd,

The fair alone with Chalybean proof,
Support their busts, their lovers keep aloof,
The Muse is female, and may dare reveal
What I have heard, and some, perhaps, may feel.

King Arthur kept his court in Camelot,
But the Round Table graces every cot.

Palace and farm enjoy the gentle feast
That blends the products of the West and East.
Where'er, on British ground, our footsteps roam,

We find it still, and find it too at home.
Whether till eight the formal guests delay,
Or meet at seven in a friendly way:
Sooner or later, still the board is crown'd
The lacquer'd tray and argent spoons re-sound—

The homely delft, or far-sought porcelain,
In circling ranks are marshall'd on the plain.
The polish'd chest with curious art inlaid,
Or quaintly wrought by some ingenious maid,
Displays the lawful spoils of venturous trade.
But not alike in every place and time,
The social banquet that provokes my rhyme;
Not social there, where law or logic lours,
At inns of court, or academical bowers:
In silence sip the solitary tribes
Of lank-jaw'd students, and of sallow scribes.
Pot after pot is drain'd, yet not a word
From lady's lip in those confines is heard:
Nought save the knell of "midnight's dreary noon."

And the dull jingle of the circling spoon.

Hie we from thence, nor shall we long delay
About the homely meal of every day:
For the dear comforts of domestic tea
Are sung too well to stand in need of me,
By Cowper and the bard of Rimini.
Besides, I hold it for a special grace
That such a theme is rather common-place.
The joyous blaz'ing of the new-stirr'd fire,
The mother's summons to the dozing sire;
The whispers audible, that oft intrude
On the forced silence of the younger brood;
The blooming daughter's ever-ready smile,
So full of meaning, and so void of guile;
With all the little mighty things that cheer
The closing day from quiet year to year,
I leave to those whom more benignant fate
Or merit destines to the wedded state.

A stranger I, a wanderer upon earth,
A thriftless prodigal of tears and mirth,
Must learn, without a cherish'd hope, to see
The loving looks that look not love to me;
Happy, if time at length shall teach me this,
To find my proper joy in others' bliss:
But ne'er be mine the selfish heart forlorn,
The tear of envy, or the laugh of scorn.

I grow too grave, and must in haste return
To the frail China, and resplendent Urn.

Behold the table spread, the lady set;
Matrons and spinsters, all are duly met;
The younger bolles disposed in scatter'd troops,
In rows demure, or gaily whispering groups;
The female elders chat the time away,
(I often wonder what they find to say),
Or sort the pearly fish in painted pools,
(Their light exchequers,) while their coffee cools.

What various tones from female organs flow,
How briskly smooth, or languishingly slow;
The pretty creatures laugh, and weep, and rail,
In all gradations of the vocal scale,
From fell Xantippe's emphasis of brass
To the soft murmur of the melting lass;
The smoking board sets all their tongues in motion,

Like many billows of the voiceful ocean;

From note to note the keen remark descends,
In squalls begins, and in a whisper ends.
For loud and shrill the bulky bourgeoisie
Accosts the beauty of departed days—
With accents tuned with unavailing skill,
The Vestal answers to the Matron shrill;
With temper'd melody of cautious speech
The Hostess doubts and yet accords with each:
Then round and round the breezy murmurs glide,

And every absent Mim is named a Bride.
Yon rosy lassie, just arrived from school,
Where all must look, and think, and feel by rule,

Uneasy novice of an order strict,
That on her tongue has laid an interdiction,
With her small hands the weighty secret spells,
And weaves her fingers into syllables.

Of things like these my infant mind took note

Ere yet my limbs had felt the straight culotte:
Ill could I else by human wit divine
What Ladies do, when Gents are at their wine.

At length the summons of the simpering Maid,
Or bold-faced footman, tardily obey'd,
Calls Lords, and Knights, and Squires, and
Priests, and Bards,
From White and Red to Coffee, Tea, and Cards.
When the rude North comes roaring up the vale,

To silence sinks the hily-bending gale:
So sinks the converse of the soft-robed clan
At the hard step of heavy-tramping man.
Lost is the tale, adjourn'd the cutting jest,
The secret kept, the sly charade unguessed.
With many a smother'd laugh, and many a flush,

The buzzing watch-word passes—hush—hush—
—hush—

'Tis but the Parson—perhaps it is but I—
Then wherefore, Ladies, all this mystery?
The Parson, sure, cannot excite your fears,
And I, you know, have neither eyes nor ears—
Then let the tale, the jest, the laugh revive,
As if there were not such a quiz alive.
Oh! let me hear your sweetness; and I'm stunn'd

With thine, Ricardo, and the Sinking Fund.

As when victorious troops to pillage bound,
In scatter'd bands obey the bugle's sound,
So, one by one, the jovial swans repair
To the soft standard of the muster'd fair.
First the prim Dangler, complaisant and sleek,
With frill that flutters, and with shoes that creak,

Tells all the news to every aged she,
And points each slander with a low congee;
Pays for each morsel that the Lady gives
With parasitical superlatives:

Whate'er he tastes—'tis excellent—divine—
Above the Coffee—as below the Wine.
Next comes a thing, I know not how to name,
Of doubtful sex, which neither sex will claim;
So rank with Bergamot and Attargul,
That every nose will wind him for a fool—
A thing so fine, so exquisitely nice,
It has no *goût* for virtue, no—nor vice.
Its waspish waist, elaborately thin,
Its heartless leer, and apathetic grin—
That arching eyebrow of insane pretence,
That eye of unimpassion'd impudence—

Are these permitted at a lady's side?
 Forbid it, Modesty, and Maiden pride.
 Shall he your soft embosom'd thoughts engage
 That joins the negatives of youth and age?
 Boyish in brain, in heart as weak and cold
 As a French Courtier fifty winters old.
 Yet oft the feeling heart, the thinking brain,
 Attempt to ape him, but attempt in vain:
 For, let kind Nature do the best she can,
 'Tis Woman still that makes or mars the Man.
 And so it is—the creature can beguile
 The fairest faces of the readiest smile.

The next that comes the hyson to inhale,
 If not a Man, at least we own a Male;
 His worst offences are against your ears,
 For, though he laughs too loud, he seldom sneers.

He knows the Coachman's craft, the Hunter's hollo,
 The Fancy phrase, that might confound Apol-
 lo.

Right well he loves, in *Row*, or *Lark*, or *Spree*,
 To "sound the base string of humility."
 His rural friends are Nimrod's genuine seed,
 The best among them are his Dog and Steed.
 His town acquaintance, form'd on midnight bulks,

Adorn the Nubbing Cheat, or man the Hulks.
 With iron grasp—with face and voice of Brass,
 He shouts loud greeting to each bonny lass—
 Then bolts his tea—and straight begins a story
 Of Hunter's perils, or of Bruiser's glory.
 Talks in an unknown tongue of *Max* and *Mill-
 ing*.

And doubtless fancies he is mighty killing.
 Now up the stairs, disputing all the way,
 Two keen logicians urge their wordy fray:
 Abrupt they enter, voluble and loud,
 But soon remember that they have not bow'd;
 That error mended, both at once relate
 To some fair Maid the subject of debate:
 To her kind judgment both at once refer—
 For each expects a judgment kind from her.
 But she, too meek, too witty, and too wise,
 To judge between the vassals of her eyes,
 To each Polemic seeming to incline—
 Allots to each the happy chance—to shine.
 Through four full cups their nice distinctions run,

And all suppose them just where they begun:
 Till a gruff senior, and his copper nose,
 Arrive to part the Dialectic Foes.
 "Young Men," says he, "be sure you both are
 wrong,

And all your Theories are not worth a song:
 The point is one that elder heads has puzzled;
 Presumptuous boys like you should all be muzz-
 zled."

Then to the maid he turns his solemn pace,
 And gravely tells her he has judged the case.

But now the lingering votaries of port
 Make to the fair—their long delay'd resort.
 What bulky forms around the table press!
 D. D. and L.L. D. and A. S. S.

The china rings—the urn is nigh o'er-set,
 By such a Bacchanalian Alphabet.

With glowing faces, and with watery eyes,
 They pass about their pury gallantries.

What beauties they in every dame behold—
 Inspired adorers of the plain and old:

If men were still so happy and so blind,
 Could men or women call their fate unkind?

They not remark the glance—the laugh sup-
 prest—

In the pert virgin's newly-budded breast;
 Nor see their wives' contracted brow severe,
 Their daughter's blush, that moves the Dandy's
 sneer;

Nay, scarce young Nimrod's merry roar can
 hear.

Hark—like the rumble of a coming storm,
 Without we hear the dreadful word, Reform—
 Last of the rout and dogg'd with public cares,
 The politician stumbles up the stairs;
 Whose dusky soul not beauty can illumine,
 Nor wine dispel his patriotic gloom.

From guest to guest in turbid ire he goes,
 And ranks us all among our country's foes.
 Says 'tis a shame that we should take our tea
 Till wrongs are righted, and the nation free;
 That priests and poets are a venal race,
 Who preach for patronage, and rhyme for
 place;

That boys and girls are crazy to be cooing,
 When England's hope is bankruptcy and ruin;
 That wiser 'twere the coming wrath to fly
 And that old women should make haste to die.
 As froward infants cry themselves to sleep,
 If unregarded they are left to weep,
 So patriot zeal, if unopposed, destroys
 Its strength with fervour, and its breath with
 noise.

Allow'd resistless as the Son of Ammon,
 Behold the great Reformer at Backgammon:
 Debt, taxes, boroughs, and decline of price,
 Forgotten all, he only damns the dice.

But pause—the urn that sweetly sips before,
 Like a crack'd lute, is vocal now no more;
 Dry as the footsteps of the ebbing sea,
 Effete and flacid lie the leaves of tea.
 And I, who always keep the golden mean,
 Have just declined a seventh cup of green.
 The noise, the tumult of that hour is flown;
 Lost in quadrille, whist, commerce, or Pope
 Joan,

With eager haste my theme is clear'd away;
 And, Tea concluded, shall conclude my lay.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean
 not one of last summer's growth, on which
 the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermit-
 tent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the count-
 inghouse desk of a clothier's warehouse in
 Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique,
 which for some five or six years has withstood
 the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain,
 has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial for-
 mality, and gives the shoulders assurance of
 ease, and the waist of a holiday.

Old coats are the indices by which a man's
 peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So
 tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in
 passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the
 Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that,
 in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a
 stranger's character and calling by the mere
 cut of his every-day coat. Who can mistake
 the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox di-
 vine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and

healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it elily flutters beneath the Quaker's drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience: while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath "mouldered it into beauty"—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf? How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep; to be scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of a garret window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies; can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the spiest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely-trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the

waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honour of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me, when I rambled along the banks of the Swathy, when the lark was abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth. It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in

which picturesque condition I was shot at, (and of course missed) by a Cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Tacet, tacet, O suoni triumfantil
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi.

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,

On eagle-wings, through every plume that thrill?

It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still triumphant Harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for Earth, thus proudly swelling

Into rich floods of joy:—it is but pain

To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling,

To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to young Chieftain dying

On his own battle-field at set of sun,

With his freed Country's Banner o'er him flying,

Well mightst thou speak of Fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for Earth?—Yes, for the Martyr lending

Unto victorious Death serenely on,

For Patriot by his rescued Altars bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating

Against Life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!

For Power, for Joy, high Hope, and rapturous greeting,

'Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hush'd exulting strain.

Be hush'd, or breathe of Grief!—of Exile-yearnings

Under the willows of the stranger-shore;

Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings,

For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.

Breathe of deep Love—a lonely Vigil keeping

Through the night-hours o'er wasted health

to pine;

Rich thoughts and sad like faded rose-leaves heaping,

In the shut heart, at once a Tomb and Shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing

From Worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky;

Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th' undying—

Of Joy no more—bewildering Harmony!

Miscellany.

BULL-FIGHT EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE are few of the old "Peninsular" gentry who have not at some period of their campaigning witnessed a bull-fight, but the circumstance I am about to relate, and to which I was an eye-witness, exceeds in gratuitous daring and cool intrepidity, any performance on the arena of "Plaza de Toros" by Caballero or Picadore, ever seen or read of by me. In the year 1823, it was my fortune, on a day in November, date not recollected, to command the guard at his Majesty's Castle in Dublin, where I was then quartered; on the following morning, about eight o'clock, I was walking in the Castle-yard, awaiting a summons to breakfast, when the subject of my anecdote occurred. Every body has seen or heard of the Castle of Dublin; "not to know it argues oneself unknown;" it is the tenth wonder of the world, and as such deserves to be most carefully watched over. Accordingly, wherever a sentinel could be placed, at the time I write of, there was one to be seen pacing the half-dozen flags allotted to him, and inhaling the savoury steam of fat things issuing upwards through the gratings of the kitchen areas of vice-regal courtiers. By the by, the duties assigned to many of said sentries were sufficiently ludicrous, and have often overcome the gravity which I ought to have maintained when questioning them as to their orders. One was posted in a gloomy passage, to prevent injury to an old iron lamp, glass-less, and open to the four winds of heaven; another, a sort of moveable "commit no nuisance," protected a certain corner, overlooked from the apartments of the housemaids; but the most ridiculous was the reply made to me by a solitary sentry in a little inclosed grass-plot; "What are your orders, Sir?" "To do my duty to all officers, and to watch the air." Not perceiving that the man was a cockney, I concluded that he was placed there for some meteorological purpose; however, the amused corporal explained to me, that the man's sole business was to look to the safety of a pet hare;—but this is a digression. The court of the Castle forms an oblong square, the principal entrance facing the state apartments, and at each extremity are arched ways, on which are sentries, as also is one on the King's colour which accompanies the guard, and is fixed in a stone rest in the centre of the court. Whilst walking, as I have already said, my attention was suddenly attracted by a noise and shouting in the lower yard, through the archway leading from which, in a few moments, dashed up a furious and ferocious-looking bull, bellowing with rage, and his nostrils almost touching the ground he spurned; fortunately the sentry at this passage, on hearing the noise, stopped short, clear of the archway, as the monster, glancing its eye at him, rushed on towards the man at the colours, who sprang to the portico of the state apartments, and esconced himself behind a pillar. The bull, irritated at missing his object, ran straight on, with redoubled fury, at my hero, posted at the archway of the opposite ex-

tremity of the oblong, who appeared to be devoted to destruction, as, with arms supported, he calmly awaited the onset. He was an Irishman, a grenadier, and an old and good soldier, who always obeyed orders to the letter. On rushed the monster, headlong at him, with a roar which I long remembered, and just as Pat's life seemed not worth a second's purchase, he carried arms, ported, and came to the charge, half sinking on his knees, whilst he made a lunge at his formidable assailant at the moment of collision. It was a fearful thing, and I closed my eyes, horrified at the only result which I *could* anticipate; however, a shout of triumph from the rabble rout of the pursuing mob, quickly convinced me that my apprehensions were needless. I beheld the brute, but an instant before so fierce, stretched lifeless on the earth, the black froth pouring from his mouth; whilst the attention of poor Pat, nothing the worse for his encounter, was solely bestowed on his broken bayonet, which he eyed very ruefully, and on my asking if he would wish to be relieved, in consequence of the shock he must have received, he declined, merely begging that I would bear witness that his arms were injured in defending his post. In a few minutes, the owner of the bull arrived with ropes and horses to drag it away. From him I learnt that the animal had always been remarkably vicious, and had killed its man in its time: having been voted a nuisance in its neighbourhood, it had been disposed of to the butcher, who that morning had treated his friends to a bull-bait, previous to knocking the brute on the head; the humane amusement having been concluded, the bull escaped from its tormentors, when being driven to the slaughter-house in the rear of the castle. The bayonet had entered the animal's forehead, a little below the horns, and had penetrated the brain to the depth of four inches; a fragment of the bayonet exceeding that length remained in the skull, and was extracted in my presence. The brave "Matador" is still, I believe, living, and serving with his regiment in the West Indies. Had "reading and writing come by Nature," he would doubtless have been as learned as he is strong armed, and might have obtained advancement in the company in which he supports the genuine character of a British grenadier.

C. J. T. S.

THE BAYONET.

WHEN the French infantry, have to remain on the defensive in a position, they defend themselves by their fire; but more often, they attack, and then, after an engagement of skirmishes, and a cannonade, they charge the enemy's infantry with sloped arms (*l'arme au bras*). This manœuvre is executed either deployed or in close columns of divisions; it has often succeeded against the Austrians and other troops, who begin to fire at too great a distance from the enemy, but it has almost always failed against the English who do not fire until he is near them.

In fact, if two battalions be deployed in eight of each other, and that one of them charges while the other remains stationary, and does not fire until the former has arrived

within a very short distance of it, the battalion which charges, not seeing the fire commence at the usual distance, will be intimidated, and when arrived near the other battalion, and after having received its fire, it will be overturned in consequence of the enormous losses which it will have sustained; or it will become much confused, and halt, in order to return the fire. If, on the contrary, the battalion which awaits the attack, has commenced firing at a great distance from the other, its fire will have produced little effect, and the *cadre* of the battalion charging, profiting by this circumstance, will accelerate its march, crying out to the men, "*Forward, forward; they fire; they are afraid; and it will overturn the battalion which awaits it.*"

The English have also employed during the last war in Spain, and always with success, a manœuvre which consisted in a battalion formed two deep, firing, when the French had arrived within a short distance of it, and immediately afterwards charging, without even taking time enough to pull back the cock and shut the pan. We can easily imagine that a body which charges another, and sees itself charged, after having experienced a fire that has carried disorder and destruction into its ranks, must be overthrown.

The following is a fact which I have selected from many that have been related to me by eye-witnesses; it gives at once an example of the force of discipline, the influence of the *cadres*, and the excellence of the manœuvre practised by the English against the French, when it is seasonably employed.

On the eve of the battle of Talavera, several deserters from an English regiment, composed of foreigners, came to the outposts of a French regiment, in which were a great number of old soldiers, and said that all their comrades were, like themselves, disposed to desert, if they found opportunity. On the morrow the French regiment found itself opposed to the English regiment, from whence these men had deserted. The troops were deployed on both sides. The French charged in their usual manner *l'arme au bras*. Arrived at a short distance from the English line which remained immovable, some hesitation was manifested in the march. The officers and non-commissioned officers cried out to the men, "*En avant, marchez, ne tirez pas.*" Some even called out, "*Ils se rendent.*" The advance was then re-established, and the French had arrived within a very short distance of the English line, when the latter opened a fire of two ranks, which carried destruction into the heart of the French line, checked its movement, and produced some disorder.

While the *cadre* continued to call out "*En avant, ne tirez pas,*" and the fire was establishing itself in spite of them, the English, suddenly ceasing their fire, charged the French with the bayonet. Every thing was favourable to them; the order, the impulse given, the resolution to fight with the bayonet:—upon the French, on the contrary, a greater impression was made, and the surprise and disorder caused by the unexpected resolution of the enemy, obliged them to fly. This flight was

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not, however, the result of fear, but of necessity. The French regiment rallied behind the second line, advanced again, and fought bravely for the remainder of the day.

Similar circumstances will always produce similar results; for the most impetuous courage cannot but give way, if it be not seconded by good methods of making war.

HALIL PACHA.

HALIL PACHA, the Envoy from Constantinople to St. Petersburg, has not the appearance of an Asiatic, but of a well bred European, acquainted with all the etiquette of our society. A smile which constantly animates his countenance, forms a singular contrast to the gravity we are used to in the Turkish physiognomy: his countenance, as well as that of the second ambassador, Redschif Effendi, corresponds with his manners. Politeness to the ladies is also another remarkable feature in the character of our guests. With respect to their dress, they have two different uniforms, the cut of both is the same, and much resembles the jackets of our Cossacks; the full dress uniform differs from the other in having rich and elegant gold or silver embroidery on the collar, and ornaments of the same material on the breast, as on the jackets of our Hussars. The pantaloons are fuller than those of the Cossacks. The boots are quite in the European fashion; the civil and military officers wear over their uniforms a large cloak with an embroidered collar, those of the two Ambassadors are adorned with embroidery from top to bottom; on their heads they wear velvet or cloth caps with embroidery and a gold or silver tassel. The cap belonging to the ordinary uniform, is a plain red one with a silk tassel. The military are distinguished from the civil by a diamond insignia, the size and form of which vary according to the rank of the wearer. The badge which Halil Pacha wears on his neck, has a crescent in the centre; that of the colonels is also composed of jewels, and is worn on the left breast, a little lower than the belt to which the cartouche-box is fastened; that of the captains has only one jewel. The Sultan gives these badges when he confers the commission.—(*Preussische Staats Zeitung.*)

A WHALE ASHORE.

WHILE riding from Cape Town to Simon's Town, I visited the beautiful estate of Constantia, celebrated for its peculiar and delightful wine, from whence it takes its name. The day had been unusually fine, but lured by degrees, and as evening closed in, the sky assumed a threatening aspect; heavy black clouds gathered in the south-west, and the lightning was seen playing vividly about the horizon, which is a sure indication of the approach of one of those terrible storms so severely felt on the coast of Africa.

We pushed briskly on in hopes of escaping it, but the clouds descended so rapidly that they already capped the tops of the mountains, seeming ready to burst with their bur-

then; presently a tremendous clap of thunder broke directly over our heads, with such force that it appeared to shake the very earth; vibrating and echoing in the mountains around, it rolled solemnly away in the distance, leaving a death-like silence, which for a few seconds remained unbroken, when the rain came down in torrents, and in less than two minutes we were drenched to the skin.

We galloped on at full speed, in order to save the tide (which was flowing) from preventing us rounding the point of Fish Bay, that stretches out into the sea, and at high water is difficult and dangerous to pass. Pitch-darkness had now overtaken us, and the sea broke upon the shore with violence; as the waves receded from the beach, they left behind a strong phosphoric light, which had all the appearance of liquid fire, so that at intervals we could distinctly see each other. Our horses became alarmed at the lightning, and started at every object which met their view; presently we heard a most unusual noise, resembling loud moanings, accompanied with heavy shocks upon the earth, as if a ship was striking on the beach; thinking that such might be the case, we rode in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, but I soon lost sight of my companion, whose horse ran away with him.

On nearing the sounds, my horse became so timid that I had great difficulty in urging him forward; presently he stopped short and trembled, and by a sudden flash of lightning I distinctly saw the cause of his alarm, which certainly startled myself also; it was an enormous whale that had been driven on shore by the gale. The huge animal was floundering about vainly endeavouring to extricate itself; every slap it gave the shore with its tail sounded like a great gun, and the roaring noise which it made was truly terrific.

My horse was now so frightened that he started off with me, rendering my situation very perilous, for there are deep quick-sands in the bay, where several lives have been lost; on one occasion a dragoon and his horse sunk together in them. However, I succeeded in pulling him in, and then had to dismount and climb over rocks and precipices in order to gain the road, for my horse would not face the sea again. It was midnight before I reached Simon's Town, where the noise of the whale was distinctly heard, although at a distance of three miles. My companion did not arrive until three o'clock in the morning.

On the following day numbers of persons went out to see the monster, which measured seventy-six feet in length. The whalers (there being a fishery established in the bay) soon took possession of the prize. C. B.

The Mahor.—The mahor, or wild cotton-tree, grows in Cuba to a vast size. There is one, on an estate called Santa Anna, a hundred feet high. Its trunk, which is forty-six and a half in circumference at the base, rises to sixty-five feet, without a single branch or a single knot on its white bark. The branches are worthy of the stem, and cover a diameter of a hundred and sixty-five feet. This immense tree is in itself a world, and shelters and

feeds millions of insects. Several parasitical plants attach themselves to it. Wild pine-apples grow at the top, and the vine vegetates on the boughs, and, letting its branches droop to the earth, furnishes rats, mice, and the opossum, which would find it difficult to climb a smooth bark, a ladder, enabling them to reach the pine-cups, which form so many natural reservoirs for the rain water. The wood-louse finds extensive republics in this tree, and establishes its large and black cities at the juncture of some of the branches, whence it descends to the ground by a covered way, which it constructs of mortar, and of which it even provides two—one to ascend, and the other to descend by. This little insect is of the size of a flea, is inoffensive, and is a great treat to the inhabitants of the poultry-yard, to whom it is given in its nest.

Engraving in France.—It has been for some time remarked, that whilst proper encouragement was given in France to painters, the art of engraving was suffered to remain stationary, or rather to lose ground. The demand for splendidly illustrated English Annuals, however, has piqued the *amour propre* of the French, and induced them to make an attempt to place the art upon a more respectable footing. For this purpose a society has just been formed by subscription, with a capital of 200,000 francs, to order engravings from promising artists, which are to be disposed of by the society, and to distribute rewards and medals. The King, and other members of the royal family, patronise this institution.

Literary Prize.—The "Revue de Paris" has offered a prize of two thousand francs for the best dissertation in prose on the following question:—"What has been the influence of the representative government, for the last fifteen years, in France, on our literature and on our manners?" The dissertations are to be addressed, before the 1st of March, 1830, to the office of the "Revue de Paris," inscribed with an epigraph, and accompanied by a sealed note inscribed with the same epigraph, and containing the name of the author.

The Irish in London.—We wish we could add the praise of independence to our notice of the Irish character in London, but we cannot. The Irish labourer submits to what the English labourer would not, and thereby entails a degree of contempt upon his class. We heard a shopkeeper in Cheapside asked why he employed an Irishman for his shop porter rather than a Londoner. "Why," said he, "I can do what I please with Pat, there, and I could not do so with one of our fellows. When he shuts up the shop, I tell him to make his bed under the counter there, and so he does, and there he lays, and takes care of the shop, and he's quite at hand to open it in the morning. I could not get an Englishman to do that." We felt rather uncomfortable to hear a man talk this way. "Is thy servant a dog," that thou shouldst use him thus? The great difference between the Irish and English, and the great superiority of the latter in all mere matters of business, seems to consist in this, that they

possess a methodical steadiness of procedure, arising out of a complete concentration of the mind upon the one idea that occupies it for the time, which is utterly unknown to our countrymen. Send an English servant of a message, and were it only for a shilling's worth of cheese, he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, but plods steadily on, with cheese in all his thoughts, till he has secured and deposited in your cupboard the wished-for Parmesan. The Irishman, on the contrary, would stare into every shop window, and listen to every fiddler and piper on the way, and possibly come back tipsey, with Stilton or Glo'ster. As for the higher occupations, they say 'n London that we Irish are too much a kind of literary Swiss, and will write on any side for payment. Perhaps there is something too much of this, but it is not confined to the Irish—except that it must be admitted the careless habits of the Irish generally make them the poorest class, and poverty is open to all manner of temptations. This, however, is rather an uncomfortable part of our subject, and therefore here we shall pause for the present. —*Dublin Literary Gazette.*

A Monkey Trick.—In 1818, a vessel that sailed between Whitehaven and Jamaica embarked on her homeward voyage, and, among other passengers, carried a female, who had at the breast a child only a few weeks old. One beautiful afternoon, the captain perceived a distant sail, and after he had gratified his curiosity, he politely offered his glass to his passenger, that she might obtain a clear view of the object. Mrs. B. had the baby in her arms; she wrapt her shawl about the little innocent, and placed it on a sofa upon which she had been sitting. Scarcely had she applied her eye to the glass, when the helmsman exclaimed, "Good God! see what the mischievous monkey has done." The reader may judge of the female's feelings, when, on turning round, she beheld the animal in the act of transporting her beloved child apparently to the very top of the mast! The monkey was a very large one, and so strong and active, that while it grasped the infant firmly with the one arm, it climbed the shrouds nimbly by the other, totally unembarrassed by the weight of its burthen. One look was sufficient for the terrified mother, and that look had well nigh been her last, and had it not been for the assistance of those around her, she would have fallen prostrate on the deck, where she was soon afterwards stretched apparently a lifeless corpse. The sailors could climb as well as the monkey, but the latter watched their motions narrowly; and as it ascended higher up the mast the moment they attempted to put a foot on the shrouds, the captain became afraid that it would drop the child, and endeavour to escape by leaping from one mast to another. In the mean time, the little innocent was heard to cry; and though many thought it was suffering pain, their fears on this point were speedily dissipated when they observed the monkey imitating exactly the motions of a nurse, by dandling, soothing, and caressing its charge, and even endeavouring to hush it asleep. From the deck the lady was conveyed to the cabin, and gradually re-

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stored to her senses. In the mean time, the captain ordered every man to conceal himself below, and quietly took his own station on the cabin stair, where he could see all that passed without being seen. This plan happily succeeded: the monkey, on perceiving that the coast was clear, cautiously descended from his lofty perch, and replaced the infant on the sofa, cold, fretful, and perhaps frightened, but in every other respect as free from harm as when he took it up. The humane seaman had now a most grateful task to perform: the babe was restored to its mother's arms, amidst tears, and thanks, and blessings.—*Macdiarmid's Sketches from Nature.*

Method of obtaining Skeletons of small Fishes.—Some time since I was employed in making observations on the produce of some of the ponds in the neighbourhood of London; and I discovered that the tadpole was a very serviceable animal in anatomizing the very small fishes, as well as some of the larger sorts, generally found in such places; the tadpole acting in the same manner as the ant. I have tried the experiment several times, and on various sorts of fishes, and was always successful, particularly with that very little one called by children Stickleback: even in these the skeleton was at all times perfect. My method is this: I suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in a horizontal position, in a jar of water such as is found in the pond, and change it often till the tadpoles have finished their work, which if two or three tadpoles are allowed to work on so small a fish as the species just mentioned, they will complete in twenty-four hours. I always select the smallest sort of tadpoles, as they can insinuate themselves between the smallest bones, without destroying their articulation.—*T. Bluet.*

The election of the reverend gentleman, now parish sexton of St. Giles's, has not yet passed away from the memory of mankind; and the industrious determination of so worthy a personage, to take care of the bodies as well as the souls of men, will, we hope, recommend him to the love of the bishops.

The wits are merciless on the election, and have illustrated the event with several intolerable puns. One of them observes, that though this reverend person's office has excited a good number of enemies in the parish, as well as a good deal of ridicule out of it, he is in the happiest situation to make the laughers "*grave men*," and is ready to *bury* all animosities.—Another observes, that his having played his game so well is entirely owing to his having "*spades*," in his hand, which gave him the command of king, queen, and knave.—Another, that, notwithstanding the contrivances of his canvass, he may be relied on for plain speaking, as no man is more likely to call a "*spade a spade*."—Another, that if his knowledge of books be but shallow, no man can look more profoundly into *human nature*.—Another, that his humility is worthy of all admiration, for he is the very first of his cloth who voluntarily chose his station six feet below the lowest of living mankind.

Literary Intelligence.

The Last Days of Bishop Heber. By Rev. Thomas Robinson, A.M., Archdeacon of Madras, and late Domestic Chaplain to his Lordship.

A complete History of the Jews in Ancient and Modern Times, in three volumes, 8vo. By the Rev. Geo. Croly.

A volume of Practical Sermons. By the late Dr. Graves, Dean of Ardagh.

A new edition of Mr. Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, entirely re-written and much enlarged.

A Familiar Treatise on Life Assurances and Annuities, comprising a Historical Sketch of Life Assurance Offices, with Observations on the Duration of Human Life, and Objects of Interest connected with the Subject. By Robert Rankin, Secretary to the Bristol Union Life Assurance Company. In 8vo.

An Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the precious Metals, and on the Influence of their Augmentation or Diminution on the Commerce of the World. By Mr. Jacob.

An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and on the Sources of Taxation. By the Rev. Richard Jones.

The Life of Petrarch, for Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. By T. Moore.

Notices of Brazil in 1828-9. By the Rev. R. Walsh.

The Three Histories. The History of an Enthusiast; The History of an Enervé; The History of a Misanthrope. By Maria Jane Jewsbury.

Chronicles of a School Room, or Characters in Youth and Age. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The Barony, a Romance. By Miss. A. M. Porter.

Steamers versus Stages, or, Andrew and his Spouse. A Poem. Six Engravings on wood, from designs by Cruikshank.

The First Book of the Iliad; the Parting of Hector and Andromache, and the Shield of Achilles, Specimens of a new Version of Homer. By Wm. Sotheby.

Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber, or an Examination of the Evidence of the Course of Nature being interrupted by Divine Government.

It is reported that the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, is about to publish a Poem of singular power and beauty on a Scriptural subject. It is called *The Undying One*.

Mr. Theodore Hook's new work may be expected in the course of a few weeks: it is called *Maxwell, a Tale of the Middle Ranks*.

The talented Author of the *Naval Sketch Book* has nearly ready for publication, *Tales of a Tar*.

Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Reli-

gion; with a Preliminary Inquiry, an Appendix, and Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. R. Morshead, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo.

A new edition of the *Hindu Law*; principally with reference to such portions of it as concern the Administration of Justice in the King's Courts in India, by Sir T. Strange. 2 vols. 8vo.

Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St. Petersburg and Odessa in the Years 1827-8-9, by E. Morton, M.B. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London. 8vo.

Nineteen Sermons on Prayer; the first six showing the Nature of Prayer; the residue a full exposition of the Lord's Prayer, by Dr. Lancelot Andrews, formerly Bishop of Winchester. A new edition, with the quotations in English, and prefaced by a Memoir of the Author, by "The Compiler of the School Prayer-Book."

Four Years' Residence in the West Indies, illustrated by six Lithographic Engravings, demy 8vo. By F. W. N. Bayley, Esq.

A Quarterly publication is about to appear, under the title of "*Excerpta Historica, or Illustrations of English History*," which is likely to prove a work of considerable interest to the public generally, and more particularly to those who delight in studying the details of remarkable events and transactions, the character and conduct of distinguished men, manners and customs, and the progress of society during the earlier periods of our history, from the Conquest to the Reformation. It will consist of original papers, hitherto unpublished, chiefly from the great national repositories; accompanied with such observations as may be requisite for the purpose of elucidation;—and will present to the future historian a store of rich and valuable materials, which will enable him to take juster views, and to draw more correct conclusions than his predecessors, who too often have followed in a beaten track without referring to original sources.

A Second Series of *Stories from the History of Scotland*, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, which is intended to complete the Work.

The Rev. J. B. Blakeway, of Shrewsbury, devoted a great part of his life to collecting materials for the history of his native county, Shropshire. He had also prepared a distinct work, which contains a history of the Sheriffs of Shropshire from the Conquest to his own times; and he had so far prepared this volume for the press, that it has been thought advisable to publish it, in folio, with the arms of the different Sheriffs.

The Author of the *Morning and Evening Sacrifice*, *The Last Supper*, and *Farewell to Time*, has announced another work as in the press, in three volumes, duodecimo, to be entitled, *The Living Temple*, in which man is considered in his true relation to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life.

Mr. Britton's *History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral*, and the Fifth Part of his *Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities*, both very splendidly embellished, will very shortly appear.

Mr. Cousins and Mr. Lupton are preparing to make a series of Engravings from the most beautiful and interesting Pictures of the late President; and a Series of Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, in monthly parts, by Barret, W. Daniell, Dewint, Copley Fielding, J. D. Harding, Prout, Robson, Stanfield, and W. Westall, engraved by W. and E. Finden, is also on the tapis.

The Fourth Part of Rickard's *India* is now in the press, and will complete the subject, entitled, *The Revenue Systems of India under the East India Company's Government*, as tending to perpetuate the Degraded Condition of the Natives.

The Traveller's Lay, a Poem, written during a Tour on the Continent. Dedicated, by permission, to Thomas Moore, Esq. By Thomas Maude, Esq. A.M. Oxon.

The Chalk Drawings and Sketches of Sir Thomas Lawrence, late President of the Royal Academy, &c. Mr. Richard J. Lane announces his intention to execute (for publication) a Series of Imitations of Drawings and Sketches by the late esteemed and lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Observations upon the Principles and Construction of Railroads, and upon Steam as a prime mover of wheel carriages thereon; with illustrative plates and explanatory tables. By Charles B. Vignoles, civil engineer.

The Jew, a Novel; depicting the character, habits, and peculiarities of the Jewish people.

The Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D., author of "*A Connexion of Sacred and Profane History*," &c. has in the press a small volume of Discourses on the Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, the Assurance of Faith, and the Freeness of the Gospel, &c.

An Essay on Superstition will shortly appear; being an Inquiry into the Effects of Physical Influence on the Mind, in the production of Dreams, Visions, Ghosts, and other Supernatural Appearances. By W. Newnham, Esq.

The Oxford Prize Essays are in the Press. This publication will contain a Collection of the English Essays which have obtained Prizes in the University of Oxford. The following are some of the subjects and authors:—Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel; Earl Eldon—Sculpture; J. Grattan—Affinity between Poetry and Painting; Lord Sidmouth.—Study of Antiquities: T. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's.—On Original Composition; A. Robertson, Savilian Professor of Astronomy—Agriculture; E. Copleston, Bishop of Landaff.—Commerce; R. Mant, Bishop of Down and Connor.—The Sense of Honour; Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta.—What are the Arts in the Cultivation of which the Moderns have been less successful than the Ancients? R. Whately, Principal of Alban Hall.—A Comparative Estimate of Sculpture and Painting; H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry.—The Study of Modern History; D. K. Sandford, Greek Professor in the University of Glasgow.—On the Study of Moral Evidence; W. A. Shirley.

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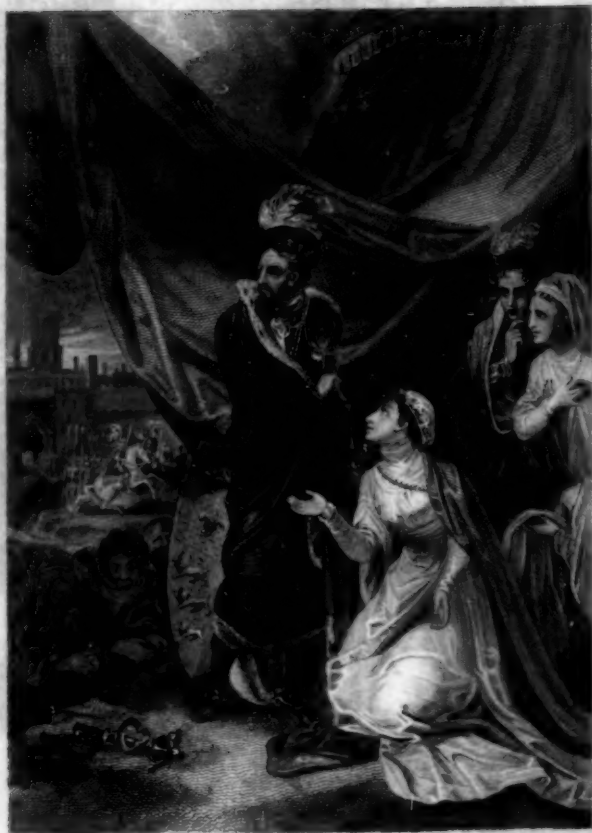
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THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

Engraved for the Private Copies of the Library Edition by the British Museum, London, 1814.

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